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KING TAWHIAO.

THE KING COUNTRY;

OR,

EXPLORATIONS IN NEW ZEALAND.

A NARRATIVE OF 600 MILES OF TRAVEL THROUGH MAORILAND.

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Z.d.47

BY

J. H. KERRY-NICHOLLS.

THE AUTHOR.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS AND A MAP.

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THIS WORK IS DEDICATED

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TO

SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.B., F.R.S.,

WHOSE CAREER

AS GOVERNOR, STATESMAN, ORATOR, AUTHOR, AND EXPLORER,

HAS SHED LUSTRE

UPON

THE HISTORY OF AUSTRALASIA.

PREFACE.

In publishing this record of travel, I have deemed it advisable to arrange my narrative under four principal divisions. In the introductory portion I refer to the leading physical features of that part of the North Island of New Zealand known as the King Country, relate the leading incidents connected with its history, describe the condition of the native race, and explain the object with which my journey was undertaken. The succeeding chapters deal with my visit to the Maori King when presenting my credentials from Sir George Grey at the tribal gathering held at Whatiwhatihoe in October, 1882. The description of the Lake Country includes my route from Tauranga, on the East Coast, to Wairakei, and which led me through the marvellously interesting region familiarly termed the Wonderland of New Zealand, while in the pages embracing my explorations in the King Country I record events as they occurred from day to day over a lengthy journey which was delightful on account of its novelty and variety, and exciting by reason of the difficulties, both as regards natural obstacles inseparable from the exploration of an unknown region under

the unfavourable conditions by which I was constrained to carry it out, and the deep-rooted jealousy of the native race against the intrusion of Europeans into a portion of the island which is considered by them to be exclusively Maori territory.

When it is considered that in company only with my interpreter, and with but three horses—ultimately reduced to two—and with what scant provisions we could carry, I accomplished considerably over 600 miles of travel, discovered many new rivers and streams, penetrated almost inaccessible regions of mountainous forest, found extensive areas of open plains suitable for European settlement, traced the sources of three of the principal rivers of the colony, examined the unknown shores of its largest lake, ascended one of the highest mountains of the southern hemisphere, experienced degrees of temperature varying from 80° in the shade to 12° below freezing-point, and successfully traversed from South to North, through its entire length, a territory with an area of 10,000 square miles, and which had been from the early history of the colony rigorously closed to Europeans by the hostility of the native tribes, it may be readily seen that the explorations, by their varied nature, disclose many important facts hitherto unknown concerning a vast and beautiful portion of New Zealand; and while they cannot fail to prove of practical utility to the colony, they will, I venture to think, be a welcome addition to geographical science.

The map appended to this work may be said to form

the most complete chart of the interior of the North Island as yet published. Up to the present time the extensive territory embraced by the King Country has, owing to the obstruction of the natives, never been surveyed, and consequently many of its remarkable physical features have remained unknown, the existing maps of this part of the colony being mere outlines. As, therefore, considerably more than half of the country traversed was through a region which was, to all intents and purposes, a *terra incognita* from the commencement of my journey, I adopted a system of barometrical measurements and topographical observations, and thus secured a supply of valuable material, which I mapped out from day to day, while the names of mountains, rivers, valleys, and lakes were obtained from the natives by the skilful assistance of my interpreter, who was at all times unceasing in his endeavours to carry out this part of the work with accuracy.

The table of altitudes of the various camping-places and stations of observation throughout the country explored will be found to be of considerable interest and importance. By these results the conformation of a large portion of the island may be arrived at. Thus, beginning at Tauranga, and taking that place at ten feet above sea-level, it will be seen that the land rises rapidly from the coast-line for a distance of about twenty miles, when, at the Mangorewa Gorge, it attains to an altitude of 1800 feet; from that point it falls towards the South until the table-land of the Lake

Country is reached, when, at Lake Rotorua, it has an altitude of 961 feet. From the latter place, still going southward, the table-land rises with an elevation varying from 1000 to 1500 feet, until it falls towards the valley of the Waikato, when at Atea-Amuri it is not more than 650 feet above the level of the sea. Further along it gradually rises until it reaches Oruanui, some fifteen miles distant, where an altitude of 1625 feet is attained, until the country again falls to the extensive table-land of Taupo, where over a large area it maintains an elevation varying from 1000 to 1400 feet, the great lake itself standing at an altitude of 1175 feet. Southward of Lake Taupo the Rangipo table-land varies from 2000 to 3000 feet, until it falls towards the South Coast, giving an altitude at Karioi, on the Murimotu Plains, of 2400 feet. Westward of this point the country falls gradually to 560 feet to the valley of the Whanganui, and from that region going eastward to the Waimarino Plains it attains to an elevation of 2850 feet in a distance of about thirty miles. Northward again along the western table-land of Lake Taupo it varies in height from 1000 to 2420 feet, until the Takapiti Valley is reached, where it is only 900 feet. In the Te Toto Ranges an altitude of 1700 feet is attained, until at Manga-o-rongo, a deep basin-like depression in the valley of the Waipa, the land is not more than 200 feet above sea-level.

The wood engravings contained in this work are from original sketches by the author, with the excep-

tion of that of the native village of Lake Rotoiti, which is from a painting by the talented artist Mr. Charles Bloomfield. They were engraved by Mr. James Cooper of Arundel Street, Strand. The portraits of the native chiefs are from photographs taken by E. Pulman and J. Bartlett of Auckland. They have been reproduced by the Meisenbach process.

In the Appendix will be found a synopsis of the principal *flora* met with during the journey, together with that of Mount Tongariro and Mount Ruapehu, up to the highest altitude attained by plant-life in the North Island. A synopsis of the *fauna* is also added. Biographical sketches are given of King Tawhiao and several noted chiefs, with a list of the principal tribes and their localities. There is likewise a brief reference to the Maori language, with a compendium of the most useful native words.

In bringing this volume to its completion, I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to Sir George Grey, K.C.B., for his letter of introduction to King Tawhiao; to Mr. C. O. Davis, for the willing way he at all times placed his scholarly knowledge of the Maori language at my disposal; to Mr. T. F. Cheeseman, F.L.S., for the classification of the *flora* of Tongariro and Ruapehu; to Mr. James McKerrow, Surveyor-General, for maps and charts of the colony; to Mr. Percy Smith, Assistant-Surveyor-General, for a correction of altitudes; to Mr. Robert Graham, of Ohinemutu, for voluntarily placing his best horses at my disposal; to

J. A. Turner, for an unceasing earnestness of purpose in fulfilling his duties as interpreter; and to the Whitaker Ministry, for their recognition of the usefulness of my work.

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THE KING COUNTRY.

INTRODUCTION.

Geographical description of the King Country—Its political state—Efforts made to open it—Condition of the natives—Origin of the journey—Letter of introduction to the king.

THAT portion of the North Island of New Zealand known as the King Country extends (as near as the boundary can be defined) from lat. 38° to 39° 20′ S., and from long. 174° 20′ to 176° E. Its approximate area is equivalent to 10,000 square miles. In the north the *aukati*, or boundary-line—separating it from the European portion of the colony—passes by the southern shores of Aotea Harbour, thence easterly through the Pirongia Ranges in a direct line to the Waikato River, along which it follows nearly to Atea-amuri, from which point it strikes directly south to Lake Taupo. It takes in the whole of the western half of that lake; it then stretches south along the Kaimanawa Mountains to the Murimotu Plains, whence it goes westerly, round the southern base of Mount Ruapehu to the mouth of the Manganui-a-te-Ao River, and

thence north-westerly until it joins the coast at a point a little to the north of Pukearuhe.

The physical features of this vast region present not only many beauties, but many natural advantages for European settlement, while it is one of the best watered parts of the island. In its southern portion the Whanganui River passes through it in a long winding course to the sea, fed by many tributaries flowing from the high mountain-ranges, both in the south and central divisions of the island. In the west the Mokau River and its affluents flow from its central region to the coast. In the north the Waipa Puniu and various other streams, having their sources in the Titiraupenga and Rangitoto Mountains, wind through it to the Waikato River; the high, wooded ranges of the central table-land form the sources of many water-courses disemboguing into Lake Taupo; while in the south-east the snow-clad heights of Tongariro and Ruapehu pour down their rapid waters in a perfect network of creeks and rivers. In the west it has a coast-line of over sixty miles, and it possesses one of the largest harbours in the island. Extensive forests cover a large portion of its southern area, and extend northerly over the broken ranges of the Tuhua to Mount Titiraupenga and the Rangitoto Mountains. Westward of this division there is a considerable area of open country, including the valley of the Waipa, which in its turn is bounded in the west by high, fern-clad hills and wooded ranges. In the vicinity of the high, snow-clad mountains in the south, there are vast open table-lands; while immediately to the west of Lake Taupo and north of Titiraupenga to the banks

of the Waikato, there are again extensive open plains.

Geologically considered, the King Country possesses in extensive depositions all the strata or rock-formations in which both gold, coal, iron, and other minerals are found to exist, while its extensive forests are rich in timber of the most varied and valuable kind. Geysers and thermal springs possessing wonderful medicinal properties are found in the vicinity of its many extinct craters; and, while it possesses one of the largest active volcanoes in the world, its grand natural features are crowned by the snowy peaks of some of the highest mountains of Australasia. In the north the trachytic cones of Titiraupenga and Pirongia rise to an elevation varying from 3000 to 4000 feet, near to its south-western boundary the snowy peak of Taranaki, or Mount Egmont, attains to an altitude of 8700 feet, on its eastern confines the rugged crater of Tongariro sends forth its clouds of steam from a height exceeding 7000 feet, while on its southern side the colossal form of Mount Ruapehu rears its glacier-crowned summit to an altitude of over 9000 feet above the level of the sea.[1] With these important features nature has endowed it with scenery of the grandest order, and with a climate unsurpassed for its variety and healthfulness.

The political state of the King Country forms one of the most interesting chapters in the history of New Zealand. In the early days, before the colony was founded in 1840, and long after that event, there were

[1] For the altitudes of the various mountains, see map.

no such obstacles to travelling through the island as existed in later times. The Maoris rather welcomed Europeans, who were free to go anywhere, except on places which were *tapu*,[1] or sacred in their eyes, and in consequence what little has been hitherto known of the King Country has been derived from the experiences of one or two travellers who penetrated into portions of it some thirty years ago. Among the most active of the early travellers was Ferdinand Von Hochstetter, a member of the Austrian Novara Expedition, who, in 1859, at the instance of Sir George Grey, at that time Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, made a tour through a portion of the North Island in company with Drummond Hay, Koch, Bruno, Hamel, and a number of European attendants and natives. At this time the Maoris were ready to welcome Europeans; hostilities between the two races had never broken out, and Hochstetter and his party were received and *fêted* everywhere with almost regal honours. But in the course of years, as it was evident to the natives that the Europeans were the coming power in the land, suspicion and distrust were excited, and at last the tocsin sounded.

The native chiefs, seeing that their influence was declining, and that in proportion to the alienation of the land, their *mana* or authority over the tribes decreased, began to bestir themselves in earnest. It was considered that a head was needed to initiate a form of Government among the tribes to resist the en-

[1] The word *tapu* is applied to all places held sacred by the Maoris; it is synonymous with the *taboo* of the South Sea Islanders. To interfere with anything to which the *tapu* has been extended is considered an act of sacrilege.

croachments daily made by the Europeans, and which seemed to threaten the national extinction of the native race.

The first to endeavour to bring about a new order of things was a native chief named Matene Te Whiwi, of Otaki. In 1853 he marched to Taupo and Rotorua, accompanied by a number of followers, to obtain the consent of the different tribes to the election of a king over the central parts of the island, which were still exclusively Maori territory, and to organize a form of government to protect the interests of the native race. Matene, however, met with but little success. Te Heuheu, of Taupo, the great chief of the Ngatituwharetoa, at that time the most warlike tribe in the island, had no idea of any one being higher than himself, and therefore refused to have anything to do with the new movement, nor did Te Whiwi meet with much greater encouragement at Maketu and Rotorua. The agitation, however, did not stop, the fire once kindled rapidly spread, ardent followers of the new idea sprang up, and their numbers soon increased, until finally, in 1854, a tribal gathering was convened at Manawapou, in the country of the Ngatiruanui tribe. Here a large *runanga*, or council-house, was erected, which was called *Tai poro he nui*, or the finishing of the matter, and after many points had been discussed, a resolution was come to among the assembled tribes that no more land should be sold to Europeans. A solemn league was entered into by all present for the preservation of the native territory, and a tomahawk was passed round as a pledge that all would agree to put the individual to death who should break it. In 1854

another bold stand was made, and Te Heuheu, who exercised a powerful sway over the tribes of the interior, summoned a native council at Taupo, when the King movement began in earnest. It was there decided that the sacred mountain of Tongariro should be the centre of a district in which no land was to be sold to the government, and that the districts of Hauraki, Waikato, Kawhia, Mokau, Taranaki, Whanganui, Rangitikei, and Titiokura should form the outlying portions of the boundary; that no roads should be made by the Europeans within the area, and that a king should be elected to reign over the Maoris.

In 1857 Kingite meetings were held at Paetai, in Waikato, and at Ihumatao and Manukau, at which it was agreed that Potatau Te Wherowhero, the most powerful chief of Waikato, should be elected king, under the title of Potatau the First, and finally, in June, 1858, his flag was formally hoisted at Ngaruawahia. Potatau, who was far advanced in life when raised to this high office, soon departed from the scene, and was succeeded by his son Matutaera Te Wherowhero, under the title of Potatau the Second.

The events of the New Zealand war need not here be recited, but it may be easily imagined that during the continuance of the fighting the extensive area of country ruled over by the Maori monarch was kept clear of Europeans. But in 1863 and 1864 General Cameron, at the head of about 20,000 troops, composed of Imperial and Colonial forces, invaded the Waikato district, and drove the natives southward and westward, till his advanced corps were at Alexandra and Cambridge. Then followed the Waikato confiscation

of Maori lands and the military settlements. The King territory was further broken into by the confiscations at Taranaki and the East Coast, but no advance was, however, made, by war or confiscation, into the country which formed the subject of my explorations. The active volcano of Tongariro is *tapu*, or strictly sacred, in the eyes of the Maoris, and several persons who had attempted to ascend it were plundered by the natives, and sent back across the frontier. On the west of Taupo Lake lies the Tuhua country, whose people had from the first, from the nature of the district, been much secluded from European intercourse, and who besides had given refuge to many of the desperadoes of the other tribes; while to the south-west of Taupo Lake were the people of the Upper Whanganui country, who have always been suspicious and hostile, while for some considerable time, too, the whole district was in terror of Te Kooti and his marauding bands. It is from these causes that the vast and important area embraced by the King Country has remained closed to Europeans, and, all things considered, it is a fact which must ever remain one of the most singular anomalies of British colonization, that, after a nominal sovereignty of forty years over New Zealand, this portion of the colony should have remained a *terra incognita* up to the present day, by reason of the hostility and isolation of the native race.

Having pointed out the leading causes which resulted in the closing of the King Country to European settlement, it will be interesting to glance at the endeavours which have been made by the

different governments to break down the barrier of native isolation, and thus to throw open to the colonists an extensive area of the island, which is, in reality, as much a portion of British territory as is the principality of Wales. As is well known, since the termination of the lamentable war between the two races, the King natives have, on all occasions, jealously preserved their hostile spirit to Europeans; while the peculiar state of matters involved in the whole question, while unexampled in the history of any other part of the British Empire, has been naturally a source of annoyance and even danger to the several governments of the colony who have attempted from time to time to grapple with the native difficulty.

The New Zealand war concluded, or rather died out, in 1865, when the confiscated line was drawn, the military settlements formed, and the King natives isolated themselves from the Europeans. For ten years it may be said that no attempt was made to negotiate with them. They were not in a humour to be dealt with. About 1874 and 1875, however, it became evident that something would have to be done. The colony had greatly advanced in population, and a system of public works had been inaugurated, which made it intolerable that large centres of population should be cut off from each other by vast spaces of country which Europeans were not allowed even to traverse. From time to time during the whole period the awkward position of affairs had been forced on public attention by outrages and breaches of the law occurring on the border, the perpetrators of which took secure refuge by fleeing to

the protection of Tawhiao, who then—as now—defied the Queen's authority within his dominions.

Sir Donald McLean, while Native Minister, had several important interviews with the Kingites, with a view to bring about a better relationship between the two races, and as he was well known to the natives both before and during his term of office, his efforts had considerable effect in promoting a more friendly intercourse.

Again, Sir George Grey, when Premier of the Colony, attended two large native meetings in the King Country, in 1878, and opened up communication with the chiefs of the Kingites. At the second meeting at Hikurangi about seventeen miles beyond Alexandra, Sir George Grey laid before the natives definite terms of accommodation. He offered to give back to them the whole of the land on the west bank of the Waipa and Waikato rivers, and to confer certain honours on Tawhiao, the son of Te Wherowhero, who had succeeded to the kingship. At a subsequent meeting held at Te Kopua, in April, 1879, these offers were again made, but Tawhiao, for some reason which has never been satisfactorily explained, declined to accept them, and they were distinctly withdrawn.

With the advent of the Whitaker ministry into power, it was felt that another attempt should be made to deal with the Maori king, and accordingly, during the session of 1882, acts were carefully framed so as to facilitate the object. A Native Reserves Act was passed, under which natives could have placed any blocks of land they chose under a board which

would have administered the property for the benefit of the owners. An Amnesty Act was also put on the statute-book, under which the government could have issued pardons to those natives who had committed crimes and taken refuge among the Kingites. The most sanguine hopes were entertained that this difficulty would at last be settled, and in a way which would be satisfactory for both peoples. The terms which Mr. Bryce, as Native Minister, laid before Tawhiao and his people at the Kingite meeting, held at Whatiwhatihoe in October of the same year, were so liberal as to surprise the whole country. A large tract of the confiscated land on the west bank of the rivers Waipa and Waikato was offered to be restored, while Tawhiao was to be secured in all the lands which he could claim in the King Country, and the government were to endeavour to procure for him and his people a block of land from the Ngatimaniapoto tribe, the most extensive landowners in his dominions. Altogether the amount of land to be restored amounted to many thousands of acres, most of it fertile and well suited for the purposes of the natives, or that section of them known as the Waikatos, of whom Tawhiao was the hereditary chief.

What the government proposed to do was that the king's *mana*, or sovereign authority, should be removed by the best means, and that in doing so the utmost care should be taken that all of the natives of the king's tribe should be provided for. This step was the more necessary from the fact that Tawhiao, although the acknowledged head of the Maori race, and exercising a supreme authority over the King

Country, was, owing to the confiscation of his tribal lands which had taken place after the war, a comparatively landless monarch.

At the Kingite gathering at Whatiwhatihoe, Tawhiao, in view of the proposals made, was willing to take back the land, but objected to receive a salary from the government, to be called to the legislative council, or to be made a magistrate.[1] He, and those around him, saw that to have accepted these terms would have been equivalent to saying that he abdicated his position as king. That being, from the Native Minister's point of view, the all-important matter, the negotiations could go no further, and the memorable meeting at Whatiwhatihoe broke up with Tawhiao still reigning as absolute monarch over one of the most extensive and fertile portions of New Zealand.

With my reference to the geographical, historical, and political features of the King Country, I will here allude briefly to the physical and social position of the native race as I found it during my travels through that portion of the island where the inhabitants dwell in all their primitive simplicity.

There can be no doubt whatever that the Maori race is greatly on the decrease,[2] and that the three principal diseases conducing to this result are phthisis, chronic asthma, and scrofula; the two first principally brought about, I believe, by a half-savage, half-civilized

[1] A justice of the peace.

[2] In Cook's time the whole native population was estimated as exceeding 100,000; in 1859 it only amounted to 56,000, of this number 53,000 fell to the North Island, and only 2283 to the Middle Island; in 1881 the number had decreased to 44,099, of which 24,370 were males, and 19,729 females.

mode of life, and the latter from maladies contracted since the first contact of the people with Europeans. It is, however, clear that there is a large number of natives yet distributed throughout the King Country, and among them are still to be found, as of old, some of the finest specimens of the human race. A change of life, however, in every way different from that followed by their forefathers, has brought about a considerable alteration for the worse among the rising population, and, although during my journey I met and conversed with many tattooed warriors of the old school, and who were invariably both physically and intellectually superior to the younger natives, it was clear that this splendid type of savage would soon become a matter of the past.

I found the natives living much in their primitive style, one of the most pernicious innovations, however, of modern civilization amongst them being an immoderate use of tobacco among both old and young. Although most of the native women were strong and well-proportioned in stature, and apparently robust and healthy, there appeared to be a marked falling off in the physical development of the younger men, when compared with the stalwart, muscular proportions of many of the older natives—a result which may, no doubt, be accounted for by their irregular mode of life when compared with that usually followed by their forefathers, combined with the vices of civilization, to which many of them are gradually falling a prey. It is a notable fact, which strikes the observer at once, that many of the old chiefs and elders of the various tribes, with their well-defined, tattooed features and

splendid physique, have the stamp of the "noble savage" in all his manliness depicted in every line of their body, while many of them preserve that calm, dignified air characteristic of primitive races in all parts of the world before they begin to be improved off the face of the earth by raw rum and European progress. On the other hand, the rising generation has altogether a weaklier appearance, and, although I noticed many buxom lasses with healthy countenances and well-developed forms, not a few of the younger men were slight of build, with a thoughtful, haggard, and in many instances consumptive look about them.

In both their ideas and mode of life they appeared to cling to their old customs tenaciously, and seemed to know little of what was going on in the world beyond their own country, while their religion, what little they possessed, evidently existed in a kind of blind belief in a species of Hauhauism, in which biblical truths and native superstition were curiously mixed. In matters of politics affecting their own territory they invariably expressed a desire that matters might remain as they were, and that they might be allowed to live out their allotted term in their own lands. From one end of the country to the other they seemed to entertain an almost fanatical faith in the power of Tawhiao, and they appeared to regard his influence in the light of our own legal fiction, "that the king could do no wrong."

When I undertook to explore the King Country—being at the time only a new arrival in the colony—I found that it was a part of the British Empire of which I knew very little. I soon, however, learned that the

extensive region ruled over by the Maori king was, to all intents and purposes, an *imperium in imperio*, situated in the heart of an important British colony, a *terra incognita*, inhabited exclusively by a warlike race of savages, ruled over by an absolute monarch, who defied our laws, ignored our institutions, and in whose territory the rebel, the murderer, and the outcast took refuge with impunity. This fine country, embracing nearly one half of the most fertile portion of the North Island, as before pointed out, was as strictly tabooed to the European as a Mohammedan mosque, and all who had hitherto attempted to make even short journeys into it had been ruthlessly plundered by the natives, and sent back across the frontier, stripped even of their clothes.

At this time—in the early part of the year 1882—Te Wetere, Purukutu, Nuku Whenua, and Winiata, all implicated in the cruel murders of Europeans, were still at large, bands of native fanatics, excited to the point of rebellion against the whites, were massing themselves together in large numbers at Parihaka, and singing pæans to the pseudo-prophet, Te Whiti, who had for some time been inciting his followers to resist any attempt at incursion into their territory on the part of the European colonists who had acquired land and built settlements near the frontier. Thus it was that wars and rumours of wars were fast gathering around what was generally alluded to as the vexed Maori Question, while, to make matters still more unsatisfactory, it was known that the rebel Te Kooti, who had carried out the Poverty Bay massacre, after his marvellous escape from the Chatham

Islands, and who had more than once played the part of a New Zealand Napoleon during the war, was hiding, with a price set on his head, in his stronghold in the Kuiti, ready, it was believed, to take up arms at any moment. This was the state of the country which I then and there volunteered to explore.

The next point to consider was how the journey could be best set about. The matter was laid before Sir George Grey during the session of Parliament of 1882, and he, with a characteristic desire to advance an undertaking calculated to promote the interests of the colony, wrote a letter of introduction in my behalf to King Tawhiao, asking him to grant me his *mana*, or authority, to travel through the Maori territory. The letter was presented at a moment when the native mind was much disturbed in connection with the political relationship existing between the Kingites and the Europeans, and just at the time when the meeting at Whatiwhatihoe, before referred to, was about to be held between the Native Minister and Tawhiao, with a view to the opening of the country to settlement and trade. It is only right to state that the king received me on this occasion with every token of good feeling, and spoke, as indeed did all the natives, in the highest terms of Sir George Grey; but he advised me, as the native tribes were much disturbed in connection with the question about to be discussed between the Maoris and Europeans, not to set out on my journey until the meeting should be over.

Leaving Whatiwhatihoe before the termination of the gathering, I made no further appeal to Tawhiao, who subsequently left for an extended tour through

the island. The assemblage of the tribes broke up, as before shown, without any solution being arrived at with regard to the settlement of the native difficulty, and the question of the exploration of the King Country lay in abeyance for a few months, but the idea was always firmly fixed in my mind, although it was not until the 8th of March, 1883, that I left Auckland, *en route* for Tauranga, to explore the wonders of the forbidden land at my own risk.

THE FRONTIER OF THE KING COUNTRY.

CHAPTER I.

THE KING'S CAMP.

Alexandra—Crossing the frontier—Whatiwhatihoe—The camp—King Tawhiao—The chiefs—"*Taihoa*".

ALEXANDRA, the principal European settlement on the northern frontier of the King Country, lies about one hundred miles distant from Auckland, and a little less than eight miles to the west of the Te Awamutu terminus of the southern line of railway.

I reached Alexandra along a delightful road lined with the hawthorn and sweetbriar, and through a picturesque country, where quiet homesteads, surrounded by green meadows filled with sleek cattle and fat sheep, imparted to the aspect of nature an air of contentment and quiet repose. Indeed, when doing this journey in a light buggy drawn by a pair of fast horses, it seemed difficult to realize the fact that I was fast approaching the border-line of European settlement, and that a few minutes more would land me on the frontier of a vast territory which formed the last home of perhaps the boldest and most intelligent race

of savages the world had ever seen. In fact, when approaching Alexandra from the Te Awamutu road, with its neat white houses, embowered amidst gardens and groves of trees, and with its church-spire pointing towards heaven, I seemed to be entering a quiet English village; and had it not been that the eye fell now and again upon a dark, statuesque figure, wrapped in a blanket, and with a touch of the "noble savage" about it, it would have been somewhat difficult to dispel the pleasant illusion.

The township was not large, and a school-house, two hotels, several stores, a public hall, commodious constabulary barracks surrounded by a redoubt, a postal and telegraph station, a blacksmith's forge, and about fifty houses, built for the most part of wood, formed its principal features of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

On the day following my arrival at Alexandra I left, in company with a native interpreter, for Whatiwhatihoe, to present my credentials to the Maori king. Our ride across the frontier into Maoriland was a most delightful one. The steep, wooded heights of Mount Pirongia had cast off their curtain of mist, and stood revealed in their brightest hues; while the green, rolling hills at its base formed a pleasant contrast with the more sombre, fern-clad banks of the Waipa River, as it wound its devious course from the direction of of Mount Kakepuku, which rose above the plain beyond in the form of a gigantic cone. The country for miles around lay stretched before the gaze, forming a varied picture of delightful scenery, and all nature appeared budding into life; while the prickly gorse, with its

golden-yellow flowers, encircled Whatiwhatihoe like a *chevaux de frise*. The primitive *whares*[1] of the natives imparted a rustic appearance to the scene, as they stood scattered about the country to the south, while, as the eye wandered in the direction of the north, the white homesteads of the settlers served to mark the *aukati*[2]—frontier-line—separating the King Country from the territory of the *pakeha*.[3]

The king's settlement of Whatiwhatihoe was situated on the west or opposite bank of the Waipa from Alexandra, and on a broad alluvial plain running along the base of a range of fern-clad hills. As a rule the *whares* were built entirely of *raupo*,[4] and were scattered about the flat and on the low hills in its vicinity without any regard to regularity, and while some had a neat and even a clean look, others were less attractive both in their designs and general surroundings. They were mostly oblong in shape, with slanting roofs, which projected a few feet at one end of the building in the form of a recess, where the entrance, consisting of a low narrow doorway, was placed. Windows, in the form of small square apertures, were the exception and not the rule, and consequently the interior of these primitive domiciles was badly ventilated. A few blankets and native mats formed the principal articles of furniture, save where the owner, profiting by the advance of civilization, had gone in for *articles de vertu*

[1] *Whare* is the native name for a house or hut.

[2] The *aukati* signifies the boundary of a *tapued* or sacred district.

[3] *Pakeha* is a term used by the Maoris to designate Europeans; it means a stranger, or a person from a distant country.

[4] For a synopsis of the principal *flora* met with during the journey, see Appendix.

on which the "Brummagem" hall-mark might be distinctly traced.

As we approached the camp the whole place presented a very animated appearance; horsemen were riding about in every direction; long cavalcades of natives, men, women, and children, were arriving from all parts of the country, to take part in the *korero*[1] to be held on the morrow; while many old tattooed savages, swathed in blankets, and plumed with *huia* feathers to denote their chieftainship, were squatting about, puffing at short pipes with a stolid air, as they listened in mute attention to one of their number as, gesticulating wildly, and walking to and fro between two upright poles set a few paces apart, he delivered a fiery harangue upon the momentous question of throwing open their country to the advancing tide of civilization. Bevies of women and girls were busily engaged in preparing for the coming feast, and troops of children played and fought with countless pigs and innumerable mongrel dogs.

While pushing our way among the assembled crowds we were met by the king's henchman, a half-caste of herculean proportions, who conducted us to the *whare runanga*, or meeting-house, an oblong structure about eighty feet long by forty broad, solidly built out of a framework of wood, and thatched with *raupo*. It was capable of holding a large number of people, and the white rush mats covering the floor gave it a clean and comfortable appearance.

In the centre of this spacious hall sat the king

[1] The word *korero* (to speak) is here applied as a general term to the meeting.

flanked by his four wives, the principal and most attractive of whom was Pare Hauraki, a fine buxom woman with oval features and artistically tattooed lips, habited in native costume, with a *korowhai*, or cape, bound with *kiwi* feathers, thrown carelessly across her shoulders, over which her dark raven hair fell in thick, waving clusters. A number of chiefs of the various tribes

THE MAORI QUEEN PARE HAURAKI.

assembled, squatted in a semicircle in front of the king, who rose from his seat—a rush mat—as I approached, and motioned for me to be seated in front of him.

Tawhiao was habited in European attire, consisting of a pair of dark trousers, patent leather boots, and a grey frock-coat trimmed with red braiding about the sleeves, and which at the first glance reminded me

of the *redingote gris* affected by Napoleon I., and which obtained for him the sobriquet of the "little corporal." A black *huia* feather tipped with white adorned his hair, and in his left ear he wore a large piece of roughly polished greenstone,[1] and in his right a shark's tooth. In stature he was a little below the medium height, sparely made, but keenly knit, with a round, well-formed head; while his features, which were elaborately tattooed in a complete network of blue curved lines, were well defined in the true Maori mould; and although he had a cast in the left eye, his countenance was pleasant, and as he spoke in a slow deliberate way, he invariably displayed in his conversation a good deal of cool, calculating shrewdness.

Among the principal *rangatiras*, or chiefs, present were Tu Tawhiao, the king's son, Major Te Wheoro, Manga Rewi, Te Tuhi, Te Ngakau, Wahanui, Whitiora, Hone Te Wetere, and Hone Te One. Tu Tawhiao was a tall, slim youth, with a thin, sleek face and dark moustache, and with a meek expression of countenance. He affected European costume, and had none of the strong Maori type of feature so characteristic of his father. He did not appear to be a very gifted youth, but he had a pleasing manner, and might be considered as a fair type of the anglicized Maori. Major Te Wheoro was a short, thick-set man, with heavy features and a somewhat shrewd look. He ranged himself on

[1] The *pounamu*, or greenstone (nephrite), a species of jade, is much prized by the Maoris as an ornament, either for the neck or ears. It is only found on the west coast of the Middle Island, the native name for which is *Wahipounamu*, or Land of the Greenstone.

the European side during the war, when he gained his commission, and at the time of which I write he was one of the four Maori members of the House of Representatives. Manga Rewi, like Tawhiao, was a Maori of the old school, and with all the physical characteristics of the race about him. His chief influence appeared to arise from the fact that during the war he was one of the principal Kingite leaders. Te Ngakau was remarkably thick-set and muscular, with a firm-looking yet intelligent face. He was dressed half as a Maori and half as a European, and was remarkable for nothing so much as for the enormous development of the calves of his legs. Whitiora was an antiquated, tattooed warrior, who during the war had won his laurels when gallantly defending the Rangiriri Pa against the Imperial forces, while Hone Te Wetere was known to fame in a somewhat doubtful way in connection with the White Cliffs massacre.

The most notable, however, of all the chiefs present was undoubtedly Wahanui, of the Ngatimaniapoto tribe. Standing over six feet, and of enormous build, he had a peculiar air about him which seemed to mark him as one born to command. His features, slightly tattooed about the mouth—which was singularly large—bore a remarkable appearance of intelligence, while his head, covered with thick white hair, was round and massively formed. He impressed me very favourably during the interview, and when speaking, as he did at some length upon the political condition of the King Country, he seemed to possess not only a great power of language, but a singularly persuasive manner which was at once both courteous and dignified. He ap-

peared to exercise a weighty influence over the king, and to act in all matters as the "power behind the throne," but he had evidently a conservative turn of mind, and had he been born in England, I think he would have developed into a nobleman of very pronounced Tory principles.

WAHANUI.
(*Chief of the Ngatimaniapoto Tribe.*)

When the king had learned the object of my mission, and that I had come to obtain his authority to explore the Maori territory, he was careful to inquire what other countries I had visited, and whether I had before travelled in other parts of the world with no other view than to see mountains, rivers, and plains. "The

Maori," he remarked, "never undergoes fatigue for such a purpose as that, but I know," he continued, with a slight touch of *naïveté*, "the *pakeha* is different to the Maori, he has the 'earth hunger,' and likes to see new places. If you wish to go into the country, you

MANGA REWI.
(*A Chief of the Ngatimaniapoto Tribe.*)

may do so when the meeting is over, but it is not good that you should go until the Maori has spoken with the *pakeha* at the *korero*, therefore I say wait, '*taihoa.*'"

The latter word sounded somewhat unpleasant to

my ears, as I knew with the Maoris it was their gospel, and was synonymous with the Spanish proverb, "Never do to-day what may be done to morrow." I took the king at his word, but before I left his presence I mentally recorded a vow that, if I could not get into the King Country at the north, I would get into it at the south, which I eventually did a few months afterwards, as the sequel of this narrative will show.

CHAPTER II.

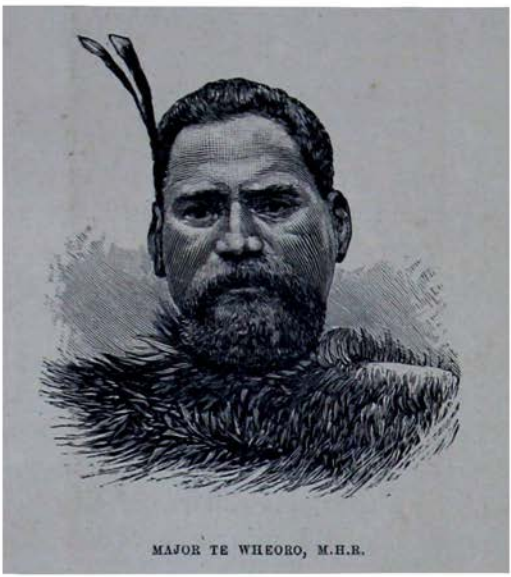
THE KORERO.

The Kingites—Half-castes—An albino—The King's speech—Maori oratory—The feast.

On the morrow after my interview with the king the meeting between the Native Minister and Tawhiao, with a view to bring about more friendly relations between the two races, was arranged to take place.

At the time fixed for the *korero* the Kingites, headed by their chiefs, assembled on the flat within the settlement. They squatted about in attractive groups, and the entire assembly formed a compact semicircle composed of men, women, and children of all ages; while the bright and almost dazzling colours of their varied, and, in many instances, eccentric costumes formed an interesting picture, in which were blended the most singular and striking contrasts. Some of the men were habited entirely in European attire, others affected more becoming native costumes, and had their heads decked with feathers, while not a few were got up in a style which seemed to indicate that they were undergoing what might be considered, from a Darwinian point of view, the "transition period"

between savage and civilized life. The women, of whom there were many, had donned their holiday finery, and although their flowing skirts were evidently not designed after the most fashionable model, this defect was made up in no small degree by the glowing effects of the bright colours of the variegated material out of which they were made. Crimson, yellow, and



MAJOR TE WHEORO, M.H.R.

blue were the prevailing tints, and one by no means unattractive damsel had her lithe form swathed in a shawl on which were depicted all the various designs of a pack of cards.

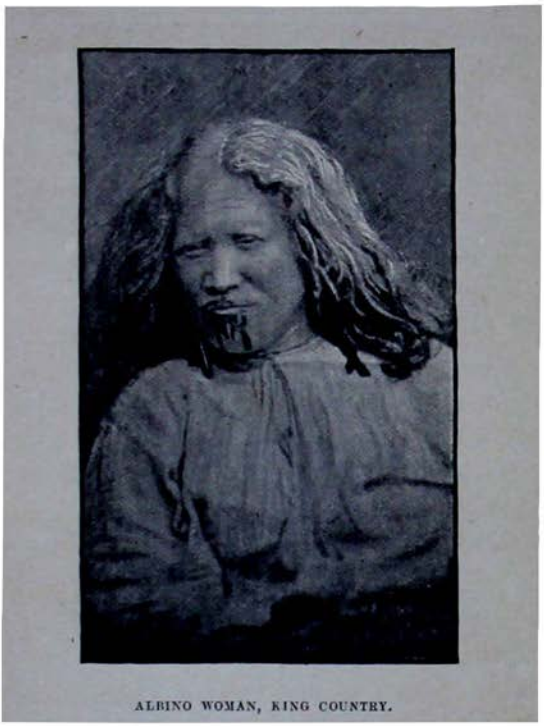
There were many half-castes of both sexes among the throng, and the strain of European blood, which in most cases might be distinctly traced, had evidently, by one of those singular processes of nature which it

is difficult to understand, aided to produce in them here, as elsewhere, a robust and healthy race of people. Many of the girls of this class, with their swarthy complexions and well-rounded limbs, were very comely-looking, and one young lady, habited in a well-fitting

TE TUHI.
(*A Chief of the Waikato Tribe.*)

purple silk dress, and with a very handsome native shawl of many colours thrown artistically across her gracefully formed shoulders, attracted the admiring glances of all present. She spoke English fluently, and with her fascinating air, dark eyes, and remarkable Spanish cast of countenance, she appeared more

suited to grace the *Prado* of Madrid than the primitive *marae*[1] of Whatiwhatihoe. In singular contrast to this attractive daughter of the King Country was an albino woman, with light flaxen hair, pink eyes, and a complexion which, if it had been washed, might have



ALBINO WOMAN, KING COUNTRY.

rivalled the snowy whiteness of alabaster. Her lips were marked in the ordinary Maori fashion, and, so far as her outward appearance went, she was stout and well-built, and appeared to be as fine a specimen of her kind as I had seen in any part of the world.

[1] *Marae*, an open space in front of a native settlement.

When Tawhiao appeared in the midst of his people, he had cast aside his European costume, and had swathed himself after the native fashion in a white blanket, with broad pink stripes upon it. At the moment of the arrival of the Native Minister the king was seated by the side of his wife Pare Hauraki, and in the centre of the semicircle formed by the Waikato chiefs and other natives, and as Mr. Bryce drew near he raised himself from the ground and approached to welcome him. As soon as the friendly greetings were over, the Native Minister and the king seated themselves upon the ground face to face, and, having regarded each other for some time with an air of mutual satisfaction, Tawhiao arose, and, resuming his original position in the midst of the natives, arranged his blanket in *toga* fashion across his breast, and raising his bare right arm, began his speech in slow, but well-delivered tones, and with the calm, confident air of one who had been accustomed to sway the multitude and to speak, as he expressed it in the figurative language of his race, "straight from his breast." His short harangue, however, was carefully framed with all the customary art of Maori diplomacy, and with a view to show that the occasion was simply one for the mutual expression of goodwill on both sides. Not the faintest reference at this time was made to his future line of policy, nor was there a single hint to indicate that any new departure was about to be initiated calculated to alter the political relationship existing between the Maori and Pakeha. It was in every sense a carefully worded discourse, and proved beyond a doubt that the trite saying of Voltaire, that

language was invented to disguise our thoughts, was equally appreciated by savage as by civilized races.

Tawhiao's speech, however, when finally declining the proposals of the Native Minister, when, in face of

WHITIORA WIROUIRU TE KOMETE.
(*A Chief of the Waikato Tribe.*)

all the inducements held out to him, he stoutly refused to resign his *mana*, or sovereign authority, is worthy a place here, not only as an interesting example of the Maori style of oratory, but likewise as a touching proof of the deep-rooted desire of the old king to remain at the head of his decaying race.

Tawhiao, who spoke with evident emotion on this occasion, said: "My word is, do not speak at all; only listen" (addressed to his people). "The best way of speaking is to listen. If this European" (the Native Minister) "rises, the best thing to do is to listen. This is my word, hearken you" (to Mr. Bryce). "I approve of you administering affairs on that side—the European side. But my word is, I will jump on that side, and stand. I have nothing to say. My only reason for going on that side is to hear—to listen, so that I may know. I say I will remain in the positions of my ancestors and my parents in this island of Aotearoa.[1] I will remain here; and as for my proceedings, let me proceed along my own line. I have nothing to say; I have only to listen, so that I may know. After I have listened I will come back to this side of our line.[2] Say what you have to say. That is my thought, that I will remain here, in the place where my ancestors and fathers trod; but if I had trodden anywhere else, then I could be spoken to about it. I still adhere to the word that existed from the commencement. The queen was not divided; her rule has been obeyed. Now, say what you have to say. With me there is no trouble or darkness. What I have said to you is good; it has been said in the daylight, while the sun is shining. I do not mind falling, if only I do not fall as my cloak would fall. I can traverse all the words. This is another word of mine. I am teaching; I will

[1] *Aotearoa* is the ancient native name for the North Island; it is equivalent to "*land of bright sunlight.*"

[2] Meaning the *Aukati* or boundary-line separating the King Country from the European portion of the colony.

remain here. You can remain on your side and administer affairs, and I will remain on my side. Let me be here, on this side of our own line. Speak while the sun is shining. It has been said for a long time that the Europeans are against me. My reply to that is, that the *pakeha* is with me. But let me remain

PAORA TU HAERE.
(*Head Chief of the Ngati Whatua Tribe.*)

here at Aotearoa. I will direct my people this very day as we sit here. I will not go off in any new direction, but will be as my ancestors were."

After the Native Minister had replied to the king's speech, the present of provisions given by the government, consisting of beef, flour, sugar, and biscuits, was

hauled to the front in bullock drays, and, after being piled into a heap, Major Te Wheoro stepped forward and acknowledged the donation on the part of the natives. When this ceremony was concluded, loud shouts of joyful voices were heard in the distance, and from each side of the *marae* two separate bands of about 200 women and girls came dancing along in variegated costumes, with small baskets in their hands made of plaited flax, and filled with cooked potatoes, roasted pork, and fish. They rounded up in front of the meeting with a measured step, between a skip and a hop, and when they had deposited their burdens in a heap, and grinned immensely, as if to show their white teeth, half a dozen stalwart men came forward with roasted pigs cut in twain, or rather amputated down the centre of the spine. When these sweet luxuries had swelled the dimensions of the *kai*,[1] Te Ngakau stepped forward, and, taking up a pronged stick, or roasting-fork, formally presented this token of hospitality to the government, which in its turn, according to custom, and to avoid the incubus of a "white elephant," returned it with thanks to the natives.

Feasting then became the order of the day, and joining the king's circle, we partook of the kindly fruits of the earth with unalloyed satisfaction; and as table requisites were not plentiful, we dispensed with those baubles of modern progress, and ate after the primitive mode of our forefathers.

[1] *Kai*, Maori word for food.

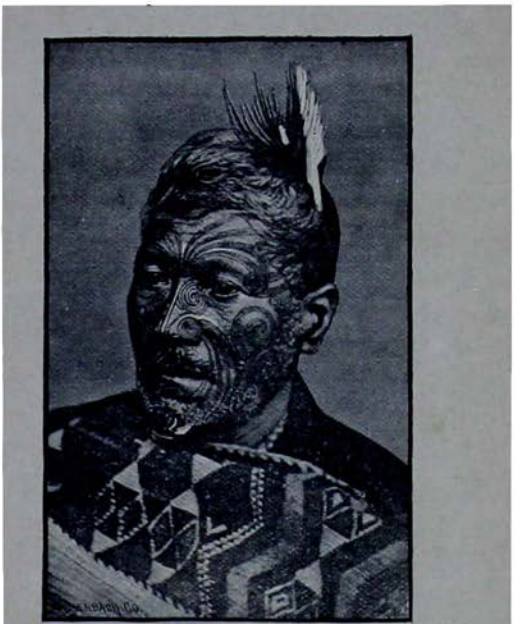
CHAPTER III.

ASCENT OF PIRONGIA.

Mount Pirongia—Geological features—The ascent—A fair prospect.

THE steep, rugged heights of Mount Pirongia are at all times an attractive feature in the splendid landscape which stretches along the course of the Waikato River and thence through the valley of the Waipa to the very borders of the King Country. Rising to a height of 3146 feet above the level of the sea, the conical peaks of this grand mountain stand boldly out against the sky as they change and shift, as it were, with magical effect, when viewed from different points of vantage, now assuming the form of gigantic pyramids, now swelling into dome-shaped masses connected by long, sweeping ridges which lose themselves in deep ravines, and rolling slopes whose precipitous sides sometimes end in steep precipices, or open out into broad valleys covered from base to summit by a thick mantle of vegetation. When beheld from a distance, Pirongia appears to have been moulded by the hand of nature into the most subdued and graceful proportions, over which are constantly playing the most enchanting effects of light and shade, and it is not until one stands at the base of this stupendous mountain of

eruptive rock that one fully realizes the bold features of its rugged outline, as one contemplates in wonder the work of those terrific subterranean forces which, at some period or another, caused this volcanic giant to rear its rugged head above the surrounding plains.

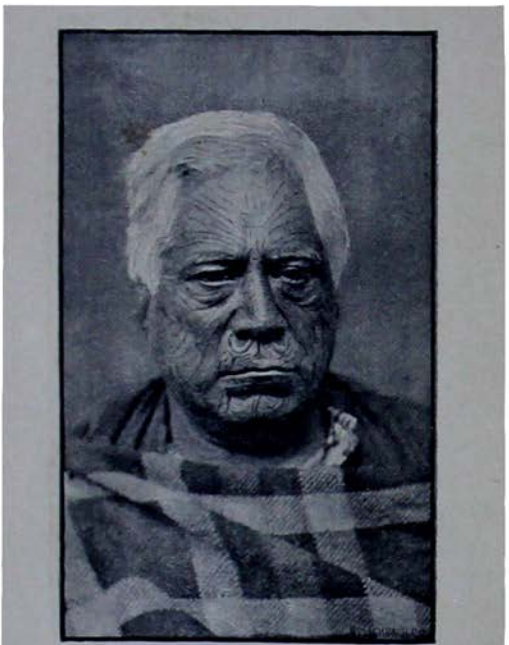


HATI WIRA TAKAHI.
(*Chief of the Ngapuhi Tribe.*)

Beneath the bright morning light, or when evening spreads its mellow tints over the heavens, the mountain is seen to its best advantage; but when the heavily laden clouds from the west sweep in from the sea, they gather round the lofty summit of Pirongia in a thick pall of vapoury mist, and then, bursting

into a flood of rain, roll down its steep sides to swell the current of the Waipa.

When viewed from a geological point of view, Pirongia formed evidently at some remote period of its history the centre of an extended volcanic action to which the extensive ranges stretching from this



TAWHAO NGATUERE.
(*A Chief of the Ngatikahunu Tribe.*)

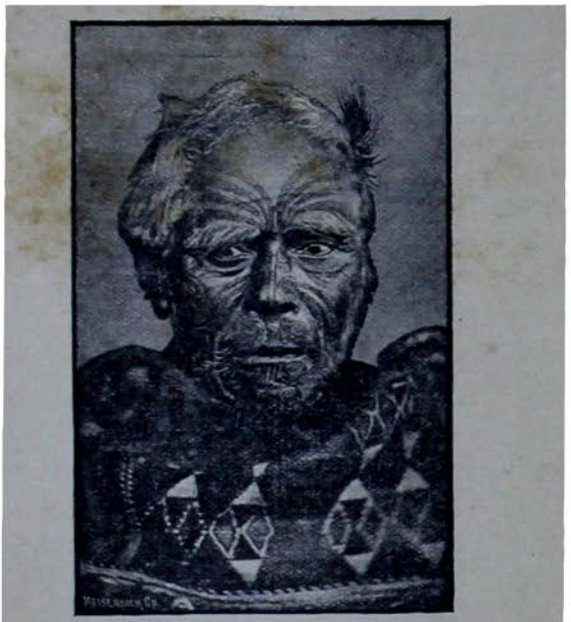
point in many ramifications to the west coast, and thence in the direction of Whaingaroa harbour in the north and Kawhia harbour in the south, owe their origin. When standing upon the summit of the mountain, it may be plainly seen that the Pirongia ranges diverge in all directions from a common centre,

formed by the most elevated portion of the volcanic cone which constitutes the highest point of the mountain chain. For a considerable distance to the north and south, and as far west as the coast, this mountainous system extends in an almost continuous line, and assumes an elevation which varies from

A CHIEF OF THE NGATIPROA TRIBE.

nearly 2000 to 3000 feet above the level of the sea, but it gradually diminishes in altitude towards the east, in the form of low hills and undulating slopes which finally merge into the broad plains which mark the upper and lower valleys of the Waipa. Throughout these extensive ranges there is little or no open

country, but mountain top after mountain top, ridge after ridge, ravine after ravine, stretch away as far as the eye can reach in a confused rugged mass covered with a dense and almost impenetrable vegetation. The summit or highest point of Pirongia, which assumes



PARATENE TE MANU.

(A Chief of the Ngatiwai Tribe.)

the form of a large oval-shaped, though now much broken, crater, was evidently the central point of eruption of the volcanic forces which caused the various higher ranges and lower hills to radiate from this point and assume their serrated and disjointed form, and it is here, as well as in the numerous gullies

and ravines which spring from it, that the geological features of the various rocks may be more distinctly traced. As in all formations of the kind in its vicinity, the igneous rocks predominate, and of these trachyte is the most common; huge masses of this rock cropping up everywhere above the surface of the mountain. Scoria, obsidian, pumice, and other volcanic rocks likewise occur, their gradual decomposition serving to form a dark rich soil, which covers the sides of the mountain and gives life to its splendid vegetation.

When I made the ascent of Pirongia it was in the pleasant company of Mr. F. J. Moss, Member of the House of Representatives. The country around the eastern base of the mountain was composed of a series of low, fern-clad hills, intersected by small swamps and watercourses fed principally from the mountain springs.

The moment we left the fern hills and entered the forest all the varied beauties of its rich growth burst upon the view. The steep ascent of the mountain began almost at once, and our path lay along the precipitous ridges which sweep down on every side from its summit, clothed with a thick growth of enormous trees, and rich in all the wondrous creations of a primeval vegetation. Among the many giants of the vegetable world was the *rata*, which, clothed with its curious growth of parasitical plants, towered high above its compeers of the forest. Many of these trees were of enormous size, especially when they grew in the low, damp gullies, where they attained to a height of considerably over a hundred feet, with a girth of

from thirty to forty feet at their base. A few of these giants were scattered about the high ridges, but they appeared to thrive best, and to attain their greatest girth, near the low, damp beds of the small water-courses, which, bursting from the adamantine sides of

TUKUKINO.
(*Head Chief of the Ngatitemat era.*)

the mountain, and leaping along their rocky course, formed the only music that enlivened these bush-bound solitudes.

When we reached the summit of the mountain, we emerged from the thick forest on to an open spot which commanded a delightful prospect. Turning

towards the west, we stood on the brink of a precipice which fell in a clear descent of 1000 feet into the ravine below; here and there a jutting mass of rock stood out in rugged grandeur from the adamantine wall of stone, but otherwise a thick growth of matted

TE RAIA NGAKUTU TE TUMUHUIA.

(*Head Chief of the Ngatitematera tribe. Last of the New Zealand Cannibals.*)

scrub covered the sides and bottom of this enormous fissure, and so dense and entangled was the vegetation as we looked down upon it, that it appeared quite possible to walk upon the tops of the trees without falling to the ground. Far beyond this, mountain after mountain rolled away in the distance, until the

eye rested on the grand expanse of Kawhia Harbour, dotted with its broad inlets and numerous headlands, which rose in picturesque beauty above the deep-blue outline of the distant sea. North-westerly from this point the bright waters of Aotea Harbour lay embosomed in a semicircle of hills, and, beyond again, Mount Karioi rose from the borders of the ocean to an altitude of 2300 feet. East and south of this the Whanga Ranges bounded the horizon, and right opposite to Pirongia the bold peaks of Maungakawa and Maungatautari rose into view. Between this wide area there were lower hills which radiated from the mountain ranges, but it could be plainly seen that the greater portion of the country was formed of level plains dotted here and there with small lakes and extensive swamps, through which the Waikato and the Waipa, with their numerous tributaries, could be traced as they wound for miles away in the distance. Here and there upon the cultivated flats the white houses of the settlers, embowered amidst orchards and gardens, dotted the landscape, while Alexandra, Kihikihi, Hamilton, and Cambridge, and numerous other settlements, served to mark the spots where future cities may ere long grow into existence, and add wealth and prosperity to this fertile land. It was, however, when gazing in the direction of the south, where the King Country lay stretched for miles before us in all the wide, rich beauty of a virgin country, that the grandest natural scenery burst upon the view, and charmed the imagination with the thought of a bright future. The *aukati* or boundary-line could be distinctly traced, on the one side by farms and homesteads, and on the other by

the huts of the natives; but beyond these features there was nothing to denote that the territory to the north was the abode of enlightenment, and that the land to the south was a primeval wilderness still wrapped in the darkness of primitive barbarism.

THE LAKE COUNTRY.

CHAPTER IV.

AUCKLAND TO OHINEMUTU.

The flank movement—Auckland Harbour—Tauranga—Whakari—The *tuatara*—*En route*—The Gate Pa—All that remains—Oropi—A grand forest—Mangorewa Gorge—Mangorewa River—A region of eternal fire.

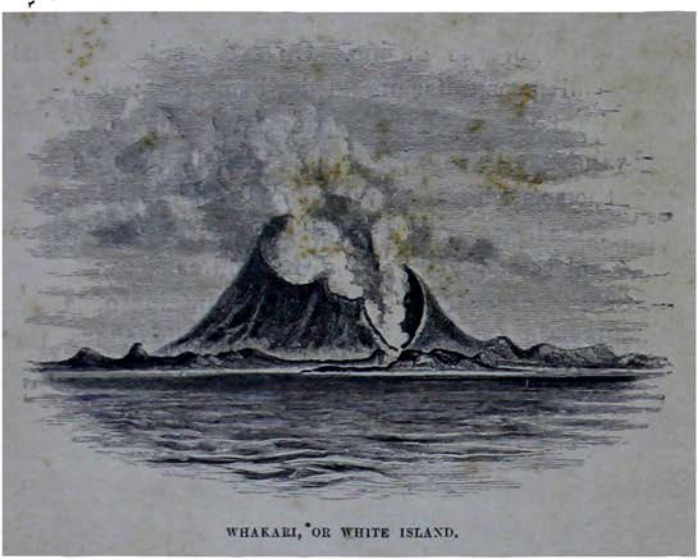
A LITTLE short of five months after the events which I have recorded in the previous chapters took place, I embarked on board the S.S. *Glenelg*, for Tauranga. I had selected to travel by this way as I had determined to reach the Lake Country by the East Coast, pass through the centre of the island, enter the King Country at its southern extremity, and, if possible, carry on my explorations northward to Alexandra. Owing to the unsatisfactory condition of the Native Question at that time, the undertaking appeared to be a hopeless one, but I resolved to give it a fair trial, and as the *Glenelg* glided over the calm waters of Auckland Harbour, half the difficulties which had previously presented themselves to my mind seemed to disappear with the fading rays of the sun as they played over the water, cast fitful shadows athwart the

romantic islands of the bay, and lit up the tall spires of the receding city.

As we sped on in the golden twilight, some of the most attractive views were obtained of the renowned harbour which places the northern capital of New Zealand at the head of all antipodean cities for grandeur of scenery, and as a mart for commerce, and which, in time to come, should transform it into the Naples of the Pacific. On every side the most delightful prospects unfolded themselves; the city with its forest of houses rising and falling over hill and valley, and clustering around the tall, grassy cones, once the scene of raging volcanic fires, next crowned with Maori *pas*, and now dotted with neat villas. Small inlets and jutting points of land came constantly before the gaze; the forest-clad mountains of Cape Colville and Coromandel mounted boldly above the sea; in the east, Kawau, the island home of Sir George Grey, rose in the north, backed by the rugged peaks of the Barrier Islands; while right in the centre of this grand picture the volcanic cone of Rangitoto towered to a height of 800 feet above the wide expanse of water. Every point, each sinuous bay and jutting headland, was rich in a varied vegetation of the brightest green, and as the softly tinted light—violet, crimson, and yellow—so characteristic of New Zealand sunsets, mingled with the deep blue of the sea as the shades of evening crept on, and the stars shone forth from above—the whole surroundings, as our vessel glided rapidly on her way, combined to form an ever-changing panorama of unrivalled beauty.

When, early on the following morning, we steamed

into Tauranga Harbour, the sea was as smooth as a sheet of glass, the heavens were blue and cloudless, and the town, the fern-clad hills, and the mountains in the distance, completed one of the most attractive pictures of New Zealand scenery I had ever beheld. In front the neat white houses of the settlement rose from the very edge of the lake-like expanse of water, the



WHAKARI, OR WHITE ISLAND.

country beyond lay stretched before the gaze in a broad expanse of green, whilst the bold outline of the coast, with its jutting headlands, extended for miles on either side.

Tauranga is not a large place, but its situation is delightful. It is built mostly along the west shore of the harbour, and commands a splendid view of the great ocean beyond, with its picturesque islands, which rise in fantastic shape, from the broad surface of the

Bay of Plenty. The harbour, which is completely landlocked, and safe in all weathers, stretches out before the town in the form of an inland lake. The rugged islands of Tuhua, Karewha, and Motiti rise abruptly from the surrounding sea, while in the distance, towards the east, the geysers and boiling springs of Whakari send up their clouds of steam.

Whakari, or White Island, which lies about thirty miles from the shore in the Bay of Plenty, is a cone-shaped mountain rising abruptly from the sea to an

THE TUATARA.

altitude of 860 feet. The crater, about a mile and a half in circumference, is in the condition of a very active solfatara, whose numerous geysers and boiling springs evolve at all times dense volumes of steam and sulphurous gases. There are large deposits of sulphur surrounding the crater, and several small warm lakes of sulphurous water. It lies in the line of active thermal action which stretches across the North Island through the Lake Country to the volcano of Tongariro, with which, according to native tradition, it is supposed to be connected by a subterranean channel.

The small rocky island of Karewha in the Bay of Plenty is remarkable as being the only remaining abode of the *tuatara* (*Hatteria punctata*,[1]) the largest lizard in New Zealand. It is a non-venomous reptile, about eighteen inches long, with a ridge of sharp-pointed spines like a fringe down its back, and which it raises or depresses at pleasure.

When I left Tauranga, well mounted, *en route* for the Lake Country, the air was delightfully fresh and balmy, and the fervid glow of the sun soon dispelled the vapoury mist that hung around. All the roads leading out of the town were white with shell, and fringed with trees, among which the tall poplar and weeping willow were conspicuous by their luxuriance, while the bright verdure contrasted pleasantly with the picturesque villas, around which all the beauties of the floral world flourished in luxuriance. Here the grass was of an emerald green, the trees looked as fresh as if growing under the influence of an English spring, the jasmine, the clematis, and the honeysuckle wound their graceful tendrils about, and whole acres of sweetbriar scented the air with its delightful perfume. The country soon opened out into broad plains and undulating hills, which rose in the form of a bold amphitheatre to the forest-clad heights beyond, until suddenly there appeared right in front of me an extensive expanse of fern.

Away over the plains, down the slopes of the ravines, over the distant hills and into the valleys beyond, fern, fern, nothing but fern, rolled away in every direction as far as the eye could reach, its green, waving surface

[1] For a synopsis of the New Zealand *fauna*, see Appendix.

losing itself in the distance like a boundless sea. I had beheld many bits of scenery in the colony similar to this, but this wild fern-clad region had a special charm about it, for it had gained for itself a place in the history of New Zealand which will be as memorable, perhaps, in time to come as are the plains of Hastings, where Norman and Saxon fought for the mastery of Britain.

The road hereabouts passed over a slight elevation which assumed the form of a circular hill about fifty feet high, but the ascent to which was very gradual from the plain below, while it was naturally flanked by deep gullies down to which the sides of the hill fall in a long sweep. There was nothing in this place to render it remarkable other than the fact that it was formerly the site of the celebrated Gate Pa,[1] and it was to the east of it, in the fern-clad flat below, just eighteen years ago, that General Cameron, with two regiments of infantry and a body of marines, numbering in all 4000 men, took up his position to storm one of the most formidable of Maori strongholds. Thoroughly equipped with all the appliances of modern warfare, the 43rd and 68th Regiments manœuvred into position to attack a force of 500 natives armed only with the rifle and tomahawk, and entrenched behind a rude stockade of *manuka* and fern. At first victory seemed easy for the Imperial forces, and, with such powerful allies as the bayonet and Armstrong gun, there appeared little more to do than to scale the

[1] This word is often written *pah*, but, as a consonant is never used as a terminal in the Maori language, the addition of the *h* is an innovation.

redoubts, storm the rifle-pits, and place their colours on the summit of the Gate Pa. But with that cunning strategy which characterizes savage races in the art of war, the Maoris had hit upon a grand idea to deceive their enemies. They did not place their red fighting-flags in the *pa* where their main forces were, as the *pakeha* would have done, but they distributed them in outlying positions below the stockade, and then they surrounded their false encampments with barricades of plaited twigs, and covered their rifle-pits with roofs of fern. The stratagem was successful, and Cameron directed his fire against these decoys, but of course without effect. The firing continued from daylight until late in the afternoon, when a storming party was told off to rush the place. The gallant 43rd were the first to scale the stockades of the *pa*, but their leader was immediately shot down, and they retreated in disorder; while the 68th, charging the right flank of the enemy's position, were thrice repulsed and driven back under a galling fire. It was now found, just as at Balaclava, that "some one had blundered," and that the British were firing upon one another instead of upon the enemy. The natives now, surrounded within the *pa*, rallied their forces, and as the dark masses swept down upon the thin red line fighting with the bravery of despair, a panic seized the Imperial troops, and then began one of the most terrible repulses and massacres ever experienced by British arms.

Every vestige of the Gate Pa has now disappeared, and nothing but a small homestead, a ploughed field, and a few Australian gum-trees mark the spot where

this most disastrous of Anglo-Maori battles was fought, and yet, although peace and prosperity seemed to smile around as I passed over the old battle-field, I could imagine that I beheld the rude stronghold intact, the red coats crowding up the heights, and the flash of bayonet and tomahawk as the bullets whistled overhead and the shells burst in the air, as the fierce savages dashed forward massacring their foes with a deadly and cruel hatred, and shouting loud war-cries which drowned the British cheers in sounds of agony and death. And I could imagine all this the more vividly since it was only the night before that I had wandered past the redoubt hard by Tauranga to the small graveyard which crowned the summit of a cliff that looked out over the clear waters of the bay. Here a tall monument of pyramidal shape rose up at the further end, sacred to the memory of the officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates who had fallen in the East Coast campaign, while other smaller gravestones stood about like sentinels. Most of these monuments were simple in design, some were flat, some stood erect, and some were fashioned in the shape of crosses, but each told its glorious tale; and as I traced out the inscriptions by the light of the moon, I could read how one brave man had met death at Te Ranga, and another at the Gate Pa.

About thirteen miles from Tauranga I ascended to Oropi, which stands at an elevation of over 1000 feet above the level of the sea, and at the edge of the elevated table-land which extends for a considerable distance beyond. Looking back along the road I had come, from this point a delightful view was obtained

of the surrounding country, with Tauranga and its splendid harbour in the distance, while along the coast might be traced the winding outline of the Bay of Plenty, with its picturesque islands rising in rugged grandeur from the sea. The sun blazed warm when I reached Oropi, and it was a delightful change from the treeless, fern-clad country to enter the cool refreshing shade of a magnificent forest, where giant trees, tall ferns, and myriads of creeping plants and curious mosses and lichens charmed the eye by their grandeur and variety at every turn.

For a long distance the road took a gradual rise of about 400 feet from Oropi, and then from a certain point at this elevation, that is to say, at an altitude of about 1500 feet above the level of the sea, it gradually descended 200 feet in the direction of the Mangorewa Gorge.

It is not easy to convey an idea of the Mangorewa Gorge; but one must imagine a mighty chasm some 200 feet deep, sunk like a pit on the top of the mountains, which here rise to an altitude of about 1600 feet above the sea, the adamantine sides of the gorge falling with a clear descent of nearly 200 feet from their summit level. A sparkling stream, the Mangorewa, fringed with colossal trees, wound at the bottom of this walled ravine, and towering masses of rock rose up in the form of bold bluffs and jutting buttresses along its wild and rugged course, forming, as it were, the outline of a colossal stronghold built by the gods to guard the entrance to the wondrous country beyond.

As I gained the bottom of the ravine the steep, rocky crags stood out in bold relief against the sky, the

walls of rock gleamed white beneath the rich growth of mosses, trees, and ferns that fought, as it were, for life up the steep sides; while gay festoons of curious creeping plants hung from their rugged edges high in the air above. The Mangorewa River wound on its way from out a rich canopy of overhanging trees, where the ferns, mosses, and curious parasitical growth, all mingling together, shut out the rays of the sun from the vistas beyond, and where the dark, dank groves, with their gnarled branches and coiling vines, appeared like the realms of a deserted land. From the bottom of the gorge the road ascended to an altitude of 210 feet to the opposite crown of the range, and from this point a descent of 800 feet was made to the great table-land of the Lake region.

It was evening when I finally emerged from the forest, and then the road descended rapidly as if into a basin surrounded by hills and mountains, among which the sharp peaks of Mount Tarawera were conspicuous by their rugged grandeur. Right in front the shining surface of Lake Rotorua caught the last rays of the setting sun, while on its shores the native *whares* of Ohinemutu stood clustered about amidst vapoury clouds of steam, when suddenly even the water flowing from the side of the road bubbled up and smoked, and as the mists of night mingled with the vapours around, I seemed to have arrived at a region of eternal fire.

CHAPTER V.

HOT-SPRING LIFE.

Ohinemutu and Lake Rotorua—Te Ruapeka—The old pa—Native baths—Delightful bathing—A curious graveyard—Pigs—Area of thermal action—Character of the springs—Chemical constituents—Noted springs—Whakarewarewa—Te Koutu Kahotawa—"Tenakoe, pakeha"—Hot and cold.

THE township of Ohinemutu occupies one of the grandest situations in the whole of the Lake district. It is built on a slight eminence called Pukeroa, which rises with a gradual slope from the shores of Lake Rotorua, whose bright blue waters add a romantic charm to the surrounding country.

In front the broad surface of the lake spreads itself out in a circle of nearly twenty-five miles in circumference, and along the bright, sandy shore of this beautiful sheet of water small bays, fringed with trees, and jutting points, clothed with the greenest vegetation, add variety to the attractive scene; beyond these again, wide, fern-clad flats roll away to the base of the distant hills, which, rising in the form of a complete semicircle around, seemed to have formed at some period or another the area of an immense lake-basin, until the waters, bursting into the rugged gorges, swept into the valleys of the country beyond. Some

of the hills fall with a gentle slope to the very brink of the water, others send out their rock-bound spurs, while some, again, mounting high above the rest, have their tall summits clothed with dense forests; while deep ravines, thick with a marvellous growth of vegetation, send down their crystal streams to mingle with the fierce waters of the boiling springs, which skirt the lake and send forth their jets and clouds of steam for miles around.

The native settlement, Te Ruapeka, is situated on a long peninsula, about 100 yards wide at its broadest part, narrowing gradually towards its end, where it terminates in a sharp point, as it runs flatly out almost on a level with the waters of the lake.

Every part of this strip of land, from one end to the other, is dotted about and riddled with thermal springs, some of which shoot out of the ground from small apertures, while others assume the form of large, steaming pools. They are of all degrees of temperature, from tepid heat to boiling-point; and while you may cook your food in one, you may take a delicious bath in another, and get scalded to death in a third.

In former times a *pa* stood at the further end of the peninsula, but one stormy night a rumbling noise was heard, then a sound of hissing steam, the trembling earth opened, and the *pa* with all its people sank bodily into the depths of the lake.

All the *whares* of the settlement are built, after the native fashion, of *raupo*, with large recesses in front of the doorways, the woodwork of which is curiously carved, and forms a very good specimen of the Maori order of architecture. The *whares* are clus-

tered promiscuously about the springs, and it is no unfrequent occurrence to see a stalwart savage, a buxom woman with a baby in her arms, a sprightly youth, or a dark-eyed damsel come out from the carved portals of a hut in the primitive costume of

NATIVE WOMAN AND CHILD.
(*Ohinemutu.*)

our first parents, and jump into one of the many square stone baths dotted about, and with no other regard for their neighbours who may be standing or squatting around than if they were so many carved images.

The natives use these baths at all times of the day,

and even at all times of the night—that is to say, if a man feels chilly in bed, he gets up and makes for his bath in order to get warm again. Bathing here seems to be a second nature, and the women and girls arrange afternoon bath-parties just as we might assemble our friends at an afternoon tea.

There is something very delightful in bathing in the open in one of these thermal springs. I had my first and last Turkish bath in Constantinople, where the whole process had been so elaborately improved upon by all that Eastern art for luxury could devise, that to go through the ordeal was positively painful, by reason of the state of luxuriousness to which it had been wrought. Here all is primitive simplicity, ceremony is dispensed with, perfumes—at least of "Araby the blest"—are unknown. You sniff the fresh air, which in these parts feels like the elixir of life, plunge in, and sit for hours, mooning the time away in a soft, stimulating heat, beneath the glowing rays of the sun; and if you are not satisfied with this, to complete the luxury you may leave the bath, and sit down, naked as you are, on a seat of heated slabs, where you may be steamed and "vaporized" on the coldest day or the most frigid night without fear of taking cold or of being doubled up by rheumatism.

Not only do the natives use the springs for bathing and curative purposes, and not only do they warm their houses by their means, and perform all their culinary duties by their aid, but they actually bury their dead among them. I went down to the further point of the native settlement, where there is a small graveyard situated among boiling springs and steam-

ing fissures that crop up everywhere over the ground, as if the volcanic fires below were just ready to burst forth and swallow up the living with the dead. Portions of curious carvings, old canoes, and grotesque figures in wood lay scattered about in every direction, and one was apt to wonder how it was that they had not long since been destroyed or carted off to grace some antiquarian museum as relics of a rude art which is fast falling into decay. But these remnants of native industry were all *tapu*, and were as sacred in the eyes of the Maoris as would be a piece of the "true cross" on the altar of a cathedral in Catholic Spain. There was a small, dilapidated hut here filled with coffins containing the remains of several celebrated chiefs, and not far off was an oblong tomb, built of wood, surmounted by a cross, and as I gazed upon it and then upon the grotesque figures lying around, it seemed as if the darkness of heathenism had grappled here with the light of Christianity. It was sacred to the beloved wife of Rotohiko Haupapa, the giant chief of Rotorua. Immediately behind it was a spring with a temperature a little over boiling-point—in fact, anywhere in the vicinity it was only necessary to sit upon the grass, and you would find the heat from below rise up at once, or to put your finger beneath the roots, when the soil would feel hot enough to boil an egg. It appeared strange that the dead should be buried in so singular a spot (unless they had done something very naughty when in the flesh), and as the hot water bubbled up and hissed through the fissures of the rocks, it seemed to whisper forth the sighs of those below.

When walking around the *whares*, and noticing the various phases of Maori hot-spring life, I saw half a dozen members of the porcine tribe come quietly along with an easy, self-satisfied air, as if they had just gone through their morning ablutions in the warm, bubbling fountains, and were going to root round for steamed potatoes, boiled cabbage, and other delicacies. Suddenly a half-naked Maori slunk out of his hut, with a long knife between his teeth. Quick as thought, and with the skill of a champion assassin, he seized the foremost pig by the hind leg. A prod from the knife, and the crimson blood of the murdered animal mingled with a rill of boiling water, which was running past in a hurry, as it were, to cool itself in the lake. A twist of the wrist, and the pig was jerked into a steaming pool, where the heated waters twirled and hissed as if in a red-hot cauldron. Out again in an instant, and then he set to work to scrape off the bristles, which came away in flakes, as if they had simply been stuck on by nature by the aid of a little glue, and the skin of the porker gleamed white as snow beneath the sun. In two minutes more he was disemboweled, and then he was placed over a steam-hole, with a couple of sacks over him, to be cooked for the evening meal. From the time that pig gaily walked the earth until the end of that terrible process, about fifteen minutes expired.

The area in the immediate vicinity of Lake Rotorua where the action of the thermal springs is most active may be said to extend from Whakarewarewa on the one side to Te Koutu on the other. The distance between the two points is about three and a half miles,

the thermal action extending inland for about a mile from the border of the lake to Ariki Kapakapa, celebrated for its big holes of black, boiling mud. A short distance from the eastern shore of the lake is Tikitere, a narrow valley in the centre of which is a boiling-water basin, about seventy feet in diameter, and which is surrounded in every direction by hot mud-pools and boiling springs. Close to Tikitere is Lake Rotoiti,[1] whose deep bays and jutting headlands impart to it a very beautiful appearance. Hot springs occur on its southern shore, while still further to the east of it, again, are the warm lakes known as Rotoma and Rotoehu, the waters of the two latter being rendered of a greyish, opaque colour by the action of the subaqueous springs.

All the country within the existing range of thermal action, and, in fact, considerably beyond it, bears the distinctive traces of the combined work of fire and water, while the ground for miles around is covered with silicious and sulphurous deposits, together with pumice, scoria, obsidian, alum, oxide of iron, and various other products, the result of the igneous and aqueous action which is everywhere observable in the form of geysers, hot springs, boiling mud-holes, *solfataras*, and *fumaroles*, and which are known to the natives under the more general terms of *ngawha*, *puia*, and *waiariki*.[2] All the geysers and most of the

[1] The word *roto* in Maori is equivalent to lake. Hence Roto-rua, "lake number two;" Roto-iti, "small lake;" Roto-ma, "white lake;" Roto-ehu, "muddy lake;" Roto-mohana, "warm lake," &c.

[2] The term *ngawha* is used to designate non-intermittent springs and *solfataras*; *puia* is applied to geysers and hot fountains; *waiariki* means a spring suitable for bathing.

NATIVE VILLAGE
(*Lake Rotoiti*).

[*Page* 62.

springs are intermittent, while not a few are very erratic in their movements, subsiding in one place and breaking out in another with wonderful rapidity. The water of some of the springs is as blue and as bright as crystal, in others it is of a greenish tint, while in not a few it assumes a dirty yellow colour. Nearly every spring possesses properties peculiar to itself, and mostly all are more or less efficacious in the treatment of rheumatic and nervous complaints, and cutaneous and spinal disorders.

Upon analysis, the springs are found to contain various chemical ingredients, but in different proportions, according to the quality or properties of the water. Among the principal chemical bodies may be mentioned the chlorides of sodium, potassium, lithium, calcium, and magnesium; the sulphates of soda, lime, potash, magnesia, alumina, and iron; the silicates of soda, lime, and magnesia. In the acids, hydrochloric, sulphuric, and muriatic are found in abundance, while both sulphuretted hydrogen and carbonic acid gas are largely evolved.

The most important springs are situated at Sulphur Point—a small peninsula at the southern end of Lake Rotorua. One of the most noted is Whangapipiro, a large circular pool of hot saline water, with silicates, and with an alkaline reaction. The water, which is only a few degrees below boiling-point, is perfectly blue, and as clear as crystal, and when you look down into its deep and apparently fathomless basin, the white, alabaster-like deposits of silica hanging around its sides make it appear like a picturesque grotto formed of coral rock. Near to this bath is Te Kauhanga, or the

"Pain-killer," the water of which is saline, with excess of acid and acid reaction. It is very efficacious in cases of acute rheumatism, and many marvellous cures are said to have been effected by it. Not far distant is Te Kauwhangà, a large, muddy basin, with a constant discharge of gas, which rises in the form of large bubbles upon the slimy-looking surface. The waters of this bath are slightly saline, with excess of acid and acid reaction, while the gas which is constantly evolved produces upon many, when inhaled, similar effects to those of laughing-gas. Nearer to the lake is Te Pupunitanga formed by a warm spring of transparent water, the properties of which are aluminous, and strongly acid, with acid reaction. The water of this spring is very beneficial in cases of acute rheumatism and cutaneous disorders, and when used in its natural state—that is to say, without the admixture of fresh water—it produces a tingling sensation, and causes the skin to assume for a short time the redness of a boiled lobster. The "Coffee-pot" is a hole about twelve feet in diameter, full of hot, bubbling mud of the colour of coffee, and which rolls and splutters about in a constant state of ebullition. The "Sulphur Cups," not far distant, are formed by small sulphurous springs of various degrees of temperature, which flow out of circular, cup-shaped basins, about four feet in diameter, around which the bright yellow mineral is deposited in the form of glittering crystals, while the "Cream Cups"—delicate and beautiful in formation—are fashioned out of cup-shaped craters, from the centre of each of which shoots forth a jet of sulphurous gas and steam.

From Sulphur Point I rode across to Whakare-

warewa. Situated about two miles to the south-west, and at the base of a range of bare hills, was a native settlement, surrounded by a wide area of thermal action. Here the geysers, hot springs, mud-holes, mud-cones, and *solfataras* were scattered about in every direction, while the ground hissed and seethed, as it were, in fury beneath one's feet. It was just such a place where you would expect at any moment to go head-first into a mud-hole or boiling spring, or be scalded to death by a shower of hot water from the big geysers as they threw up their steaming columns of silvery liquid high into the air with a loud, rumbling sound like distant thunder. One of the largest geysers here, called by the natives Waikite, issues from a cone of silicious rock nearly fifty feet high and over a hundred feet in diameter, and in its most active moments throws up an enormous column of boiling water to a height of sixty feet. Many of the numerous springs here possess great curative properties, while the mud-holes and fumaroles are amongst the largest and most active in the district.

At Te Koutu, which lies on the shores of the lake, about a mile on the north side of Ohinemutu, there is a very interesting chain of warm springs and mud-holes. This is one of the most beautiful situations on Rotorua, of which a splendid view is obtained, with the island of Mokoia in the distance, and the forest-clad mountain Ngongotaha, rising to a height of 2554 feet above the level of the sea, and just in rear of the small native settlement, which here skirts the margin of the wide expanse of water. There is one beautiful spring here, called Tupuhi, of clear, hot water, which fills a

snow-white silicious basin, about ninety feet long, while within a few feet of it is a circular basin of the same kind, in which the water is only of tepid heat. It is surrounded by a mantle of green grass, and the water of the dárkest blue makes it look like a big turquoise set in a border of alabaster and emeralds.

I was shown round this locality by a native guide, who took me to a large hole where a warm spring, called Kahotawa, bubbled up in a mixture of greenish mud and scum. Its black sides were overgrown with ferns, and a few sticks were placed across it in a mystic, cabalistic kind of way. When we got near to it, I noticed that my guide drew back, and when I motioned for him to follow me, in order to explain the mystery, he informed me in the most solemn way that it was *tapu* for the Maori, but not for the *pakeha*. He afterwards stated that it was sacred to an aged chief, or *rangatira*, who had been buried in it. I did not envy the old man his last resting-place, for I had never seen a grave that looked so much like a cauldron of hot turtle soup.

Soon afterwards I passed in front of a *whare* built within a few feet of the lake, where there was an open bath right in front of the doorway. It was formed of a few slabs let into the ground, like a square box, to hold the water. A small warm spring filled it, and then ran over its sides into the lake. I should not have taken any notice of this simple contrivance, had it not been for the fact that a maiden of some seventeen summers was reclining at full length in it, in the simple yet attractive costume of Eve, and with a short black pipe in her mouth. I had stepped round the

corner of the hut, and was within a foot of going head-first into the bath before her well-rounded form met my gaze. She was, however, in no way disconcerted by this *contretemps*, but, fixing her dark eyes upon me, said, in the most unconcerned way imaginable, "*Tenakoe, pakeha.*"[1] There was not the slightest tinge of immodesty in her manner; she simply lay shining beneath the sun, with all the grace with which nature had endowed her, looking like a beautiful bronze statue encased in a block of crystal.

At some distance further on I got into a warm bath myself, which caused a delightful sensation of glowing warmth, and when I was tired of this I plunged into the cool water of the lake, which produced an effect which seemed to brace up every nerve and muscle. There is nothing which strings up the system so well as a mixed bath of this kind, and there is no place where it can be enjoyed with greater comfort or pleasure than at Te Koutu, where the springs are close to the shore, and where the waters of the lake shallow gradually over a white bed of sandy pumice.

[1] *Tenakoe, pakeha*, "I salute you, stranger," is the usual Maori salutation addressed to Europeans.

CHAPTER VI.

TRADITION, IDOLATRY, AND ROMANCE.

Origin of the Maoris—Te Kupe—First canoes—The *runanga* house—Maori carving—Renowned ancestors—Tama te Kapua—Stratagem of the stilts—Legend of the whale—The Arawa canoe—Noted braves—Mokia—A curious relic—Gods of the Arawas—Mokia by night—Hinemoa—A love song.

When I went to Te Ruapeka to view the *runanga* house, it was in company with Mr. C. O. Davis, a gentleman well-known throughout the colony as an accomplished Maori scholar, and as one who has done much to advance the spiritual welfare of the natives; and it was to his kindly assistance I am indebted for much of the information I gained on that occasion respecting the singular history of the Maori race, and the remarkable legends connected with the graven images of their curious temple of ancestor-worship.

From the earliest period of Maori history Te Ruapeka has been the principal home of the Ngatiwhakaue, a section of the great Arawa tribe, whose territory extends over the Lake Country to the East Coast. Attracted, as it were, from their first landing upon the island to the magnificent scenery of this portion of the newly discovered land, the Arawas made their

homes among the lakes, whose very shores and mountains echo even to the present day with their songs and legends. Whence they and the remainder of their race came, or at what period they arrived from their mysterious dwelling-place beyond the sea, is one of those interesting events in connection with their history which have been lost in the dim vista of the past. The Maoris of the present day refer to Hawaiki as the fatherland of their race, and hence the proverb: *I kune mai i Hawaiki te kune kai te kune tangata*, "the seed of our coming is from Hawaiki, the seed of man"; but of the locality of this place, beside the belief that it was an island somewhere in the broad waters of the Pacific, absolutely nothing beyond conjecture is known. They have, however, a distinct tradition that their ancestors migrated to New Zealand in certain canoes, the names of which, with the principal historical events connected with them, have been handed down from father to son through countless generations,[1] and although these ancestral reminiscences may appear to the ordinary mind like a labyrinth of mythical fancies, since many of the incidents upon which they have been founded appear to have been dimmed and distorted by the march of time, yet when considered in connection with the rude monuments which serve to perpetuate their memory, they form, as it were, the missing links in the unwritten annals of a splendid, albeit savage, race of people, who by their singular intelligence and chivalrous valour will be remembered in the history of the world so long as the

[1] As the natives had no written language, their numerous legends, fables, songs, and proverbs were transmitted by oral tradition.

brilliant record of the rise and progress of the British Empire shall endure.

According to general tradition, the first of the Maori race to reach Aotearoa, as the North Island was termed by its original discoverers, was Te Kupe. This hero, who may be looked upon as a kind of Maori Columbus endowed with supernatural power, is said to have severed the North Island from the Middle Island, and thus to have formed the wide channel of water now known as Cook's Strait. His achievements are thus commemorated in a characteristic native song:—

I'll sing, I'll sing of Kupe, great and brave,
Who launch'd his bark and cross'd the mighty wave;
He—when the world from chaos rose to birth—
Divided into continents the earth;
He form'd the valleys, and the mountains too,
And gave the fruitful earth its vernal hue;
Alighting as a bird upon the deep,
He call'd the islands from their death-like sleep;
Then Kapiti and Mana [1] kiss'd the wave,
And Aropaoa [2] left its ocean grave;
These are the signs which my ancestor wrought,
When Aotearoa first his vision caught,
And now will I explore each nook and strand,
And take possession of this fertile land. [3]

When Te Kupe returned to Hawaiki, he gave such a glowing account of the size, beauty, and products of Aotearoa, that a fleet of canoes was immediately raised by his people to proceed to the newly discovered country.[4] Each canoe was under a separate navigator, and contained representatives of the principal

[1] Islands in Cook's Strait. [2] The Middle Island.

[3] Translated from the original by Mr. C. O. Davis.

[4] The canoes were named the *Aotea*, *Arawa*, *Tainui*, *Mata-Atua*, *Takitumu*, *Tokomaru*, and *Kurahaupo*. According to tradition, the

Hawaikian tribes with their head chiefs and *arikis*, or high priests, and it was the final dispersion of these canoes to different parts of the North Island which gave rise to the great tribal divisions of the race as resented at the present day by the Arawas, the Ngapuhi,[1] the Waikatos, Ngatimaniapoto, Ngatituwharetoa, Ngatiawa, Ngatiruanui, Ngatihau, and others, with their various intertribal *hapus*, or families.

We found the *runanga* house to be a well-built structure, about seventy feet long, by forty feet in breadth. The carving about the portals was of a very elaborate kind, and formed an interesting specimen of native decorative art. On the left-hand side of the entrance was a grotesquely carved figure, about twenty feet high, of Pukaki, of the fifth generation of ancestors, and on the right-hand side was an equally remarkable one of Pimiomarama, also of the fifth generation.[2] At a short distance in front of the entrance was a tall square flag-staff of singular design, and at the bottom of it a figure of the chief Puruohutaiki elaborately tattooed in pink and white. He is represented as grasping a *mere*, and is said,

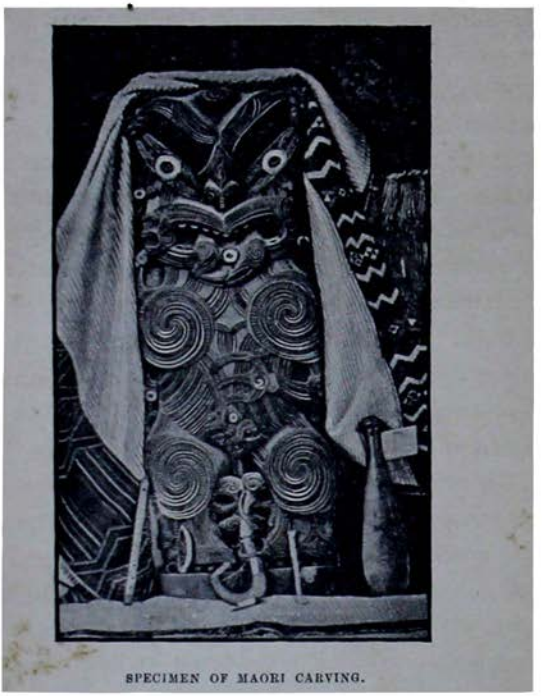
kumara, sweet potato, the *taro*, the *karaka* tree, the rat, *kiore*, and the green parrot, *kakariki*, were brought in them from Hawaiki. The *Aotea* canoe was the first to reach the land, hence the Maori name Aotearoa was applied to New Zealand. The list of canoes, as here cited, was given to the author by Topia Turoa, head chief of the Whanganui tribes.

[1] When a noun in the Maori language has the prefix *nga* it refers to the plural number.

[2] The Maoris divide their genealogical history, both before and after their migration from Hawaiki, into various generations, the duration of each of which, however, appears to be uncertain, consequently the period of their arrival in New Zealand, even by their own traditions, cannot be fixed with any degree of accuracy.

according to Maori legend, to have been a noted ancestor in the mysterious land of Hawaiki, and to have lived three generations before Tama te Kapua, to whom the temple is dedicated.

Stepping inside the *runanga* house, a very curious



SPECIMEN OF MAORI CARVING.

sight presented itself. The roof, high and slanting, was supported by a decorated ridge-pole, while the rafters, painted in bright colours of red, black, and white, presented all those singular varieties of curved and twisted lines which form one of the most remarkable features in the varied designs of Maori decoration. In fact, it is the wonderful blending of the circle and

sweeping curve which adds to the carving and painting of this ingenious race its special and most attractive charm, and places it far beyond that of any other savage people for beauty combined with a unique and graceful simplicity.

The lower walls of the temple were entirely surrounded by grotesque figures, representing renowned ancestors of the Arawa tribe, and whose genealogy dated back both before and after the landing of the first immigrants. All these singular effigies appeared at the first glance to have been carved after the same model, but, upon closer examination, it could be seen that each one had some peculiarity of feature, some distinctive turn or twist in the singular design of its elaborate carving, while each had some facial expression or bodily characteristic for which the particular hero represented was supposed to have been remarkable when in the flesh. One and all were depicted with distorted features, protruding tongues, and defiant mien, while their big staring eyes were formed of the pearly shell of the fresh-water mussel.

As already stated, the *runanga* house is dedicated to the memory of Tama te Kapua, the captain of the *Arawa* canoe. Before the canoe landed, he acted the part of a primitive Lothario, and won the favours of the wife of Ngatoroirangi, the *ariki*,[1] or chief priest of the war craft. Indeed, he would appear to have been both a "gallant captain and a bold." The effigy of this warrior occupies a central position on the left on entering, and, curious to relate, he is represented as

[1] The word *ariki* means, literally, a chief priest, or deified man; the head of a tribe is an *ariki* by birth.

standing on *poutoto*, or stilts. Now one of the legends connected with the eventful life of this adventurous navigator is very remarkable.

Ages ago there lived on the island of Hawaiki a chief named Uenuku, who had a garden filled with a fruit called *poporo*. Tama te Kapua went for that fruit at night-time on stilts. The tribe could not find out who it was that committed these midnight depredations. There were no foot-prints around. Taipo[1] was the man. At last they found Tama te Kapua up a tree *in flagrante delicto*, stilts and all. The natives cried out in exultation, "Ah, we will fell the tree, and catch him." Tama te Kapua replied with the greatest *sang-froid*, "If you fell the tree, and it falls on land, I shall escape; if it falls in the water, you will be able to capture me." He had, however, studied the question from a strategic point of view, and knew that it was "heads," he won; "tails," they lost. The tree fell into the water, but Tama te Kapua dodged his pursuers, and, striking out with his stilts, got off with a clean sheet.

It is not, however, for the above youthful escapade that the memory of Tama te Kapua has been handed down to posterity in Maori song and legend, but rather for what may be called the "stratagem of the whale," and which in its inception appears to have been quite equal to that of the "wooden horse" of classic memory.

When the crew of the *Tainui* canoe parted company with the crew of the *Arawa* canoe on the voyage from Hawaiki, the former came across a whale. They cap-

[1] *Taipo*, the name given to an evil spirit or devil.

tured the whale, and secured it by means of a rope to a *pohutukawa* tree on the coast, hard by Whangaparaoa Early on the morrow the *Arawa* canoe came along, and sighted the whale. Tama te Kapua resolved to annex the monster mammal. He could only do that, however, with any show of justice, by establishing a pre-emptive right to it. He was equal to the occasion. He fixed another rope to the whale, but in so subtle and crafty a way as to leave no room for doubt that the monarch of the sea had been first captured by his own crew. On the following day a dispute arose between the two crews as to who had captured the whale first, but Tama te Kapua pointed triumphantly to the way his own rope was "bent on," whereat the Tainui braves struck their colours, and sheered off. The *Tainui* canoe passed along the coast to the Tamaki River, where it was taken across the land to the Manukau, and thence by sea to Kawhia, where it was drawn up. The *Arawa* crew landed at Maketu, where they ate the whale.

The *Arawa* canoe is represented by a somewhat rude design upon the wall, fully manned with crew and fuglemen in full war-costume, while the prow is plumed and carved like those of the present day. The sun and moon are depicted in the heavens, and right ahead is a bright star, representing the brilliant constellation which is said to have guided Tama te Kapua and his followers to the shores of Aotearoa. Two trees, presumably intended to represent *pohutukawas*, are ahead of the canoe, and to one of these a whale is attached by a rope.

There were many grotesque warriors and noted

braves, around and among them was a curious carved figure of Tutanekai, the lover of Hinemoa, with his *putorino*, or flute, in his mouth, and by the magic strains of which he caused the dark syren to swim, nymph-like, to his island in the lake. It was a singular instrument, about a foot long, pointed at both ends, and flattened out in the centre like a fish. Near to him was the effigy of Uenukukopako, father of Whakatira, who was in his turn father of Tutanekai, and with his tongue hanging far out of his mouth, his eyes glaring wide, and his enormous hands pressed across his stomach, he looked as if he were still suffering from the effects of his adventures in the *Arawa* canoe. Opposite was Whakatira, brother to Tama te Kapua. He is also represented on stilts, and is said to have been in partnership with his brother in the orchard-robbing business. Here also was Tiki, with a flute in his mouth. He was the friend and companion of Tutanekai. Near to him was Hurutirangi, grandson of Tutanekai. He is represented as grasping a curious weapon, the top of which was shaped like a bird's head. With this instrument he is said to have killed a chief called Wahiao, of another tribe. Near to the top of the central ridge-pole of the building was a curiously carved figure of the warrior Whakarra, with his feet resting on the head of a dog called *potokata-whiti*, and whose memory is curiously blended with the history of the tribe. At the bottom of the pole was a squat, dwarf-looking effigy, with slanting eyes and elongated, tattooed visage, and whose general appearance represented nothing so much as an ugly, ill-formed baby. This was Kuruaro, a chief who is

said to have walked the earth six generations after Tutanekai. There were many other noted ancestors of the tribe, all hideous in appearance, yet all elaborately and marvellously carved, but it would require a volume to repeat their histories.

It was on a bright morn, when in company with a native youth I stepped into a canoe and headed across Rotorua to the island of Mokia, which rose to a height of over five hundred feet from the centre of the lake.

As soon as we had landed, my guide took me to a tree, into the hollow part of which the skeleton of a chief had been placed ages ago, but the forest giant, continuing to grow, had clasped the grim remnant of humanity in its firm embrace, and thus preserved the bones from decay in a very remarkable manner. ..

We mounted through the thick fern to the summit of the island, where formerly stood a *pa*, but nothing of this remained save the graves, where some of the principal chiefs of the Ngatiwakaue await the coming of the great day, and the subterranean caves wherein the stone idols, said to have been brought from Hawaiki by the Arawas, dwell in a kind of pagan solitude, as if anxious to hide their diminished heads from the light of Christianity.

There are few more delightful places in the Lake Country than Mokia—rich in Maori legend, and renowned far and wide as the scene of one of the most interesting of the many love romances of the Arawas. It rises boldly from the water, has hills and deep valleys, is rock-bound and fringed with trees, and is all that is enchanting, fairy-like, and beautiful. To

view it with the sunlight playing over the glittering surface of Rotorua and sweeping over its rounded, fern-clad hills with the most charming effects of light and shade, is pleasing in the extreme, but it is at night, when the lake is as calm as the sky above, and the pale moon floats over its surface in a silvery sheen, and countless stars are mirrored forth in the depths below, that the picture is the most enchanting; for it is then the spirit of romance steals over one, and leads the imagination back instinctively as it were to the dark days of Maori history, when tattooed warriors glided over the water in swift canoes on some midnight raid, and made the welkin ring with their war-cries, when Hongi "the terrible" gladdened the hearts of his conquering Ngapuhi with cannibal feasts at the expense of the vanquished Ngatiwhakaue, when song and legend resounded from hill and dale, and when Tutanekai, by the magic of his flute, wooed the dark-skinned Hinemoa, and caused the heroine of Rotorua to act the part of a primitive Leander by swimming *in puris naturalibus* across the lake to his island home.

Now, be it known that the spirit of Hinemoa hovers around Mokoia like unto a bright halo around the sun, and the hills and the vales, the rocks and the stones, the trees, and the hot and cold springs, all whisper tales to her memory. Her home was at Ouhata, a jutting point on the shores of Rotorua, where stood a village of her tribe. She was the daughter of the chief Unukaria, and the fame of her beauty spread far and wide over the country, and poets sang of her charms, and warriors plighted their troth in her

honour. Never was maiden so talked of in prose and sung of in verse. At Mokoia lived Tutanekai, a foster son of the chief Whakane, who fell sick for love of the beautiful maiden of Ouhata. The two hearts beat as one. Then, as now, the adage that "All is fair in love and war" held good, and it was agreed that Hinemoa should flee to Tutanekai, to whom she had been forbidden, under pain of death, to give her hand. The strains of his flute were to herald the beginning of operations, when the maiden was to paddle her own canoe across the water. Now when the night was calm Tutanekai took his flute, and seating himself upon a rock hard by Kaiwaka on the shore of Mokoia, the sound of his music was wafted by the breeze to the home of Hinemoa. Then Hinemoa came down to the lake to step into her canoe, but, alas! the frail craft had been hauled up high and dry upon the land. To launch it herself was impossible, and to seek assistance would be but to divulge her movements. There was no course open but to swim, and, with the innate courage of her race, she was equal to the occasion. She took six empty gourds and fastened them to her body, on either side, and then plunged from a rock into the lake. The stars and the moon shone upon her from above, but the waters were wide, and there was no guide save the music of Tutanekai, but with love at the prow she shaped her course bravely until she landed on the shores of Mokoia, at a point where a warm fountain bubbled up amidst the rocks, and which is known even unto this day as "Hinemoa's Bath."

A LOVE SONG.

Far o'er the lake slept romantic Mokoia,
While the pale moon shone bright from above,
And on a rock the brave Tutanekai
Tootled his flute to the gay song of love.
Softly lamenting sings he to his darling,
"Come to my arms, O my sweet Hinemoa,
Let not the sorrow of anguish divide us;
Come, that we never may part any more."
Gently the echo sped on the night air,
Till spell-like it broke on the glad maiden's ear;
Lightly she came to the brink of the water,
And swam o'er its surface so limpid and clear;
Brightly the stars shone forth from the heavens,
Glittering like gems in a mantle of blue,
And the strains of the flute seem'd to ripple the water,
Wafted on by the wings of the wind as it blew.
Swift the dark beauty swept o'er the wavelets
Till she kiss'd the white sand of Mokoia's fair shore;
When brave Tutanekai, ceasing his music,
Cried, "Come to my arms, O my sweet Hinemoa."
Lock'd in embraces, the lover and maiden
Were wedded by Cupid, who flew from above,
And dark Hinemoa and brave Tutanekai,
'Neath the light of the moon sang their anthem of love.

CHAPTER VII.

EN ROUTE TO THE TERRACES.

Over the mountains—Rauporoa Forest—The *hotete*—Tikitapu—Rotokakahi—Te Wairoa—The natives—Waituwhera Gorge—The boat—A distinguished traveller—Sophia—Lake Tarawera—Mount Tarawera—Te Ariki—Te Kaiwaka.

THE terraces, which are the most marvellous of all the wonders of the lakes, lie about twenty miles as the crow flies, in a south-easterly direction from Ohinemutu. From the latter place to Te Wairoa the distance is about thirteen miles; the other part of the journey being by water across Lake Tarawera.

I found the route to be one of the most beautiful that I had ever travelled in any part of the world. Leaving Ohinemutu mounted on a good horse, my road lay along the southern shore of Lake Rotorua and thence over the mountains, through which it wound by a gradual ascent, formed by a zigzag cutting. A short distance above the mountain pass on the right was a bold gorge, formed between two fern-clad mountains, whose precipitous sides swept abruptly into the valley below, which was covered with low, round-topped hills. Through this gorge a grand view was obtained of the huge dome-shaped form of Hapurangi, farther in the distance the flat-topped, forest-clad

summit of Mount Horohoro stood boldly out against the sky. Beyond this point the road passed through a fern-clad country, with mountains in the background, and from the midst of which the grand serrated peak of Mount Tarawera loomed like a grim colossus above the surrounding heights. After passing over open, undulating plains, the road entered the Rauporoa forest, one of the grandest gardens of primeval vegetation in the North Island. Whilst the trees here attained to an enormous size and the shrubs to a marvellous luxuriance, many of the rarest and most beautiful ferns of the country formed a dense undergrowth, which covered every foot of ground like a variegated carpet. Countless orchids and lichens, and creeping plants, struggled to the tops of the tallest trees which spread their giant branches over the roadway in an arched canopy of vivid green, and appeared to touch the sky as they mounted upwards to the very summits of the steep mountains which rose on every side, beneath the thick impenetrable growth which covered their rugged slopes without a single break.

On my return from the terraces I rode through this grand forest alone by night. The stars shone brightly, the moon lit up the giant trunks of the trees in a soft, silvery sheen, and cast deep shadows that flitted about like spectres in the gloom; the twisting vines hung in fantastic coils overhead, and countless myriads of glowworms[1] sparkled and glittered in a

[1] The New Zealand glowworm, called by the natives *Piritana*, is a small grub, inhabiting caves and damp places; it is surrounded by a slimy coating, through which radiates a brilliant phosphoric light.

thousand brilliant coruscations on every side, on the trees, among the rocks, and in the ferns, and in a way which reminded me of the gorgeous fireflies I had often admired when in the jungles of Ceylon.

It was while admiring the beauties of the Rauporoa forest that I came across a specimen of what I may term one of nature's most paradoxical works; it was the *hotete*—the grub of the large night-butterfly—the *Sphœria Robertsi*, or "vegetating caterpillar."

To give an idea of this singular curiosity, one must imagine a grub or caterpillar from two to three inches long, with a dark brown body, in appearance not unlike a piece of dried leather, while the legs, the feet, the eyes, and the mouth are perfect in every detail, as if the insect had been carefully stuffed and preserved. But most curious of all, from the tail end there shoots out the thin stem of a plant from six to eight inches long, perfectly rounded and smooth in form, with a rounded point, and of the same colour as the caterpillar. To explain this, it is clear that the grub, when alive, eats the seed of some unknown plant or tree, and which, germinating in its inside, when the insect buries itself in the ground for the purpose of changing into a chrysalis, gradually kills it, as it grows and feeds, as it were, upon the vitality of its body.

The most remarkable feature, however, in the whole metamorphosis is not that the grub eats the seed, nor that it germinates within its body, but that the process should go on whilst the outward form of the grub remains intact, as if it underwent during the time some peculiar mode of preservation. The grub

is found in this state underground, with the plant growing above the surface. It should be remarked that the latter has neither branches nor leaves, but partakes more of the character of a creeping vine. Some of the natives are of opinion that it is the seed of the *rata* which the grub eats in this way, but the question appears to be undecided.

When I suddenly emerged from the deep gloom of the forest, the azure waters of Tikitapu, or the "Blue Lake," came suddenly before my view with the most enchanting effect. Nearly circular in form, and fringed below the level of the road with a dense growth of vegetation, the tall mountains rose up above it on one side to a height of 800 feet, and cast their dark shadows upon its tranquil bosom, which lay shining in the sunlight, without a breath of wind to stir the smooth and deeply blue expanse of water. It is only about half a mile long, but for calm, picturesque beauty, it is one of the most attractive sights of this wondrous region. The road skirts it on its eastern side to its farther end, where a narrow saddle, falling from a range of bold hills, divides it from Rotokakahi, or the "Green Lake."

It was sunset when I reached Rotokakahi, and the effect of the rich golden light falling upon the green-tinted waters of the lake afforded one of the grandest sights imaginable. It was one of those sunsets when the heavens assume an ethereal blue, and when the fierce orb of day is mellowed by amber mists and vapouring clouds with streaks of crimson and carmine. It was, in fact, just such a sunset as Turner or Horace Vernet would have loved to paint in brilliant

and vivid tints. The lake shone out before me in a long sheet of deep-green colour, wild fern-clad mountains rose up along its course, miniature bays swept in graceful curves round their base, and. high peaks and jutting headlands, fringed with spreading trees, cast their fantastic shadows upon the limpid surface of the water, around which the bright pumice rock contrasted pleasantly with the deep foliage of the vegetation as it wound along the serpentine shores of the lake. At the farther end, and right in the centre of the beautiful expanse of water, the small flat-topped island of Motutawa rose from a dense growth of *pohutukawa* trees, and as the fleeting rays of the sun flashed over it, and the darkness came marching along, the gold and the blue and the crimson and carmine of the sky seemed to mingle with the deep-green water and variegated hues of the lake, and to produce a picture which would have enchanted the eye of the beholder even on the plains of heaven. This sunset on Rotokakahi was certainly one of the grandest effects of light and shade I have ever beheld.

It was evening when I reached Te Wairoa, a native settlement situated in a deep gorge, which appeared at some time to have formed a connection between Rotokakahi and Lake Tarawera. It is hemmed in on all sides by rugged ranges, and it now only serves as a gate as it were to the wonders of the lakes beyond, and over which the great mountains known as Moerangi and Tokimiha stand as sentries. The Wairoa River, flowing out of Rotokakahi, winds through the old native settlement of Kaiteriria, and flowing in the direction of Lake Tarawera, leaps over

a precipice of nearly a hundred feet in the form of a foaming cascade, about which the greenest of ferns and mosses grow in wonderful luxuriance. The settlement is small, and consists of clusters of native huts surrounded by small gardens and deep thickets of sweet-briar.

NATIVE WOMAN, LAKE COUNTRY.

The natives of this place appeared to be robust and healthy, and I noticed among the men some very fine specimens of the noble savage. In fact, from time immemorial the men of these parts have been noted for their giant physique. At one time they were among the most warlike of the great Arawa tribe, but in these

degenerate days they have a marked predilection for raw rum and strong tobacco. They formerly tilled the soil, but now they are not by any means industrious, although they fish in Tarawera sometimes, when all other food is scarce, and in the proper season they reap a fair harvest by "interviewing" tourists, whom they are fond of coaxing into their *runanga* house, where they will undertake to sing hymns or dance the *haka*,[1] according to the inducements held out by the travelling *pakeha*.

At daylight I left Te Wairoa, to cross Lake Tarawera to the Terraces. Up to this time I had been travelling only with a native guide, but a party had been formed at one of the hotels to hire the boat which is used to convey visitors across the lake, so I joined it. There were four ladies and three of the sterner sex. We strolled through the native settlement, where most of the *whares* were hidden from view by a dense growth of sweet-briar, which wafted its pleasant odour through the balmy air, and then we followed down a steep pathway fringed with spreading trees, which led through the Waituwhera gorge to a narrow inlet of the lake, where we embarked.

I had hoped to find a big war-canoe ready manned by half-naked warriors, waiting to convey us to the greatest wonder of the lakes, but, in place of that, we got into a craft built like a whale-boat, and manned by a stalwart crew of Maoris, some of whom affected striped calico shirts and white trousers, while others were satisfied with scant garments of a less attractive

[1] *Haka*, a lewd dance, in which both men and women take part.

kind. With crew, or rather "all told," we mustered sixteen souls.

There was at least one distinguished personage among the crowd, and whom I at first took to be "chief fugleman" or captain, but I soon found out that he had only come on board to get a lift across the lake. This individual was a tall, well-built old man of some seventy summers, with splendidly defined Maori features, which were elaborately tattooed after the most improved native fashion, the thin blue lines and curves running round his mouth, over his nose, and across his forehead to the very roots of his hair, and I could see at a glance that he was a grand type of a savage of the old school which is now unfortunately fast passing away. His only covering was a scant shirt, and a tartan shawl swathed tightly round his gaunt form. In one hand he carried a big hunk of bread, at which he munched as we glided along, varying the operation now and again by a drink of water from the lake, which he scooped into his mouth with the palm of his hand; while in the other he grasped, not a *mere*, as he might have done of old, but a copy of the Macri newspaper, *Te Korimako*, and which he seemed to guard with as much jealousy as a Londoner might do a copy of the *Times* when travelling on a penny steam boat on the Thames. If the old man had guarded a *pakeha* paper in the same way I would have taken no notice of it, because I would have imagined that he had brought it along with him to wrap up what he could not eat of his frugal repast. But the *Te Korimako* was in his own language, and I make no doubt that the antiquated heathen knew of

one or two tidbits in it that he would read and discuss round the camp fire of his tribe. He sat alongside me in the prow of the boat, and Sophia, the guide, sat crouched at my feet, and when I asked her what his name was, she replied, "Rangihewa," at which the old man smiled and said, "No, no! me Georgi Grey." At the time of the war, Rangihewa was a noted chief, and a great fighting-man.

As I have already mentioned Sophia's name, which is echoed over the hills of Tarawera with as much frequency as is that of Hinemoa at Rotorua, but perhaps not with quite as much of romance, I think I cannot do better than to give a sketch of her here. In appearance, at first glance, Sophia was remarkable. She was about medium height, comely of form, with well-modelled features, a nose slightly aquiline, lips slightly tattooed, a pair of big dark eyes, and a thick cluster of raven hair, which fell in a weird way over her well-formed head and shoulders. She walked with a firm step, and with the gait of a drum-major. When she came into the boat she was shoeless and stockingless, and just below the knees fell a bright scarlet flannel petticoat, and over this again a blue skirt tucked up about her waist, a *korowhai* or native shawl was swathed round her ample bust, her hat of plated rush was lined with pink, and turning up on one side suited her *à merveille*. In her mouth was a short black pipe, while round her neck was a cord from which depended a greenstone *tiki*,[1] and which like all other tikies I had ever seen, was modelled after the fashion of a small, flattened-out, lop-sided

[1] The *tiki* is worn by Maori women as a kind of sacred charm.

baby. She was a half-caste of the Ngapuhi tribe, was born at Russell, spoke English with much fluency and grace, had been twice married, and had assisted in a small way to replenish the earth by becoming the mother of fifteen children. For the past twelve years Sophia has acted the part of guide, philosopher, and friend to thousands of tourists who have visited these parts, and in this way her history has become identified with the place where she reigns almost with the power of a petty queen.

As our boat glided onward to the wild chants of the Maoris, all the varied beauties of Tarawera unfolded themselves with magical effect before the view. We passed out of an arm of the lake with a picturesque headland on our port side, clothed in the greenest hues, and which was formerly the site of an old *pa* known as Ruakiria. From this point, the broad waters of the lake opened out before us; the sun shone brightly from the cloudless sky, and the golden rays gilding the calm blue surface, and shooting through the overhanging trees that fringed the lake, reflected their gnarled branches and plumed heads in a thousand fantastic forms in the depths below.

The water of Tarawera was so limpid and transparent that we could see far down below the surface and discern the big rocks and decaying giants of the forest which lay scattered about its bed as if hurled there by the throes of an earthquake, while every now and again we could behold the gleam of the shoals of fish indigenous to the lake, or the flash of the golden carp, introduced by Sir George Grey, and which here attain to a wonderful size. The lake, which is seven

miles long by about five miles broad, was evidently at some period or another the centre of a widely extended volcanic action, as evidenced by the igneous rocks which line its shores, as well as by the rugged peaks which add grandeur to its scenery.

On every side of the lake bold mountains, with conical peaks and serrated ridges, rose up from the very edge of the water, covered to the summits with a rich growth of giant-like vegetation, whose varied tints of green were resplendent with the bright crimson blossom of the *pohutukawa* tree, which here attains to a colossal size. Picturesque headlands jutted out into the water, deep bays, broad valleys, and weird gorges came before the view at every turn, and the scenery was so wild, so grand, and so varied that one hardly knew which part of it to admire the most.

The eastern arm of the lake formed the outlet to the Tarawera river—the Awa-o-te Atua, or "river of the gods;" beyond the grand volcanic cone of Putauaki rose to a height of over 2000 feet, while right in front of our course the majestic outline of Mount Tarawera towered in the form of a colossal, truncated cone, with steep, sloping sides, tinted with red oxide of iron and shining obsidian, which made it look as if it were just cooling from the terrific heat of volcanic fires. It appeared as if, at some period or another, this rock-bound mountain had been much higher than now, but that nature, being dissatisfied with her work, had snapped it in twain by one tremendous blow, and caused the rugged fracture to assume the shape of a gigantic spiked crown. The stupendous form of this giant mountain not only adds

grandeur to Tarawera, as it rises in sublime majesty a thousand feet above the lake, but it is a beacon for miles around the lake district, over which it presides like a mighty monarch, and when "King Tarawera" frowns dark beneath his craggy diadem the natives "look out for squalls." Since time immemorial Mount Tarawera has been renowned in Maori song and legend, and, among other tales connected with it, a monster *taniwha*, or fabulous green dragon, gifted with cannibal proclivities, is said to haunt it, while in its dark caves the bones of countless warrior chiefs of the Arawas lie guarded by the mystic *tapu*.

Steering our light craft, which seemed to quiver under the firm, steady stroke of her dark crew, so as to bring Mount Tarawera on our "port quarter," we entered Te Ariki, a wide inlet at the southern end of the lake, and when we had rounded the rocky headland known as Moura, the hills and valleys spread themselves out in a splendid amphitheatre of enchanting scenery, the trees and creeping vines mirrored themselves in the water, where they seemed to glide beneath us like a fairy forest as we swept along, while a cloud of steam rising in the distance told us that we were fast approaching the wonders of Rotomahana.

We hauled up in front of a native village where there were one or two *whares*, and here old Rangihewa got out of the boat to wade ashore, and, wrapping his shawl about his neck, pulled up his shirt to prevent it from getting wet, but utterly regardless of consequences, and then bidding us farewell by a wave of his hand, and a tremendous grin which made his tattoo marks double up into a curious network over his face,

he entered the door of a hut with a majestic gait, and with the *Te Korimako* under his arm. Here we purchased a couple of *kits* of *kouras*[1] from a native woman who waded into the water almost alfresco, with an india-rubber-looking baby on her back, and then we headed for the farther end of the bay, where a picturesque-looking Maori settlement added a pleasant charm to the beauties of the surrounding landscape. We landed at this point, and an attenuated, wiry old chief, as thin as a match, and with a very scant wardrobe, put off in a dilapidated canoe to bid us welcome, and to annex any stray bawbees or figs of tobacco that might fall in his way. Here the party was divided, the ladies embarking in the canoe to go up the Kaiwaka stream, and to join us at Rotomahana, while we, the sterner sex, walked a mile through the *manuka* scrub, following the attractive red petticoat of Sophia.

[1] *Koura*, a small cray-fish, common in the lakes, and much prized by the natives as an article of food.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TERRACES.

Te Tarata—Beauty of the terrace—The formation—The crater—A sensational bath—Ngahapu—Waikanapanapa—A weird gorge—Te Aua Taipo—Kakariki—Te Whatapohu—Te Huka—Te Takapo—Lake Rotomahana—Te Whakataratara—Te Otukapurangi—The formation—The cauldron.

When we had walked about a mile through the scrub, guided by the stately strides of Sophia, we ascended the summit of a low hill which looked down upon Lake Rotomahana, whose green-tinted waters, surrounded by clouds of steam, shone with an emerald-like brightness in the sunlight, while immediately in front of us the White Terrace, or famed Te Tarata, burst upon the view like a glittering heap of frozen snow just fresh from heaven. We were still some hundreds of yards from it, with the Kaiwaka flowing below, and although at first glance fair Te Tarata looked chaste and beautiful enough beneath the golden light, it appeared as if her proportions were somewhat cramped and stunted, and I began mentally to question the wisdom of Nature in not placing the wondrous monument of her handiwork higher up on the slope of the mountain which decked the delicate outline of the terrace in a variegated fringe of green. To my eye, the crystallized structure of pure white silica as it fell

in congealed waves, as it were, from the steaming cauldron above, appeared too flat, and required height to add more effect to its grandeur, while the rugged mountain, which formed its background, as it rose above a vapoury cloud of steam, looked dwarfed and insignificant in comparison with the giant form of Mount Tarawera, which frowned in silent majesty from beneath its spiked crown, as if eager to annihilate everything that failed to come up to its own idea of ponderous beauty. Presently we descended the hill on which we stood, and crossed Kaiwaka by the canoe which had brought up the ladies, and, after picking our way through a small scrub, we suddenly came into the open, when, as if by the magic touch of an enchanter's wand, the whole scene changed, and Te Tarata, gleaming still whiter in the sun, rose in grand, yet delicate proportions high above our heads. The white ethereal vapour wreathed its summit, like a graceful summer cloud, the rugged hill which held Te Tarata, as it were, in its arms, stood out in bold relief against the clear blue sky, and Nature, true to the inspired genius of her marvellous creative power, stood revealed in all her pristine loveliness.

I had seen the Himalayas and the Alps, the Blue Mountains of Tartary, the Rocky Mountains, and the Sierra Nevadas—all these were ponderously grand and awe-inspiring. I had sailed over the principal lakes of Europe and America, floated down the Nile, the Ganges, the Yangtze Kiang, the Missouri, and the Mississippi, through the thousand islands of the St. Lawrence, and up and down innumerable other rivers, all fair and beautiful. I had beheld the giant marvels

of the Yosemite, and stood by the thrilling waters of Niagara; but for delicate, unique beauty, for chaste design, and sublime detail of construction never had I gazed upon so wonderful a sight as Te Tarata. It seemed as if Nature had created the wonders of the lakes and mountains of this fair region with all the marvels of fire and water after the most enchanting design of earthly beauty, and had then gone into the realms of fable and romance, and thrown in a piece of Fairyland to complete the picture; or as if the gods, when they called these sublime works into being, had fashioned Te Tarata as a throne to recline upon whilst they gazed in admiration upon the beauties of their wondrous creations.

As we looked upwards the whole outline of the terrace assumed a semicircular form, which spread out at its base in a graceful curve of many hundreds of feet, as it sloped gently down to the margin of the lake. Then broad, flat, rounded steps of pure white silica rose tier above tier, white and smooth as Parian marble, and above them terrace after terrace mounted upward, rounded and semicircular in form, as if designed by the hand of man, guided by the inspiration of the Divine Architect. All were formed out of a delicate tracery of silica which appeared like lacework congealed into alabaster of the purest hue. Each lamination, or fold, of this beautiful design was clearly and marvellously defined, and as the glittering warm water came rippling over them in a continuous flow, Te Tarata sparkled beneath the sun as if bedecked with diamonds and myriads of other precious gems. Crystal pools, shaped as if to resemble the form of

shells and leaves, and filled to their brims with water, blue and shining as liquid turquoise, charmed the eye as we mounted to every step, while around the edges the bright crystals of silica had formed encrustations which made them appear as if set in a margin of miniature pearls. Every successive terrace seemed to spring up in grander proportions from the one immediately below it as we approached the summit, not in formal angular-shaped steps, but in flat-topped elevations, with rounded edges and sweeping curves, from which the wet, glittering silica hung in the shape of sparkling stalactites, which, interlacing themselves and mingling together, formed a delicate and almost transparent fringe which looked like a fantastic network of icicles, so exquisitely beautiful in appearance and so delicately formed as to appear as if fashioned by the magic touch of a fairy hand. Mounting upward and upward where it seemed sacrilege for the booted foot of man to tread, and where the snowy, crisp, silicious crystal formed a carpet-like covering beneath the feet, we reached the summit, and sat down upon a cluster of rocks which rose in fantastic shape upon the very margin of the cup-shaped crater.

I found the crater of Te Tarata to be formed by a milk-white circular basin, of 200 feet in diameter, filled to overflowing with boiling transparent water, in which the clear azure tints seemed to vie in splendour with the ethereal blue of the heavens. Here the hissing liquid, in a constant state of ebullition, bubbled and seethed in the form of a boiling fountain, from which a waving cloud of steam floated constantly upward,

tinted with the golden rays from above, and the deep blue from beneath, while immediately behind the pool rose the steep sides of the adjacent mountain, shaped so as to form a semicircular wall, which rose from the opposite margin of the pool, striped by the action of fire and water in red and white rock, and steaming as if from the heat of the boiling fountain below. Around on every side a thick vegetation of variegated hues bordered the splendid terrace on every side; ferns, mosses, and wild flowers fringed every line and curve of its graceful outline, and the crystal white, the azure blue, the vivid green, and the golden light all mingling together, and reflecting their tints over fair Te Tarata and the lake below, produced one of the grandest and most charming scenes ever designed by the divine hand of the Creator.

When we had feasted our eyes upon the chaste marvels of Te Tarata, the ladies filed slowly away, as if spellbound, while we (the sterner sex) walked leisurely down the crystal steps to about the centre of the terrace, where lay an oval-shaped basin, about forty feet long by twenty feet broad, filled to the brim with water of the purest blue. In the midst of a small clump of *manuka*, which clustered on the very margin of the terrace, as if eager to participate in its beauty, we divested ourselves of our outward garb of civilization, and stood beneath the glowing rays of the sun in the primitive costume of man free and untrammelled, as when "wild in the woods the noble savage ran." It was now that I fully realized that soft, soothing, magical effect which one invariably experiences when devoid of all restraint, one is about to partake of a

pleasure which one has never experienced before. To look around at the sublime wonders of Te Tarata, and then plunge head first into the alabaster pool of liquid turquoise, and to feel that the soft, pellucid liquid that had been for thousands of years, nay, countless ages, building up that wondrous monument of unrivalled splendour would wrap me in its warm embrace, and impart, if only for a moment, its soft, soothing influence to the heated body, was a pleasure, the anticipation of which only seemed to make me the more eager to revel in its enjoyment. There was not a single speck to mar the delicate beauty of the crystal basin, the blue lustre of the water, nor the white virgin purity of the silicious pearls around its brink. One glance at the enchanting scene around me, and, as I shot beneath the shining surface, like an arrow from a bow, the soft, heated water closed over me, and for the instant I seemed to be gliding into the realms of eternal bliss,

> Where the wicked cease from troubling,
> And the weary are at rest.

The illusion, however, was only momentary, but I would have liked it to continue for the rest of my natural life, and then, in default of a better place hereafter, I would have been content to paddle in that pool to all eternity, floating on its surface, diving into its depths, and basking on the pearly margin of its brink. Its water was just warm enough to render it delightfully pleasant, and it seemed to wrap itself round the body in gently waving folds, while, as I glided from point to point, streaks, as it were, of cold water would bathe the skin with refreshing effect, and then a soft,

tepid wave would impart a voluptuous sensation of glowing warmth.[1]

When we had enjoyed the luxuries of the bath, we went along a winding path fringed with bush, at the back of Te Tarata, when we came suddenly upon Ngahapu, an intermittent boiling geyser, which burst forth with a loud noise from the farther side of an oval-shaped basin, about a hundred feet in circumference, and in which the heated, steaming water, in a constant state of ebullition, kept rising and falling in great hot waves, which lashed themselves into fury against the rugged sides of the cauldron with a loud hissing sound, as a column of boiling water shot high into the air. Right above this spring, on the side of a hill, a transparent jet of steam burst forth from a narrow fissure with a loud screaming noise, as if anxious to escape from its rock-bound prison-house, and blow up the surrounding country. It blew, whistled, steamed, and hissed, and shrieked away, like a fifty-horse-power engine, and the terrific pressure, acting in some way upon the rocks below, made them send forth a sound like the "thud" of a great steam-hammer.

Passing along by Te Tokapo, a region of small hot

[1] The spring of Te Tarata is an intermittent geyser, which, during its active intervals, throws up a column of water to a height of over 100 feet. The crater is, however, always overflowing, and the water, which is highly charged with silica, has by a gradual process of deposition, extending probably over a long period, formed the present system of terraces. The temperature of the water varies from boiling-point to 70° Fahr. at the foot of the terrace, the summit of which is about 80 feet above the level of the lake. The geyser is said, by the natives, to be most active during the prevalence of easterly gales.

springs, on the margin of Lake Rotomahana, we came to Waikanapanapa, a small lake, surrounded by gaunt-looking *manuka* scrub, and whose thick, slimy water, of the colour of green sealing-wax, gave it the appearance of a veritable slough of despond.

Just beyond Waikanapanapa we entered a rocky, desolate gorge, seamed and fissured in every direction with streams of hot water, while jets of hissing steam, bursting from its sides, marked the site of subterranean fires. The heated, quaking soil was covered with thick deposits of silica, sulphur, oxide of iron, pumice, obsidian, scoria, and other volcanic products, and, with its sulphurous atmosphere, fierce heat, and shrieking sounds, it appeared as we entered it like a short cut to Pandemonium. The high hills on each side of the gorge rose up in quaint, fantastic shape, and their rugged sides, composed of shattered volcanic rock, sent forth water and jets of steam from a thousand fissures. There was something very wild, weird, and fascinating in this strange place. All the huge rocks, boulders, and stones had been pitched and tossed about by the tremendous action of fire and water into a wild and endless confusion, and when we had so recently gazed in admiration upon the delicate, tranquil beauty of the White Terrace, it seemed as if we had got behind the scenes and into the laboratory and mysterious manufactory where all the wonders of Te Tarata had been evolved before Nature had sent them through the subterranean depths below to rise on the other side of the hill in the form of the marvellous "transformation scene" we had so recently beheld.

One of the most remarkable wonders of this singular

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region was Te Ana Taipo, or the "Devil's Hole," a deep, circular aperture in the rocky gorge, about forty feet in diameter, from which a column of transparent steam burst from a small aperture at the bottom of the deep, funnel-shaped hole with a deafening screeching sound, like the voices of a thousand fiends. Never had I heard anything so wild and so dismal as the human-like wailings of Te Ana Taipo, and, as the thrilling noise went echoing over the hills, one expected to see an army of evil spirits spring up around, headed by his Satanic Majesty himself. Near to this was Kakariki, a boiling geyser which, beneath a cloud of steam, lashed its hot waves about and foamed with a furious sound in a rock-bound basin about sixty feet in diameter, while in close proximity Te Whatapohu, or "Pain in the Belly," a noisy intermittent spring, sent up its seething waters with a rumbling sound, which seemed to suggest that even the "bowels of the earth" had their pains and trials sometimes.

Scattered over a greater portion of this fiery wilderness were innumerable *fumaroles*, all hard at work shooting out steam and vomiting black streams of liquid mud. Some of these were round, some flat, and others cup-shaped, while not a few assumed the form of a miniature volcanoes. One of the latter formation, known as Te Huka, spewed up a soapy kind of clay, which the natives eat as *kai*, and pronounce it to be very good, both as an ordinary article of diet and as a medicine in cases of diarrhœa, and I was solemnly informed by Sophia that a native in want of a meal would make a splendid repast from it. I tasted some of it off the end of a stick, and if one ground up

a slate pencil, mixed it with water to the consistency of thick pap, and threw in a dash of sulphur and a little cinder grit, one would have a very good idea of what Te Huka *kai* is like.

When we had seen the wonders of the fiery region of Waikanapanapa we came back to Te Takapo, a kind of platform of silicious rock which bathed its white feet in the dark-green waters of Rotomahana. It was a very picturesque spot, dotted about with springs, some tepid, some hot, some boiling, and fringed with *manuka* scrub. Here the natives had constructed small baths, and there were rude seats formed of slabs of rock where they could take their *siestas* in comfort, after undergoing the soothing effects of the warm mineral water. At this point we embarked in a canoe, and headed across the lake in the direction of the Pink Terrace.

Lake Rotomahana, like Tarawera, stands at an elevation of a little over 1000 feet above the level of the sea. It is one of the smallest of the group, and is about a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide. It is, however, very picturesque, not only by reason of the unequalled features presented by the terraces, but likewise on account of its steaming shores, with their countless marvels, as well as by the bold, rugged scenery which surrounds it on every side. It is the seat of a vast thermal action, which spreads out to the base of the conical hills which encircle it, and beyond which the towering mountains, as they rise thousands of feet in height, appear to have been heated and twisted about by the terrific action of volcanic fire, while the deep gorges and dark ravines seem to

have formed at some period or another the channels for the streams of boiling lava. Everywhere around one sees the wondrous working of fire and water, and, although these tremendous forces appear to have nearly expended their strength in the geysers, mud-holes, and *fumaroles*, and other active evidences of subterranean work to be seen at the present day, there was no doubt a time when the whole region surrounding this curious lake was the scene of a widely extended volcanic action. There was a soft, balmy stillness in the air as we glided over its singularly dark green water, which was in many places covered with large air-bubbles sent up by the hot springs from the depths below, and it was interesting to reflect that a capsize into one of these places would have resulted in one or two of us, at least, being hauled out parboiled.[1] Our primitive canoe, however, which was literally freighted to her gunwale, behaved admirably. This craft, which had been fashioned, some sixty years ago, out of a solid log of *totara*, about thirty feet long, was as staunch as the day she was launched, notwithstanding the fact that she had done good service as a kind of first-class privateer on the troubled waters of the lakes during the Maori War.

We rounded a low point where was a large *solfatara* named Te Whakataratara, whose greenish, slimy water boiled up from between enormous blocks of pure yellow sulphur and redhot-looking rocks of pumice and silicious sinter.

[1] The term *Rotomahana* means, literally, "hot lake." The mean temperature of the water is about 80° Fahr. In the vicinity of the hot springs, beneath its surface, it rises frequently to 100° Fahr.

At this moment the orb of day was shining warm and brightly over our heads, when suddenly a pink halo in front of us seemed to dazzle the eye, and in another moment Te Otukapurangi, the "Fountain of the Clouded Sky," or the Pink Terrace, rose majestically from the very edge of the shining green water of the lake in all its gorgeous beauty. Now, I have attempted to describe Te Tarata, albeit but faintly, and now that I have Te Otukapurangi before my mind it seems difficult as to which to assign the palm of beauty. Both terraces are unique in their way; both wonderful monuments of nature's grandest handiwork. It seems to me, however, that in Te Tarata we have all that is divinely sublime, ethereal, fairy-like, and lovely—a structure chaste and grand enough to serve as steps to heaven. Te Otukapurangi, on the other hand, has a rich, gorgeous, oriental look about it, which reminds one of those fanciful creations we read of in Eastern tales, and which were constructed of chalcedony, agate, alabaster, onyx, jasper, and lapis-lazuli, studded with precious gems, and inhabited by beautiful princesses, gnomes, and genii, and evolved from the fanciful minds of those gaunt, dark-skinned men who, reared on the sandy deserts of "Araby the Blest," carried fire and sword over the Eastern world, and built up an empire which rivalled in splendour even the most wondrous of their fabulous tales, which still take the mind captive, as it were, and lead it away like an *ignis fatuus*, a fleeting mirage, or a fitful dream. But there is nothing evanescent in the Pink Terrace; it is adamantine in construction, and grandly beautiful enough to have graced the approach to the

Temple of Solomon the Magnificent, the Palace of the Queen of Sheba, or the Mosque of Haroun Al Raschid the Superb.

The formation of Te Otukapurangi differs somewhat from that of the White Terrace, but, like Te Tarata, it is semicircular in general outline; but the successive terraces of which it is built up rise more abruptly from the lake, while they are, as a rule, higher above each other and more massive in appearance. Hence the deposits of silica have assumed the same general formation, and each terrace is gracefully and marvellously shaped, with rounded edges, which sweep about in waving curves, as if they had been fashioned after one grand and unique design. The various buttress-like masses which support the fringed edges of the terraces bend over, as it were, and form miniature grottoes, resplendent with festoons of pink-tinted silica and rose-coloured stalactites, which appear to have been woven together by nature into an intricate network, and then crystallized into their present shape, which, when examined closely, is as varied as is the whole design symmetrical and beautiful. Here the successive deposits or layers of silica rock do not assume, like those of Te Tarata, a wonderful combination of delicate lacework around the edges of the terraces, but the silicious laminations appear even thinner, and remind one of the corrugated surface of pink satin rep. On the wide platform of each succeeding terrace there are flat, irregularly-shaped tablets set in a fretwork of silica-like cords, while innumerable pools or salmon-coloured basins, all exquisitely and quaintly formed, with curving, shell-shaped margins,

are resplendent with water of the purest and darkest blue. It is, however, the variegated tints of this wondrous structure which render it even more remarkable than the gracefully symmetrical proportions of its incomparable designs. As we gazed upon it, and the blue-tinted water came rippling and falling from terrace to terrace in miniature cascades, Te Otukapurangi looked radiant in its sparkling mantle of delicate pink; and as the golden rays of the sun shot far and wide, it changed with every shade of light, with brilliant hues of pink, amber, carmine, and yellow, which shone with a dazzling and almost metallic lustre as they flashed and palpitated, as it were, in the warm, glowing air, and seemed to vie in splendour with the blue of the heavens, the green tints of the lake, and the countless bright colours of the surrounding vegetation, which spread out far and wide over the surrounding hills.

As we mounted terrace after terrace the mountains unfolded themselves beyond, and Kakarama, and Maungaonga-onga, and bold Tarawera, towering into the air, cast their fantastic shadows on the lake below, and as we mounted still higher and higher towards the steam-clad summit, we seemed to be ascending to some enchanted land of fable and romance; and when suddenly the vapoury cloud from the boiling cauldron rolled over our heads, tinted with all the prismatic hues of the terrace beneath, and wrapped us in its warm embrace, it seemed as if we were really entering some brilliant "castle in the air." Then, when we had struggled through the steam, and hopped in and out of pools of hot water, we reached a broad, circular platform, some seventy feet above the lake, and stood

on the brink of the steaming cauldron, formed by a round alabaster-like basin, about a hundred feet in diameter. Here the deep, dark-blue water, within a few degrees of boiling-point, lay without a ripple upon its surface, which shone with the brilliancy of transparent crystal, and beneath which the silicious deposits which encrusted the sides of the crater, and assumed all the marvellous and fantastic designs of a coral grove, tinted in glowing colours of yellow, blue, and pink, looked exquisitely delicate and brilliant beneath the golden light of the sun, which, shooting through the clear, transparent liquid with a vivid power, sent its glittering shafts far down into the grotto-like recesses, which appeared beautiful and fantastic enough to serve as the abode of fairies, gnomes, and genii.

CHAPTER IX.

OHINEMUTU TO WAIRAKEI.

Te Hemo Gorge—Mount Horohoro—Paeroa Mountains—Orakei-korako—Atea-Amuri—Pohaturoa—The land of pumice—Te Motupuke—The glades of Wairakei.

HAVING visited the various lakes and other localities of interest around Ohinemutu, I started with my guide for the extensive geyser and hot-spring region of Wairakei, situated about fifty miles to the southward of the former place. As this part of the Lake Country was but little known, I determined to examine its many thermal phenomena, and afterwards to make it the final starting-point for my journey of exploration through the King Country.

Our course lay along the Taupo road, which traverses a flat country up to the base of the hills which form the basin-like formation surrounding Lake Rotorua. We passed through Hariki Kapakapa, a locality of warm springs and boiling mud-holes, that spluttered and hissed at us as we rode along; while on our left dense volumes of snowy-white steam, rising from the base of the range of bare hills, marked the site of the great geysers of Whakarewarewa. From this point the road wound up the mountains to

the Hemo Gorge, about two and a half miles from Ohinemutu. Looking back from the summit of the gorge, a splendid view was obtained of the Rotorua country, with the broad lake shining like a mirror beneath the morning sun, and the island of Mokoia rising from its centre radiant with vivid tints of green and gold. The ascent to the gorge was very steep, and while the fern-clad hills rose high above us on our right, on our left was a deep precipitous ravine, at the bottom of which a mountain stream rushed along its rocky bed to join the waters of Rotorua, while on its further side the rugged mountain known as Parikarangi rose high above the surrounding hills.

Beyond this point the country opened out into broad valleys, fringed with conical-shaped hills, while in front the bold mountain mass of Hapurangi, swelling like an enormous dome from a grassy plain, formed a conspicuous feature for many miles around, until the gigantic mountain of Horohoro towered above a broad pumice plain.

In appearance Mount Horohoro was one of the most remarkable mountains I had seen in the North Island. It rose in the form of an enormous wall, or long barrier of rock, to a height of 2400 feet above the level of the sea. Its summit, formed by a broad plateau, was clothed with a dense forest at its base, green, fern-clad slopes rolled down to the plain beneath, above them the thick bush[1] clustered like a dense fringe, as it mounted, tree above tree, to the topmost heights; while here and there enormous patches of grey rock, rugged and bare, stood out in conspicuous

[1] This term is applied by the colonists to forest country.

relief from the dark foliage of the varied vegetation. At its southern end the stupendous mountain ended abruptly in the form of a bold bluff, at the top of which was a curious mass of stone like a gigantic pillar, famed in Maori legend as " Hinemoa's rock."

Across the Niho-o-te-kiore plains to the south-east of Horohoro rose the Paeroa mountains to a height of over 1000 feet, hot and quaking with internal fires, boiling mud-pools, and coiling jets of steam that burst with a hissing sound from the deeply-scarred hills. The base of this range, where the thermal action was greatest, was formed of a burnt, fiery-looking earth, broken here and there into enormous fissures, and dotted about with boiling pools and deep holes of hot, seething mud, while clouds of vapoury steam burst forth from the highest peaks.

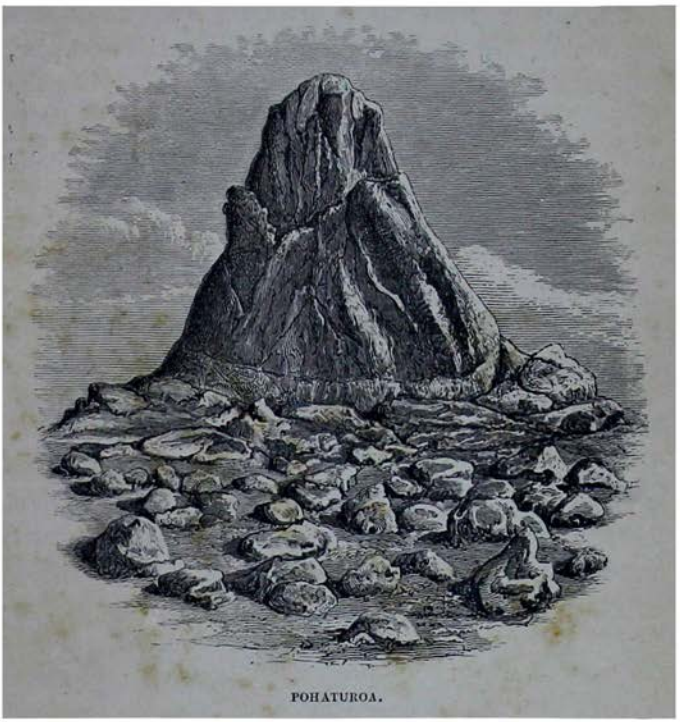
Our route continued across the plains to the native settlement of Orakeikorako, where the swift Waikato wound with many bends through a terraced valley, backed by tall, forest-clad mountains in the distance. Here both sides of the stream were thickly studded with countless steam-jets and hot springs, which produced a singular and beautiful effect as they bubbled and hissed above the sparkling course of the clear, rolling river, whose banks were fringed with thick, clustering masses of pure white silica. Here, too, every foot of ground told of a fiery, subterranean heat. The very rocks around were coloured with the most delicate tints, formed by the chemical deposits of the hot mineral waters, while the great geyser Orakeikorako, from which the village derived its name, just as we were leaving, threw up a column of boiling water

to a height of fifty feet, as if to salute our departure. It burst forth, without any previous warning, from a funnel-shaped aperture within a few feet of the margin of the river.

From Orakeikorako we passed over pumice plains fringed with rugged mountains and deep gorges. Some of the former were very quaint and fantastic in shape; not a few rose up in the form of pointed cones, while some were flat-topped, with deep sides, from which the white pumice gleamed with a dazzling intensity. The country fell with a gradual incline into the valley of the Waikato; and, after descending into a clear stream by a steep, narrow pass, just wide enough to allow our horses to move along, we crossed the eastern spur of Mount Ngautuku, and reached Atea-Amuri.

Here the Waikato, deeply and beautifully blue, wound through a rocky valley, fringed with bold mountains which rolled away as far as the eye could reach along the course of the stream. At the crossing-place the whole volume of the river rushed over enormous rocks with a roar like thunder, while on the south bank of the stream, and right above the seething waters, a gigantic pinnacle of rock, called Pohaturoa, towered in solitary grandeur to a height of 400 feet. This curious natural monument was a striking feature for many miles around. It sprang from a level base, with steep, rolling, buttress-like sides, above which its adamantine walls shot perpendicularly upward to its rounded summit. Around it, in every direction, lay enormous boulders, some of many tons in weight, but all scattered about in the

direst confusion, as if a regiment of giants, offended at its defiant look and colossal form, had endeavoured to hurl it from its pedestal by a shower of stones, but, giving up the task as hopeless, had slunk off, leaving their ponderous missiles upon the field. In former



POHATUROA.

times the summit of this impregnable rock was occupied by a tribe of the Arawas, who built a formidable *pa* there, whence they kept watch and ward over their surrounding lands.

From the deep, trough-like valley of the Waikato we mounted to the great table-land of Taupo, and rode

over level plains where the snow-white pumice gleamed bare and desolate beneath the fierce rays of the sun.

Pumice, pumice, nothing but pumice, rolled away as far as the eye could discern, now stretching out in a broad and flat expanse, now rising in the form of hillocks, now towering high in the shape of conical mountains, now winding away in deep ravines—white, bare, and sterile as a boundless desert, save when the stunted tussock grass struggled, as if it were for life, with enormous stones and boulders fashioned from the white, porous rock, or where a crystal stream shaped its devious course beneath a dense growth of broad-leaved flax and waving *toe-toe* grass. At one point of the road we passed a tall peaked mountain, with pumice sides, which rose from the bottom of a deep gorge, like the bed of an ancient river, while right opposite to this, on the slope of a hill, was a curious rock, shaped like a mushroom.

Through a level tract of country we reached the native settlement of Te Motopuke, with densely wooded hills in the background, which stretched out to the tall summit of Otuparataki. The forest-crowned peak of Puketarata soon rose up on our right; and passing the Maori settlement of Ouranui, we reached the steaming hills and glades of Wairakei.

CHAPTER X.

WAIRAKEI.

The first view—The Geyser Valley—Curious sights—Tahuatahe—Terekirike—The Whistling Geyser—A nest of stone—Singular mud-holes—The Gas and Black Geyser—The Big Geyser—The great Wairakei—The Blue Lake—Hot mud-holes—Kiriohinekai—A valley of fumaroles—Te Karapiti—Te Huka Falls—Efforts to pass under the falls—A cave—An enormous fissure—Another trial—A legend.

WITHIN the extensive area of country known as Wairakei are situated the principal thermal wonders of this portion of the Lake Country. By reason of the terrace formation, so remarkable in this part of the valley of the Waikato, the whole place appeared as if it had been artificially designed by the hand of man. Small pumice terraces, with flat tops and shelving sides, so regular and distinct in outline that they seemed as if they had been fashioned but yesterday, wound about on every side, while the trees and wide patches of *manuka* scrub imparted to the whole surroundings the appearance of an English park. Beyond, to the east, Mount Tauhara, the "Lone Lover" of the Maoris, rose forest-clad to its summit, while in the background a prairie-like expanse of open country rolled away to the distant ranges. High conical

mountains, clothed with a luxuriant growth of bush, mounted up in the north, rolling hills stretched away to the west, while in the centre of the attractive landscape the Waikato River wound through its grand terraced valley to leap with a terrific roar over the Huka Falls.

The Geyser Valley of Wairakei is one of the most marvellous creations of its kind to be found perhaps in any part of the world. It forms, as it were, one of the principal arteries of thermal action which would seem to extend from the volcano of Tongariro in the south through the Lake region to Whakari, the active crater in the Bay of Plenty, in the east. The bottom of the valley is situated at an elevation of 1000 feet above the level of the sea, while down its centre, which has a gradual fall to the east, a warm stream of water, known as Te Wairakei, flows rapidly on its course to join the Waikato. Its steep, winding sides rise in some places to a height of over 200 feet, and above these again flat terraces spread out, bounded by clusters of conical, fern-clad hills, which mount upward, as it were, in increasing elevation to the heights beyond. Looking down the valley from one of the elevations, one sees the winding course of the great fissure filled with a dense growth of vegetation, forced into vigorous life, as it were, by the white clouds of steam that mount into the air on every side. There is one great charm about the Geyser Valley of Wairakei, and that is that it is not a melancholy, dismal-looking place. It has not the Hades-like appearance of Tikitere nor the Valley-of-Death-like look of Whakarewarewa. One is at once struck with the varied growth of vege-

tation which everywhere abounds, the luxuriance of the trees, the rich beauty of the ferns, and the vivid green of the thick carpet of rare and beautiful mosses which spreads itself everywhere about, from the margin of the stream below to the very tops of the steep, smoking cliffs. Every geyser, spring, and mud-hole has its clustering vegetation, and as you grope your way through the thick undergrowth along the tortuous stream, each thermal wonder bursts suddenly upon the view with a fresh and startling beauty.

As we descended into the valley by a tortuous pathway we heard the rushing of waters below, as the turbulent stream beneath swept onward over a series of miniature cascades; then the noise of hissing steam burst upon the ear, the heated ground seemed to quake beneath our feet, the boiling mud-holes sent forth a noise like the incessant "thud" of a steam-hammer, which mingled in a weird way with the loud roar and splashing of the geysers as they threw up their columns of boiling water above the trees.

Gazing anywhere, up and down the valley, some of the most beautiful and curious sights presented themselves. The warm stream which gathered its waters from the overflowing geysers and springs wound its course amidst the trees, sparkling and glittering beneath the sun. In some places its sides were entirely fringed with silicious deposits, some white and beautiful like overhanging folds of lace, some dipping down into the water in the form of enormous stalactites, while others, assuming a rounded buttress-like formation, were green with ferns and dank mosses of varied hue. At another moment a rocky point

came into view, and above the clustering ferns, brilliant in the soft rays of light, the tall *manuka* trees, which here attained to wonderful proportions, cast their gnarled branches in a dense canopy overhead, and from the very water's edge, where the warm springs bubbled and hissed, to the very summit of the valley on either side the heated soil gave life to countless wonders of the vegetable world.

Threading our way through the scrub over the hot, spongy soil, we came to Tahuatahi, a powerful intermittent geyser, with steep, rugged sides, flanked by enormous buttresses of white silica rock. The cauldron was formed by a deep hole, about twenty feet in circumference, from which a column of boiling water shot up now and again from a dense cloud of steam as it overflowed into the stream below. At a short distance from this point we crossed the creek, the sides of which were here covered with a thick growth of moss, which luxuriated in a kind of tropical heat, caused by the jets of steam which coiled out from small fissures in the soil on which it grew. When I inserted the thermometer about a foot beneath the soil at this spot, and right under the very roots of the moss, it rose rapidly to 210° Fahr. Further along was Terekirike, a large geyser, situated on the very margin of the stream. Its cauldron was of irregular formation, but rugged and beautiful in appearance, the rounded, boulder-like masses of which it was built up being of a delicate cream-colour, while the silicious crystals, assuming the most fantastic forms, tinged here and there with a pinkish hue, imparted to the whole a singularly beautiful and delicate appearance. Next to

this was the "Whistling Geyser," which threw up a column of boiling water at the summit of a terrace of silicious rock, while next to this again was a boiling cauldron where the heated water burst forth with a loud bubbling sound. All these three geysers formed a terrace-like formation of silicious rock, which was tinted in colours of white, pink, and yellow, while the gnarled roots of the trees, and branches which had fallen to the ground, within the action of the water had been completely covered and cemented, as it were, to the rock by the silicious deposits. Here the thermal action appeared to be very active, and as soon as one geyser subsided, another would burst forth, as it were, with redoubled vigour.

Passing this point we entered a thick scrub, where the ground was in a highly heated condition, and came suddenly into a bend in the creek, where the opposite sides of the valley rose perpendicularly from the water. In the centre of the place where we stood was a deep hole, from which shot up now and again a column of boiling water. Around the deep, cavernous aperture the dead branches of *manuka* had fallen in a circle, and had interlaced and spread themselves around in the form of a large nest of the most delicate construction, while the water, falling upon the netted twigs and branches, had covered them completely with a pearly incrustation of snowy silica, converting the whole into a pure white nest of stone. Nothing but spreading trees and mosses grew around this secluded spot, and the singular structure, when we first came upon it, looked like the petrified nest of some gigantic antediluvian bird.

From this curious structure, which we named the Eagle's Nest, we mounted the hot, treacherous sides of the valley to where a number of boiling mud-holes vomited forth vast quantities of white, silicious mud, of the consistency of thick gruel. All were nearly circular in form, and about six feet deep by twenty in circumference, and, while one had a pinkish tint, caused evidently by red oxide of iron, another next to it was of a milky-white colour. When the mud had become hardened, it was of the consistency of cheese, with a greasy feel, while it could be fashioned by the aid of a knife into any form. All the pools were in a constant state of ebullition, and emitted a strong odour of sulphuretted hydrogen. Close to them was a small lakelet of green, silicious water, warm and steaming. The sides of the valley in this vicinity were everywhere very hot, and when I inserted the thermometer about two feet below the surface it registered 215°, and yet on this heated soil the mosses grew luxuriantly, but all other vegetation had a somewhat stunted appearance.

Lower down the valley we came upon another geyser, throwing up boiling water from a funnel-shaped hole, around which big masses of silica rock clustered in fantastic form. At the foot of this geyser, and within a yard or two of the stream, was a small pool, apparently of great depth, in which big balls of gas flashed constantly in the sun as they rose rapidly to the surface and exploded. This only occurred when the geyser was quiescent, but as soon as it became active, the pool became less troubled, as the water from above rolled over it. At a short distance from this was a

geyser formed by a circular hole, which threw up constantly a big jet of hot water from a basin where the crystallized rock was covered with a black deposit. Here we jumped the stream at a very treacherous point, and again fought our way through the scrub, and round about a perfect network of hot springs and mud-holes, so close and so intricately laced together that the greatest care was necessary to prevent being boiled alive.

On the southern side of the stream, we came suddenly up to the Big Geyser, which every now and again threw up vast volumes of boiling water from an oval-shaped cauldron of pure white, crystallized silica. The water, of the purest blue, flowed over a terrace-like formation, which was being gradually built up just as the famed terraces of Rotomahana must have been, each fold, or lamination, of the rock being distinctively formed with tablets beautifully designed by the silica-charged waters. Climbing up a ridge by the side of this big fountain, we peered over a precipice, which opened out beneath in a semicircular form, and at the bottom of which was a large oval-shaped spring—dark water, shining, and steaming hot, while the silicious rocks which walled it in were tinged a deep red by oxide of iron. This was a very warm though interesting region. The red and white-streaked walls of the chasm steamed and bubbled, the boiling mud-springs displayed a wonderful activity, while the green lakelet on the opposite side of the valley sent down its emerald-coloured water to mingle with Te Wairakei, which foamed and hissed as it rushed furiously over its rocky bed below.

Not far from this point was the geyser known as the Great Wairakei, from which the district takes its name. According to Maori legend, it is said to have been called after an old woman who plunged into its boiling cauldron to end her days. It was formed of an oblong basin of about forty feet long by thirty feet wide, and almost circular, while at its farther end the steep sides of the steaming pool rose to a height of sixty feet, rock-bound, black, and adamantine in appearance. Perhaps, however, one of the most curious features of this geyser was that the edges of the pool were beautifully fringed with white incrustations of silica, pointed and fretted in the form of the most delicate lacework, while down beneath the water might be seen huge masses of silica rock, which had the appearance of the most fantastic coralline formations. White, yellow, and pink were the prevailing colours of these splendid incrustations, and when shining beneath the sun the contrast of the deep blue of the water and the white foam of the geyser, as it threw up its column of steaming water, was very attractive. Right in the centre of the broad basin the hot fountain surged and rolled, bursting up now and again in the form of a sparkling column, and subsiding with a loud, rumbling sound, as if in fury at the disturbing agency below. Enormous volumes of steam circled in the air, but everywhere around its hot sides a clustering vegetation struggled for life upon the heated soil.

Within a short distance to the west of the Geyser Valley, and at the summit of a high range of hills, we explored another interesting region of thermal action.

It was principally formed by a deep, crater-like depression, with rugged sides, composed of huge masses of trachytic and pumice rock and volcanic earth, from the numerous fissures of which issued white jets of steam. The country hereabouts bore traces of having undergone, at some period or another, considerable subterranean disturbance, and it appeared as if the crater-like depression had formed the principal seat of action. In the centre of this remarkable locality was situated a small lake of oblong shape, with steep, rock-bound, precipitous sides, which rose perpendicularly from the edge of the water to a height of about sixty feet. The water, of a thick, opaque blue, like cloudy turqoise, lay undisturbed, without a ripple upon its surface, save where innumerable gas-bubbles rose from the depths below to give off their sulphuretted hydrogen. At its western end, embowered amidst a dense growth of fern and mosses, was a picturesque cave, through which ran a cold, icy spring of delicious water.

Near to the lake were several large mud-pools in a state of great activity, and still further along, close under a steep, rocky bluff, whose hot, quaking sides sent forth innumerable jets of steam, was an extensive chain of sulphur-pools, one of which was over 100 feet in diameter. In the vicinity of these pools were large deposits of bright yellow sulphur, with hematite iron, the red oxide, silica, alum, and other mineral products peculiar to thermal action. All these pools were so disposed that they formed, as it were, natural baths, and, from varions tests I made, I found that the temperature averaged from 100° to

206° Fahr. The colour of the water varied in appearance from dark green to steel-grey, but all were evidently highly charged with sulphur and other minerals, and I believe that their curative properties would be found very efficacious in cutaneous and rheumatic affections.

It was from the Blue Lake and the sulphur and mud-pools in its vicinity that a very remarkable spring took its rise. After passing a considerable distance underground, it wound on its way to the Waikato River. Along its entire course the country fell rapidly from the lake, and the stream in many places—which had a channel from three to six feet in width—descended at various intervals into small cascades which, falling into broad pools, formed natural baths. We bathed in one of these fountains where the water had a temperature of 110° Fahr., and as the whole volume of the stream passed over the body, it produced the most delightful sensation. The efficacy of this water for curative purposes has been long known to the Maoris, who have given it the name of Kiriohinekai, or "New Skin," from the singular properties which it possesses in the cure of cutaneous and rheumatic disorders. The water in colour was of a bluish green, and we found that our horses drank readily of it, even when in its warm state.

To the south of the Kiriohinekai stream, and about a mile distant, there was another broad valley, the bottom of which was covered with innumerable *fumaroles* that sent up their coils of steam in every direction. Here the soft, spongy, heated soil was covered with a dense growth of moss and stunted

manuka scrub. All the springs running over this valley were warm, and most of them were impregnated to a high degree with sulphur and alum.

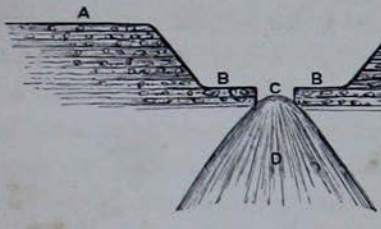
Here at the foot of a hill sloping towards the south was situated Te Karapiti, the largest *fumarole* in the Lake Country. It was formed by a deep and apparently fathomless aperture, rounded like a funnel, and from which issued with a terrific force and unearthly screeching noise, a spiral column of transparent steam, which mounted high into the air as if forced upward from below by a 100-horse-power engine. So great was the force of this column of steam as it issued from the earth, that the branches of trees we threw into the funnel were at once ejected and hurled upwards with tremendous power. When I tested its heat, the thermometer rose to 220° Fahr. This curious steam-hole, which carries on its eruptions incessantly, may be distinctly seen all over the Taupo country.[1]

The Huka[2] Falls form, without doubt, the most attractive sight to be seen along the whole valley of the Waikato, and there is no better way to view them than by an approach from the north through Wairakei. Journeying this way, one gets a splendid view of the deep valley of the river, as it meanders for miles on either side, and when the falls burst upon the gaze they produce a magnificent *coup d'œil.* The river

[1] When making the ascent of Ruapehu, Te Karapiti was distinctly visible at a distance of nearly fifty miles. It acts as a kind of weather-glass to the Maoris when navigating the treacherous waters of Lake Taupo.

[2] *Huka* is a general term applied by the natives to the foam of the sea, and to ice and snow; it here refers to the foaming, snowy appearance of the falls.

pouring out of Lake Taupo, at an elevation of 1175 feet above the level of the sea, rolls onward in a serpentine course down a picturesque terraced ravine for about five miles, when it suddenly breaks into a series of eddying cascades, and then, sweeping with a rapid current round an abrupt curve, the vast volume of water enters a channel about 150 feet long by 60 feet broad, and with perpendicular, rock-bound sides. The foaming stream thus confined shoots onward with tremendous fury into bounding rapids, until the mass



SECTION OF VALLEY OF WAIKATO RIVER AT HUKA FALLS.

A A. Table-land of pumice drift 1400 feet above sea-level.
B B. Flat terrace.
C. Channel cut by river through dyke of trachytic rock.
D. Fall of river into lower terraced valley, 50 feet.

of water leaps from a height of 50 feet into a circular basin below, whence it rushes onwards in its course to the sea. The fine basin into which the river falls is about 150 feet broad in its widest part; its precipitous sides rise to a height of about 60 feet, and above these again the terraced hills of pumice rise hundreds of feet higher. Around this pool the greenest and most varied vegetation clusters to the very edge of the water; enormous boulders lie scattered beneath, as if hurled into their present position by the fury of the stream, and as the bright, bluish-green water comes thundering

in a glittering, foaming wave over the rocky precipice, and falls shining beneath the sun in wild, seething eddies below, amidst a cloud of diamond spray, the effect is beautiful in the extreme.

When I had gazed with admiration at the beauty of the Huka, I determined to ascertain whether it would be possible to pass underneath the shoot of water from one side to the other. I had done this under the Falls of Niagara, and it seemed to me that the same thing might be accomplished at the Huka, only on a smaller scale. When I suggested to my guide that we should make this trial at the risk of our necks, he did not hesitate, but, on the contrary, entered with spirit into what appeared an almost impossible undertaking. To get down on a level with the seething pool below, it was necessary for us to descend a perpendicular precipice of rock of some sixty feet in height. The only way down was by clinging on to the roots of the trees, and in this way we gained the rugged rocks beneath. Once on the margin of the river, we crept through the thick growth of fern and *manuka*, and then along steep, slippery, moss-grown boulders that bordered the eddying whirlpool. There was just sufficient room at each step to put the toes of our boots. One false step and all was over. As we crept cautiously along towards the fall, and looked upwards, it appeared much higher and grander than when we had beheld it from the precipice above, and as it came thundering towards us from a cloud of spray the effect was not only beautiful, but thrilling to a degree. With the cautious tread of a couple of cats, we crawled round the edge of the fall, so close that the outside water of the grand cascade caught

us and drenched us to the skin, but it soon became apparent as we progressed under the fall that our way was barred by a barrier of rock which rose vertically up under the centre of the shoot. We discovered, however, a small cave, which extended right under the bed of the rocky channel over which the river passed, and, as we squatted down inside, the vibration caused by the terrific flow of water over our heads was so great that not only did the rocks above and around us shake, but the delicate and beautiful ferns which grew about the walls of the cave trembled like aspen leaves as they grew. As we gazed from the recesses of the cave through the falling water the effect produced by the sunlight was very beautiful, as it lit up the foaming cataract in all the colours of the rainbow.

Thus baffled, I determined to try the opposite side of the fall, and on the following day we crossed the Waikato at Tapuwaeharuru, and rode across the wide pumice plain between the valley of the river and the great mountain Tauhara. It was when crossing this level tract of weird pumice country, where nothing could be seen but stunted *manuka* and tussock grass, that we came across, and, in fact, nearly galloped into an enormous fissure, which we did not perceive until we were right on its brink. It was about three quarters of a mile long, running at right angles to the river, and over 100 feet in depth. Now, although on the hard dry plain over which we rode the vegetation was sparse and stunted, down in this chasm there was a beautiful and varied growth of mosses, trees, and ferns, all growing in unsurpassed luxuriance upon the hard pumice soil. A small stream, which came out from

under the ground at the head of this deep valley, wound down its centre; and as we gazed upon the varied growth below, it looked like a veritable oasis in a wilderness. To any one anxious to act the part of a modern Quintus Curtius, I know of no better place.

When we gained the Huka Falls on this side, we crawled down a steep, precipitous cliff, and by the aid of a rope let ourselves down a wall of rock some fifty feet in height, until we reached a dense growth of scrub and fern, which fringed the rocks on this side of the pool. We came suddenly into a rustic-looking spot in a cluster of bush, where the water from a spring in the cliff above dropped like a shower-bath upon our heads, and from this point we again got out to the moss-grown, slippery rocks on the margin of the river. The wind, too, being across the falls, blew clouds of spray all around us, and it was with great difficulty we crept round the body of water and right under the centre of the shoot, where the full volume of the Waikato rolled over our heads. On this side a series of rocky ledges, each about a foot wide, formed the inner wall, and these were covered everywhere with a thick growth of bright-green mosses, and there was just sufficient room for us to stand without being caught by the fall and drawn into the vortex that hissed below like a steaming cauldron, as the millions of tons of bright-blue water fell with echoing roar at our feet. So far our adventures beneath the waters of the Huka were satisfactory, but I could not recommend any one to repeat the experiment. Our researches, however, proved beyond a doubt that it is

not possible to pass under the Huka Falls from one side to the other.

I found that almost every object of interest in these wild regions had some weird legend attached to it, and Te Huka was not an exception to the rule. Ages ago, so the tradition goes, a number of the tribe of the Ngatihau came on a visit to the Ngatituwharetoa of Taupo. The former, being experienced canoemen, boasted of the rapids they were accustomed to shoot when navigating the Whanganui, pointing out at the same time that the Taupo natives might well sail with ease over their beautiful lake. But the Ngatituwharetoa gave their visitors to understand that they could boast of rapids that no canoe could shoot. "If you show them, we will navigate them," exclaimed the Ngatihau; and the challenge was taken up, the only stipulation being that the Taupo tribe should furnish a pilot to the head of the rapids. A war-canoe was launched, and seventy of the Ngatihau getting into it, the swift craft shot down the Waikato, then over the first rapid and over the second, when at a jutting point of rock the pilot of the Ngatituwharetoa leapt ashore, and in a second more the Ngatihau swept onward to their doom over the falls.

EXPLORATION OF THE KING COUNTRY.

CHAPTER XI.

THE START.

Reason of the journey—How I succeeded—My interpreter—Our horses—The Hursthouse difficulty—Departure from Wairakei—Tapuwaeharuru—The natives—Release of Hursthouse, and capture of Te Mahuki—The council of war.

In undertaking my journey of exploration through the King Country, I was prompted by no other desire than to advance the general interests of New Zealand, by making known more fully that portion of it which was virtually a blank on the maps, and thus to add, as far as lay in my power, to the geographical and geological knowledge of a vast and important region, which was reputed to be rich in natural resources of a valuable and varied order. The object was, in fine, of a purely scientific nature, and was prosecuted throughout solely in conformity with that view.

In setting out upon the undertaking—as I had selected to do the journey only in company with an interpreter, and without the protection of friendly natives, whose aid, in fact, it would have been impossible to obtain—

I was aware that a difficult and, by reason of the unsatisfactory state of the native question, a dangerous task lay before me, but I was likewise aware that I was no novice in the matter of travel. I had penetrated into some of the wildest parts of Australia, explored the principal islands of the Coral Sea, been into the interior of China and of Japan, crossed the United States, visited Mexico, travelled in Canada, voyaged up the Nile, camped with the Bedouins on the plains of Arabia, and hunted in the forests of Ceylon. In all these countries, whilst exploring their natural beauties and varied resources, it was my practice to mix freely with the native races, while I made their habits and customs my special study, and with the knowledge thus acquired, it seemed to my mind that it would not be altogether impossible for me to get along with the Maoris, whose intelligence and courage had been a general theme for admiration ever since the arrival of Cook.

When entering upon the journey, I determined to follow a certain line of action throughout. I resolved to ascend Tongariro, to scale the summit of Ruapehu, and then to enter the King Country at its furthest extremity, and return northward to Alexandra by the best route by which I could secure the most extended knowledge of the region to be traversed. If turned back by the natives at one point, I was prepared to try another. I was determined that no efforts should be spared to accomplish my object, and that no obstacle should impede my progress, save forcible opposition. To guard as much as possible against an occurrence of the latter kind, I resolved, above all when in contact

with the tribes, to go fearlessly among them, to respect their customs, and follow, as near as possible, their mode of life, and, in fact, for the time being to become a Maori. Only in one instance was I forced to break through this rule, and that was in order to accomplish the ascent of Tongariro. This mountain, as before pointed out, is strictly *tapu*, and I was aware that all the persuasive diplomacy in the world would not secure me permission to ascend it, I therefore had to accomplish this task unbeknown to the Maoris having settlements in its vicinity. Following strictly the natives' habits, when camping with the tribes, we would at sundown turn into the *wharepunis*, or assembly-houses, in which the members of the *hapu* meet to eat and sleep, when the small door would be closed, the solitary window scrupulously fastened up, the charcoal fire lit, and when the dismal slush lamp would give forth its flickering light, as if struggling for existence amidst the clouds of smoke which mingled with the stifling air of the apartment; then men, women, and children would squat down in their blankets, and, lighting their pipes, conversation would begin. It was on these occasions that we gained most of our information about the country and the habits and customs of the interesting people among whom we were travelling. They were always desirous of ascertaining what countries I had visited, and, with the able assistance of my interpreter, I related to them some of the principal features of interest I had seen in various parts of the world. During these descriptions not a word was ever spoken—men, women, and children sat in silence—but at the conclusion of my

narrative the most extraordinary and often ludicrous questions would be asked. In turn the natives would tell us all we wished to know about their country and indicate the mineral deposits [1] which they knew to exist in various localities, while they would likewise recite legends, and sing songs in a mournful, melancholy way. Then, one by one, they would gradually settle down to sleep, and in this way, amid loud snoring and a stifling heat, we would pass away twelve dreary hours, until the cool breath of morning came and gave us relief. It was, in fact, by following this course that we gained the confidence of the natives, and made them our friends.

When I was fully prepared to set out on my journey, as I could not speak a word of the native language, my next desire was to secure the services of an efficient interpreter. During my travels through the Lake Country I had become acquainted with Mr. J. A. Turner, a younger member of a family of European extraction, who from the early days of the colony had been settled near Whatiwhatihoe. It was in company with Mr. Turner that I examined the wonders of Wairakei, and made the descent under the Huka Falls. It was on that occasion, too, that I remarked his spirited love for travel and adventure, his quick perception as a guide, his thorough knowledge of the Maori language, and of native habits and customs; and while I admired his genial manner, I secretly determined that when I started on my journey

[1] The natives at Ruakaka told us of the existence of gold in the Kaimanawa Mountains, and in the Tuhua country, as likewise of extensive deposits of coal on the Upper Whanganui River.

to explore the King Country he would be the first man whose services I would endeavour to secure. In this I was fortunately successful.

As I shall have occasion to refer frequently to the horses we took on our journey I will give their names, with a brief description of each. Charlie, the horse which I rode, was bred on the Kaingaroa Plains, east of Lake Taupo, and was caught by Turner from a mob of wild horses. He stood about fifteen hands, was of a dark iron-grey colour, and possessed good points. Tommy, ridden by Turner, was a black pony, of about fourteen hands, bred near Auckland, and, although his points were not perfect, he was strongly built, and plucky to a degree. Our sumpter-horse, also bred near Auckland, was a gaunt, white-coated animal, well built, but somewhat long in the legs, and narrow-chested. His principal failing was an inordinate appetite. Moreover, although a fine-looking horse in many ways, he had the gait of a camel, and, I think, like the "ship of the desert" is said to do, he cursed his father when going up a hill, and his Creator when coming down.

When everything was in readiness, and just as we were about to start from Wairakei, an event mingled with alarm occurred in connection with the native difficulty. Several of the principal Kingite chiefs, who had up to this time remained in sullen isolation, agreed to allow Mr. Hursthouse, a government surveyor, and his assistants, with a body-guard of friendly natives, to enter a part of the northern portion of the King Country, but immediately upon the party reaching the small settlement of Te Kumi, a few miles across the

frontier-line, they were set upon and made prisoners by a band of Maoris headed by Te Mahuki, a fanatical follower of Te Whiti, the Maori prophet. No sooner were the surveyors in the hands of the desperadoes, than they were taken prisoners into the settlement, stripped of every particle of clothing, brutally maltreated, and chained up in a hut where they were detained until intelligence of their capture reached Alexandra. This brutal outrage upon a government officer in the face of the many delicate phases of the Maori difficulty, was naturally received with consternation throughout the colony, as at first glance it appeared little short of an act of open rebellion on the part of the natives.

A few days after this event, on the 5th of April, we set out from Wairakei, and following along the banks of the Waikato for about six miles, reached Tapuwaeharuru, a small township at the northern end of Lake Taupo. Situated far from the centres of population, this settlement is not an important place, beyond its being one of the principal strategic positions of the armed constabulary. The flat, elevated plain upon which the township is situated, is formed entirely of pumice, and has a hollow, cavernous-like sound when riding over it, a circumstance which no doubt gave rise to its native name, which signifies "the place of sounding footsteps."

From time immemorial Tapuwaeharuru has been the centre of a large Maori population, and all around this portion of the lake may yet be seen the remains of old *pas* and other evidences of the fast-decaying native race. There is still a considerable number of natives

living in the vicinity, and the township is usually full of them. Many of the men are tall and finely built, and, in fact, this portion of the country has been at all times renowned for the splendid physical development of the native race, some of the tallest and most powerful men in the island hailing from these parts. The women, likewise, are comely in appearance and strongly built, while they follow the peculiar custom, which I have not seen elsewhere, of tattooing the legs as well as the lips in thin cross-lines of a dark-blue colour.

We reached Tapuwaeharuru early in the day, and noticed as we entered the township that a body of the armed constabulary were at work repairing the earthwork of the redoubt. We soon learned that Hursthouse and his party had been released by a body of armed natives under Wahanui, the principal chief of the Ngatimaniapoto, and that Te Mahuki and his band had been taken prisoners to Auckland.[1] It was evident that the natives were much excited over the latter event, and the armed constabulary had received orders to hold themselves in readiness to take the field at any moment. Tawhiao, the Maori king, was on his way from the East Coast with 300 mounted Waikatos, and was expected to arrive on the following day, and it was reported by the natives that he would enter the King Country by the northern shore of the lake, and call a meeting of all the tribes to discuss the situation.

[1] A few days subsequent to the release of Mr. Hursthouse Te Mahuki marched with his band into Alexandra, and after threatening to burn down the town and to destroy the whites, both he and his followers were captured by the armed constabulary.

At this juncture I sent Turner to sound the natives whether they thought that he could enter the King Country at Tokanu, and pass northward to visit his family at Whatiwhatihoe. Two of the natives whom he knew from Tokanu told him that he might by chance get through, but if he happened to come across any of Te Mahuki's followers or other unfriendly natives, he would probably be treated in the same way as Hursthouse, or perhaps get a bullet through him. The general impression was that the Hursthouse affair, and the imprisonment of Te Mahuki and his band, would cause a serious disturbance between the Europeans and natives. At this stage we held a council of war. It was clear there were only two alternatives—either to go on and chance everything, or beat an ignominious retreat. I made a firm stand against the latter, and Turner, realizing the position at once, said, "Wherever you go, I'll follow." That settled the question, and that night, when the moon was high, we pitched our first camp on the eastern shore of Lake Taupo.

CHAPTER XII.

THE REGION OF LAKE TAUPO.

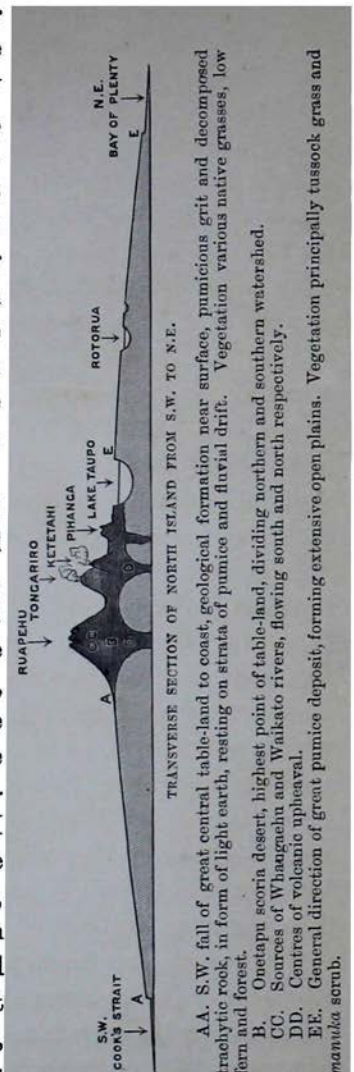
Natural phenomena—The great table-land—Position and dimensions of the lake—Watershed—Geological features—The lake an extinct crater—Crater lakes—Areas of thermal action.

As during my journey through the King Country the widely extended region surrounding Lake Taupo will of necessity be brought prominently forward as being the principal centre around which my explorations were prosecuted, I will endeavour to define in general terms the leading features of this important area, in order that all my future descriptions of the country traversed may be more readily understood by the general reader.

This portion of the North Island, by reason of the varied features of its natural phenomena, is without doubt one of the most wonderful and interesting fields for geographical exploration and geological research to be found in any part of the world. It is, in fact, a portion of the earth where some of the most marvellous works which mark the progress of a Divine Creation may be viewed in singular and varied contrast, and while one beholds in wonder the stupendous action of volcanic fires, one may trace the no less potent

force of the snowy glacier and bounding river. Here nature, with her mighty forces of fire and water, has formed and moulded a region of extended plains pierced by colossal mountains which raise their giant heads to the region of eternal snow, while countless rivers pour down their waters into a lake possessing the dimensions of an inland sea.

The middle portion of the North Island is formed of an extended table-land, which towards its central point, that is to say, in the vicinity of the lake margin, attains to a mean altitude of nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea. Beyond this radius, which I may term the inner circle of the great lake basin, the plane of elevation varies in altitude, and attains its highest point at its southern division, where, on the Onetapu desert, at the eastern base



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF NORTH ISLAND FROM S.W. TO N.E.

AA. S.W. fall of great central table-land to coast, geological formation near surface, pumicions grit and decomposed trachytic rock, in form of light earth, resting on strata of pumice and fluvial drift. Vegetation various native grasses, low fern and forest.
B. Onetapu scoria desert, highest point of table-land, dividing northern and southern watershed.
CC. Sources of Whanganui and Waikato rivers, flowing south and north respectively.
DD. Centres of volcanic upheaval.
EE. General direction of great pumice deposit, forming extensive open plains. Vegetation principally tussock grass and *manuka* scrub.

of the great mountain Ruapehu, it rises to a height of over 3000 feet, from which place it inclines gradually towards the south coast, and divides the northern and southern watershed of this portion of the country. Easterly of this the table-land is intersected by the Kaimanawa mountains, and from the western base of Ruapehu it falls with a rapid descent into the valley of the Whanganui. To the north of the lake, along the upper valley of the Waikato, it has an average elevation of from 1500 to nearly 2000 feet, until it descends into a broad valley near Atea-amuri, where the river flows round to the north-west to enter the plains of the lower valley of the Waikato. Eastward of the lake the highest point of the plateau is attained near to the northern slope of the Kaimanawa mountains, whence it dips in a north-easterly course, in the direction of the Bay of Plenty. Over a large area, along the western shore of the lake, the table-land maintains a more equal elevation than near the eastern shore-line, until it reaches the head of the Waihora river, whence it inclines north-westerly, around the high mountains of Titiraupenga, until it gradually merges into the broad, low valley of the Upper Waipa.

It is as near as possible in the centre of this vast area of elevation, that the enormous sheet of water forming Lake Taupo is situated. The position of the lake is in lat. 38° 37′ to 38° 58′ S.; long. 175° 46′ to 176° 5′ E. Its mean altitude above the sea, by barometrical measurements, I ascertained to be 1175 feet. The margin, or shore-line, assumes a somewhat oval shape, with a broad bay on the western side. It is twenty-four miles long in a north-easterly and south-

westerly direction, and fourteen miles broad from east to west, and with a superficial area of over 300 square miles. It possesses one small island, which is situated near to its south-eastern shore, and its coast is surrounded with beautiful bays and headlands, which in some instances rise many hundreds of feet above the white pumice shore. Although the waters of the lake are comparatively shallow around a greater part of the margin, there are places where it is of an enormous depth, especially near its centre in the direction of the western bay.

In describing the watershed of this wide region, I may point out that the area of the lake basin may be defined by those divisions of the country which give rise to the rivers, creeks, and other waters flowing into it, and which have their origin for the most part in the extensive mountain ranges scattered over various parts of the table-lands.

Although on the most recent maps of the colony only about eight rivers, namely, the Waitahanui, Hinemaiai, Tauranga, Waimarino, Upper Waikato, Waihaha, and Waihora, are represented as flowing into the lake, I found on the western shore, in addition to other smaller streams, the Kuramanga, Kuratao, Whareroa, Mangakara, Whanganui,[1] Waikino, and Waikomiko, besides three other streams on the northern shore, the names of which I was unable to obtain.

It will therefore be seen that there are not less than seventeen rivers running into this lake, with innumerable smaller streams, while it should be

[1] This river must not be confused with the Whanganui of the south, which does not flow into the lake.

remarked that the only river or stream of any kind flowing out of this immense area of water is the Waikato, at the north-east end. Most of the rivers on the eastern side of the lake receive their waters from the north-western slope of the Kaimanawa mountains, and those from the west, from the Tuhua, Hauhungaroa and Hurakia ranges. Comparatively little water flows into the lake at the northern end, since the country thereabouts dips mostly in the direction of the valley of the Waikato. It is in fact at its southern end that the lake receives its greatest volume of water from the Upper Waikato river, and its numerous tributaries. This river, rising at an altitude of 7000 feet on the eastern side of Ruapehu, is fed by the snows of that mountain, and of Tongariro, as well as by the enormous watershed of a large portion of the Kaimanawa mountains, along the western base of which it runs in its winding course to the lake, receiving likewise on its way the eastern streams of the Kakaramea ranges, and the overflowing waters of Lake Rotoaira, as they descend by the Poutu river. With but one outlet to relieve it of this tremendous watershed, it is not surprising that the waters of the lake rise rapidly during the rainy season, while with the continuance of heavy winds its waves are lashed into fury, and break upon its shores with the force and roar of a raging sea.

In considering the geological features of the region of Lake Taupo, it may be imagined here, as in other cases, that the primary volcanic eruptions were submarine, and that when first that portion of New Zealand now known as the North Island appeared

above the surrounding sea, forced upwards by some volcanic freak of nature, the Taupo table-land rose perhaps rapidly, perhaps by slow degrees, to its greatest elevation. The volcanic eruptions which produced this phenomenon may, in short, have been instantaneous or slow in their action; but be that as it may, their work has been indelibly impressed upon the face of Nature in a way which has caused its wonderful results to last through vast periods of time. The volcanic agencies, however, did not rest here. The Plutonic fires, still active in the interior of the earth, burst through the elevated plane, and caused big mountains to rise up in the form of serrated ridges and truncated cones, which poured out their streams of lava and other kindred products over the surrounding country. Hence dotted along the Taupo volcanic zone are stupendous mountain ranges and graceful trachytic cones standing alone or rising from amidst a cluster of minor elevations to heights which vary from 1200 to nearly 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. Of the former class the most extensive are the Kaimanawa mountains and the kindred systems, with the Tuhua ranges and the wooded heights of Hauhungaroa and Hurakia, while the cone formation is exemplified in the grandest proportions in Ruapehu, Tongariro, Pihanga, Tauhara, Kakaramea, Kuharua, Puke-kai-kiore, Karangahape, Haurungatahi, Hikurangi, Hurakia, and Titiraupenga, all of which indicate various centres of volcanic action.

The existence of a body of water of the area of Lake Taupo, and of its form and depth in the centre of this elevated region, may be accounted for in several ways. It may have originated in the terrific throes of

an earthquake, or by a fracture or break in the plateau. I am, however, of opinion that the present basin of the lake was at one time an active crater, which had its existence long prior to the period when the volcanic cones surrounding it sprang into existence, and that at the time of its activity it was considerably higher than it is at the present day, its subsidence or depression having been caused by one of those sudden changes peculiar to regions subject to volcanic disturbance. Moreover, many of the leading geological phenomena, as exemplified throughout the surrounding country, would seem to point to this conclusion. Perhaps one of the most remarkable features of the Taupo volcanic zone at the present day is its vast pumice plains, which radiate, as it were, from a common centre over an extensive area of country. The largest of these plains stretches in a north-easterly direction from the lake shore, with a gradual fall or incline in the same direction. It is through the western margin of this plain that the Waikato winds through its terraced valley, and it is around this valley that may be more distinctly seen the enormous deposits of pumice, which have been distributed far and wide, as it were, by the action of rapidly rolling waters.

From every outward indication it would appear that this vast deposit of pumice rock had its origin in the once active crater forming the basin of the great lake, and that both Ruapehu and Tongariro rose above their still higher planes long after the period when the great Taupo crater now forming the cup of the lake was the principal outlet of volcanic fires in this wide field of Plutonic action. As a matter of fact the distribution

of pumice drift around the enormous base of Ruapehu and Tongariro is as nothing when compared with the great pumice formation of North-Eastern Taupo, and this statement will apply equally to the plains westward and south-westward of the lake. The greatest overflow or distribution of pumice appears to have

TERRACE FORMATION AND HOT SPRINGS.
(*Valley of the Waikato.*)

been, as before pointed out, at the north-eastern division of the lake basin, where the area of depression is greater than at any other part, and at a point over thirty miles distant from either Tongariro or Ruapehu. It was, I believe, when the fires of the great lake volcano died out that the waters rose from the subterranean springs below, and overflowing the then more elevated crater, distributed the light pumice rock over

the area of country which had a gradual fall then as now in the direction in which the extensive deposits of pumice are still to be found. This enormous crater was, no doubt, at one time the highest point of the island, until its period of volcanic extinction and subsidence set in, after which stage the pent-up fires burst forth in the stupendous form of Ruapehu, and when the latter in its turn became extinct, Tongariro, with its minor system of volcanic cones, sprang into existence.

I am not aware whether this theory of the crater basin of Lake Taupo is a new or an old one, and I only endeavour to exemplify it as it presented itself to my mind, after a careful examination of the country for many miles around the lake, and from data gained during my ascent of the highest mountains of this great volcanic centre. I may, however, likewise point out that the Taupo natives still have a well-authenticated tradition, which would seem to show that even during the history of the race upon the island, the lake basin was at one period considerably higher than it is at the present day. But, beyond the above fact to support this theory, it is well known that the formation of lakes in extinct craters is common throughout the volcanic regions of the island. Lake Takapuna, near Auckland, may be taken as a notable instance. The blue lake at Wairakei, near Lake Taupo, is situated in a depressed crater, and Rotokawa, a little further to the east, is of the same formation. Lake Rotoaira, south of Taupo lake, is nothing more than a depressed crater, while there are no less than four lakes on the Tongariro mountains formed in the same way. There is likewise a lake formed by a crater on

the summit of Ruapehu, while the two lakes which I discovered to the south-west of that mountain, and named respectively Rangitauaiti and Rangitauanui, were nothing more than depressed craters filled with water from subterranean springs.

When treating of the many wonderful natural phenomena presented by the Taupo volcanic zone, it may not prove uninteresting to refer, if only in brief terms, to the several centres of thermal action within the immediate region of the lake. Both at its northern and southern end considerable areas of country are covered with geysers, solfataras, fumaroles, and hot springs. At a short distance below the point where the Waikato leaves the lake, the banks of the river are studded with boiling springs and fumaroles in a very active condition, while not far from its eastern margin is situated a large geyser which is constantly throwing up boiling water and emitting vast volumes of steam. At Wairakei, still further down the valley of the Waikato, these wonderful phenomena cover nearly 4000 acres of country, and take the form, as before shown, of enormous intermittent geysers, steam-holes, fumaroles, solfataras, and hot mineral springs of the most varied order; while to the north-east of Lake Taupo, Lake Rotokawa forms the centre of a wide circle of hot springs and fumaroles. On the south side of Lake Taupo, the mineral springs and geysers of Tokanu spread over a wide surface, and on the northern slope of Tongariro are some of the largest and most active boiling springs in the country, while the crater of the great mountain itself is the seat of a tremendous thermal action.

CHAPTER XIII.

EASTERN SHORE OF LAKE TAUPO.

A grand view—True source of the Waikato—The river of "streaming water"—Our first camp—Variation of temperature—Roto Ngaio—Te Hatepe Te Poroporo—The lake beneath us—A canoe—Motutere—Tauranga—Southern shore of the lake—Delta of the Upper Waikato.

WHEN we set out from Tapuwaeharuru our course lay around the eastern shore of the lake, and as the bright blue heavens were unflecked by a single cloud, we obtained an uninterrupted view of the magnificent and varied scenery that unfolded itself like an ever-changing panorama before the gaze. I had admired the beauties of Lake Taupo on several occasions, but never before had they been presented in so clear and defined a light as on this occasion. As far as the eye could reach, the grand sheet of water stretched away in the distance in a wide expanse of blue, which appeared just a shade deeper than the sky above, while the golden rays of the sun, shining over the lake and lighting up the surrounding country with a vivid power, made the snow-capped mountains in the south stand out in bold and beautiful relief. On every side the scenery was both varied and attractive. To the west, as far as the eye could see, were the densely

wooded heights of the King Country—the forbidden land we were about to enter. To the north was a level plain, above which the crater-shaped cone of Tauhara rose in rugged grandeur. To the east rolled away the wide expanse known as the Kaingaroa Plains, clothed in a mantle of waving tussock grass; while south-easterly the long line of the Kaimanawa mountains stretched across the country, their tall, pointed peaks looking like the Sierras of Southern Spain. It was, however, immediately to the south of the lake that the most enchanting *coup-d'œil* was to be obtained. Rising above the calm water was the solitary island of Motutaiko; beyond it the lake shore was indented with the most romantic-looking bays, above which a cluster of cone-shaped summits rose in a confused but picturesque group, overtopped by the tall form of Mount Pihanga. Beyond, in the background, the graceful cone of Tongariro, capped with a feathery cloud of steam, stood out in grand proportions; while high above all towered the stupendous form of Ruapehu—its rugged-peaked summit radiant in its fleecy mantle of snow. Although the nearest of these mountains was over twenty miles distant, they were all so clearly defined in outline as to appear not half that distance away. Taking into consideration the grand expanse of lake, the varied form of the surrounding mountains, with the active crater of Tongariro and the colossal proportions of Ruapehu—in fine, water, snow, mountain, and volcanic fires—never had I gazed upon, in any part of the world, so varied and so beautiful a scene.

The bay upon which Tapuwaeharuru is situated,

LAKE TAUPO.

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and around which our journey began, is one of the most remarkable parts of the lake, for it is here that the Waikato River rolls out of the broad expanse of water to pursue its long, winding course to the sea. At the point where the river leaves its great natural reservoir—that is to say at the top of the lake—the depth of water is not more than from four to six feet, but a few feet beyond where the eddying waters burst forth in the form of miniature cascades, the river gradually deepens as it flows onward in a rapid course through a winding narrow valley, with wide, sloping sides, which gradually become higher and steeper until they form a precipitous terraced gorge as the stream cuts its way through the pumice table-land in a devious course to the Huka Falls, over which it plunges, to dash onward again through a still deeper valley, the bed of which at the base of the falls is a little over 100 feet below the water level of Lake Taupo.[1] The point where the river takes its rise is the only outlet of any kind around the vast margin of the lake, and it is this spot which forms, as a matter of fact, the true source of

[1] The river, after leaving the falls, flows through a deep valley, which would seem to indicate, by its peculiar trough-like character, that the bed of the stream must, at some age or another, have been considerably higher than it is at the present time, and that the river gradually cut its deep channel through the yielding pumice formation, until the great barrier of rock forming the falls was met with, since which period it has cut its lower bed some fifty feet beneath. In this lower valley the shores rise abruptly from the margin of the water to a height of from forty to sixty feet, and then merge into a series of level plateaux or terraces, which, stretching inland for some distance, are again succeeded by others of a similar kind, which, in many places, rise in regular gradations above each other, like giant steps. For miles down the valley of the river the wonderful terraced

the Waikato. The great river, which enters the lake to the south, and which is supposed, by a romantic fiction of the natives, to flow through the lake without mingling with its waters, and which is erroneously styled the "Upper Waikato," is, without doubt, when considered geographically, a distinct stream of water, which is no more connected with the Waikato proper than are the numerous other streams which all add their quota to the lake waters. From the narrow outlet where the Waikato leaves the lake, it takes an almost north-easterly course for about thirty miles, when it flows north-westerly to Ngaruawahia, where, after its junction with the Waipa, it runs in an almost northerly direction until it bends again abruptly to the west, to disembogue at the West Coast. During its long winding course, it receives the waters of countless tributaries which form the great central watershed of a large portion of the island. The river in its rapid flow is still slowly but surely cutting its way through the great pumice formation, and as an evidence of this work it is no infrequent occurrence to see disintegrated masses of rock in the form of pumice drift floating upon its waters, to be carried out to sea, or deposited to form fresh strata along its winding banks. The colour of the water of the Waikato here, as elsewhere wherever the stream traverses the pumice country, is, like that of the lake, of a transparent opaline blue tint, and so clear is it

elevations, formed entirely of disintegrated pumice rock, which is everywhere rounded by the action of water, form the principal features of the country, and some of the hills which compose them are so symmetrical in form, and level and angular in outline, that they appear to have been built up by artificial means.

that the coraline-like formation of the rocky bed—an appearance caused by the silicious encrustations upon the rocks—is distinctly visible to a great depth below the surface of the stream. Indeed in the transparent beauty of its head waters I believe this river has no equal, and while the peculiar terrace formation of its upper valley imparts to it a singularly beautiful ap-

SOURCE OF THE WAIKATO AT LAKE TAUPO.

pearance, the high wooded ranges of its lower basin are no less remarkable for their wild and rugged grandeur.

With so many natural features, then, in its favour, it is no matter for wonder that the Waikato has from time immemorial been renowned in Maori fable and romance. Since time out of mind the rich lands surrounding it have formed the dwelling-places of the

most important native tribes, whose history is linked with its name, and whose songs and legends are echoed even to this day from every hill and valley along its course. The dark race is, however, fast disappearing from its banks, the stroke of the paddle is now almost unheard upon its bosom, but the Waikato, or river of "streaming water," still shapes its swift course over its bounding rapids, and with an echoing sound which would seem to say,—

> Men may come and men may go,
> But I go on for ever.

As we proceeded on our way around the north-eastern shore of the lake, we crossed a small stream called Waipahihi, which flows across a level plain from the direction of Tauhara Mountain. Here was a small native settlement, composed of a *runanga* house and a few *whares*, in front of which some half-dozen natives were sunning themselves, while several laughing, dusky children paddled about in the clear blue water. We passed along the shore until the western side of the lake opened out into a deep bay with bold, rugged cliffs shooting up perpendicularly from the water, while the mountain scenery to the south became still more attractive towards sundown, when the heavens assumed a beautiful green and carmine tint. We kept on our course until the last ray of sunlight had died away, and the moon was already high when we pitched our first camp on the banks of the Waitahanui River, with the broad lake on one side of our tent, and a *raupo* swamp on the other.

At this camping-place, which stood on a level with

the lake, we experienced for the first time one of those sudden changes of temperature which afterwards became one of the most remarkable features of the journey. At 4 p.m. the thermometer registered as high as 80° Fahr. in the shade, and at midnight it stood at 2° below freezing-point, being a variation of no less than 50° in eight hours. When we awoke in the morning the thermometer marked 4° below freezing-point. The ground was coated with a thick frost, and the water we had left standing overnight was covered with a coating of ice. The sun, however, as it swept over the lake, soon clothed us with its genial warmth, and nature looked more radiant than ever.

We struck camp soon after daybreak, and forded the Waitahanui, which flowed with a very rapid current into the lake, the water, which was very clear and cold, reaching nearly over our horses' backs. The country around our track at this point consisted principally of broad flats, with here and there low ranges of pumice terraces covered with fern and *manuka* scrub, until we came to Roto Ngaio, a small native settlement situated in a semicircle of the lake shore, which was surrounded by pumice cliffs, completely flat-topped and level, with steep, clean-cut gorges. In the centre of the settlement was a small lake, the water of which, of an intensely blue colour, reflected on its calm surface the luxuriant vegetation that grew around. Everywhere along its border were deep clusters of willow and acacia-trees; in the thick sedges which fringed the water on every side were flocks of water-fowl, while the native *whares*, dotted about

beneath the trees, imparted to the whole scene a singularly picturesque appearance.

From Roto Ngaio we rounded Te Kohae Point, where the shore was covered with various kinds of drift washed up by the lake, and by which it could be plainly seen that the water-line during the rainy months was considerably higher than during the dry season. The shore-line hereabout was walled in by tall cliffs of pure white pumice, which rose up perpendicularly from 200 to 300 feet in height, and there were no signs of vegetation, save the scanty growth of fern that seemed to struggle for existence along the tops of the precipices.

We crossed the Hinemaiai River, which cut its way through a valley of flat-topped terraces, and at mid-day we camped for an hour at Tehatepe, a deserted Maori settlement, where peach, cherries, and other fruit-trees grew in picturesque confusion in a garden-like expanse of bush. At every settlement along the lake, whether occupied or deserted, we found extensive peach groves growing in the greatest luxuriance, many of the finest kinds of this delicious fruit being produced from the sterile-looking pumice lands.

The view from this place, looking across the lake towards the western bay, was most charming. The day was singularly warm and bright for the season of the year, and as we sat under a deep cluster of acacia-trees, and admired the beauties of the wide expanse of calm blue water before us, there was nothing to mar the quiet tranquillity of the spot, save innumerable blowflies that swarmed around us in an unpleasantly familiar kind of way.

After leaving Tehatepe, we crossed the Totara and Waipehi streams, flowing into the lake from pumice hills in the distance, and came to a jutting point, where the cliffs rose to a height of several hundred feet above us. The track led over the tops of these, but, in order to avoid taking our horses by that way, we waded into the lake amidst the boulders and rocks, with the water over the horses' backs, and after rounding several huge masses of rock and jutting points, we gained the foot of another high headland, called Te Poroporo, up which we had to climb from the water by steep and dangerous rocky ledges, over which our horses had to scramble as if going up a slippery flight of steps. Over this steep cliff the path wound higher and higher until for a long distance it attained an elevation of over 100 feet above the water, with a high cliff wall on one side and a precipitous descent into the lake below on the other.

The view of the grand surroundings obtained from this elevation was beautiful in the extreme. The lake, like a vast inland sea, was spread out beneath us, while immediately below our track the shore-line was dotted with gigantic boulders, among which innumerable wild duck were disporting themselves in the pellucid water. Beyond, towards the south, the mountains towered to the skies, and Tongariro appeared to be giving off a greater cloud of steam than it had done at any time during the previous day. The picturesque island of Motutaiko lay right beneath us, the *whares* of Tokanu could be plainly seen, backed by a cloud of vapour from the hot springs; while on the other side of the lake, in the direction of the north-east, we could

discern a vapoury column rising from Te Karipiti, and big, white clouds of steam floating over the geyser valley at Wairakei.

When we gained the level shore-line the country became very picturesque, the low flats ending in small valleys and low hills, many of which partook of the flat terrace formation so remarkable in the pumice country. A large canoe, filled with natives, passed by us, speeding in the direction of the western shore, the frail craft shooting rapidly over the water, with the well-timed stroke of the paddles, which moved with the regularity of clockwork to the loud refrain of the dusky voyagers as they sped on their way.

At Motutere, a small, low peninsula jutting out into the lake, we found the remains of an extensive *pa*, with burial-places, and carved palisading, which lay scattered about the ground. There were likewise the remains of a *wharekarakia*, or church, a ruined monument where the first light of Christianity had dawned upon a heathen people. This place, which was most delightfully situated, bore evidence of having been at one time a populous native settlement, which had gradually dwindled away until it had become the haunt of a few wild pigs that squealed and grunted at us as we passed through the deserted cultivations, which were still marked by the peach and the rose-tree.

Beyond Motutere the shore-line took a graceful curve in the form of a wide bay, with a white pumice shore, picturesque hills rising gracefully on our left, and jutting points running out in the direction of the lake. Here, too, the vegetation was more green and

luxuriant, and the soil of a better quality than towards the north. We forded the Waitotaka River, a clear, rapid stream, flowing from the direction of the Kaimanawa Mountains, and a short distance farther on we came to Tauranga Taupo, a native settlement on the banks of the river of that name. Beyond, the country opened out into low, fern-clad plains, backed by low ridges of hills. The shades of evening closed around us near to this point, so we pitched our camp for the night hard by a flax swamp which here bordered the lake.[1]

We struck camp soon after the first streak of dawn had swept over the snows of Ruapehu, and passed around the southern end of the lake in the direction of Tokanu. We soon reached the peninsula Motuoapa, a bold, rocky promontory connected with the mainland by a low, narrow neck. At one time a formidable *pa* stood on this place, and many of the old earthworks may yet be distinctly traced. Its position is a most beautiful one, jutting out into the lake over a wide bay, and it reminded me at the first glance of the bold, rugged peaks one sees crowned by feudal strongholds around the lakes of the old country. At a short distance from Motuoapa we crossed the Waimarino River, which flows through a flat, swampy plain, which extends for a considerable distance inland from the southern shores of the lake.

The next point of interest was the delta of the

[1] Throughout this day's travel we likewise, as on the previous day, experienced a great variation of temperature. At 6 a.m. the thermometer indicated 4° of frost; at 1 p.m. it registered 84° in the shade; at 3 p.m. it had fallen to 80°; at 7·30 p.m. to 64°, giving an extreme variation of 56° in seven hours.

Upper Waikato, where that river flows into the lake. Here the strand was covered with a light fluvial drift and pumice sand, through which our horses struggled fetlock deep. At this point the river flows into a semicircular bay, formed by a bend in the lake shore, which was here covered with flocks of a small graceful species of seagull, called by the natives *tarapunga*. The head and breast and under part of the body of this bird were snow white, the wings of a light grey, tipped with black, and the tail white with black bars. It frequents all parts of the lake, but is found more generally at its southern end. We forded the river some little distance above the extreme point of the delta, where the bed of the stream was about forty yards in width, and where the overhanging banks, worn away by its perpetual energy, were evidently in a constant state of transition. The river, owing to the melting of the snows at Ruapehu, was coming down at a rapid rate, and the water sweeping over our horses' backs nearly carried them from under us. The bed of the river was moreover covered with large boulders, and the animals plunged desperately in their endeavours to keep their footing against the strong stream. The banks hereabout were covered with *toetoe* grass and strewn with drift timber in those parts where the river during the heavy floods had burst its boundary and swept over the surrounding country. This is one of the most dangerous crossing-places around the lake at the time of a strong fresh, as the waters in their rapid descent from the highlands to the south carry everything in their course into the broad lake beyond.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOKANU.

Scenery—The springs—The natives—Old war-tracks—Te Heuheu—A Maori lament—Motutaiko—Horomatangi.

Our journey of about thirty miles around the eastern shore of Lake Taupo brought us to the native settlement of Tokanu, which is situated at the extreme south-western end of the lake, and on the shores of a picturesque bay, formed on the one side by the delta of the Upper Waikato, and on the other side by a line of precipitous cliffs which rose like a solid wall of rock from the edge of the water, their tops rolling inland in the form of conical-shaped hills. To the south of the bay, and behind the native settlement, rise the Kakaramea Ranges, in a cluster of volcanic cones, in some parts clothed with a dense vegetation, while in other places the mountain sides are entirely bare, especially in the vicinity of the hot springs and *fumaroles*, which may be seen sending up their clouds of steam from various parts of the slopes. As we looked across the bay of Tokanu the scenery was resplendent in all the rich, wild beauty of this part of the country. The bay presented a wide expanse of water, broken only by the small island of Motutaiko,

which seemed to rise with fairy-like beauty from the depths below. Beyond, to the east, was the bold promontory of Motuoapa and the winding sinuations of the eastern shore. To the west, on the margin of the lake, rose a green terrace-like formation, marked by the conical mountain Pukekaikiore, beyond which, again, the bold form of Karangahape rose to a height of over a thousand feet above the calm, blue water, which shone beneath the sun, without a breath of wind to disturb its surface; while right abreast of the settlement a small river, known as the Waihi, fell over a precipitous wall of rock in the form of a foaming cascade. Here, upon the sides of the fern-clad slopes and upon the level flats, amidst boiling fountains, hot springs, and *fumaroles*, the primitive-looking *whares* of the natives were scattered about in the most picturesque confusion, but all looking out upon the lake and its beautiful surroundings, which render this curious region of thermal action one of the most charming spots in the world.

The Tokanu River runs through the settlement, and it is in the vicinity of this stream that the principal springs are situated. All the springs, *solfataras*, and *fumaroles* hereabout partake of the same character as those of the other centres of thermal action around the lake, and are used by the natives in the same way for the curative properties they possess, as well as for cooking, bathing, and other puposes. The largest and most remarkable hot spring is Te Pirori, which, from a deep, round hole, throws up a column of boiling water to a height of ten to fifteen feet, amidst dense volumes of steam. For a space of nearly three square

miles one may walk over quaking soil, where bubbling springs of hot water flowing into basins of white, silicious rock, and jets of hissing steam bursting from the ground, meet one at every turn.

The whole region of the Kakaramea Range to the rear of the settlement was, without doubt, at one time the scene of a vast volcanic action, and it is from the still active agencies observable in certain parts of these mountains that the existence of the present springs may be traced. Indeed, Tokanu may be said to be situated at the very foot of some of the principal extinct volcanic cones of this part of the island, and although their craters are now inactive, their steaming sides still indicate that an extensive thermal activity is yet going on within them.

There is a considerable Maori population at Tokanu and in its neighbourhood, and many of the natives are remarkable for their stalwart build, a condition which no doubt arises, in no small degree, from the healthfulness of the climate, as well as from the fact that they secure the choice of a greater variety of food than that obtained by many of the less favoured tribes of the interior. The principal staple of diet, here as elsewhere, is pork and potatoes, but besides this the lake yields several varieties of fish, which are held in high esteem. The golden carp, introduced some years ago, is very plentiful, and besides it there are three distinct species common to the lake—the *kokopu*, the *koaro*, and the *inanga*, while the *koura*, or crayfish, likewise abounds.

From the earliest period of Maori history Tokanu has been an important place of native settlement,

and it is still one of the principal strongholds of the Ngatituwharetoa. It is likewise, at the present time, one of the most jealously-guarded entrances to the King Country. Situated, as it is, in the very centre of the island, it formed in former years the point at which the chief war-tracks converged. During the early days, when tribal wars were frequent, there were three main tracks (existing to this day) which were principally used for conveying intelligence throughout the island. One came from Whanganui, in the south, across the Rangipo table-land to Tokanu, while two others diverged from the latter place, one striking west, through that portion of the island now known as the King Country, and thence to the north. The other passed along the eastern shores of Lake Taupo, and thence to Maketu. The natives told us that in war-time men belonging to the various tribes through whose territory the tracks passed, were stationed at different points, and they, by moving rapidly from place to place when in receipt of information, conveyed it thus from one end of the island to the other in an incredibly short space of time.

Besides its many other historic associations, Te Rapa, an old *pa* near Tokanu, was the scene of the terrible catastrophe by which Te Heuheu, the great warrior chief of the Ngatituwharetoa, met his death, with sixty of his followers, by a land-slip, which overwhelmed his *pa* during the night, in the month of May, 1846. The site of this terrific fall of earth may still be traced, while the name and fame of Te Heuheu still resounds from Tokanu even unto the lofty peaks of Tongariro, where the Maori hero, armed even in death

with his spear and *mere*, awaits the sound of the last trumpet. It was in memory of Te Heuheu's untimely end that his brother, Iwikau, composed the following lament, which for poetic diction and pathos has no equal in the Maori language:[1]—

See o'er the heights of dark Tauhara's mount
The infant morning wakes. Perhaps my friend
Returns to me, clothed in that lightsome cloud!—
Alas! I toil alone in this lone world.
Yes, thou art gone!
Go, thou mighty! go, thou dignified!
Go, thou who wert a spreading tree to shade
Thy people when evil hover'd round!
And what strange god has caused so dread a death
To thee and thy companions?

Sleep on, O Sire, in that dark, damp abode!
And hold within thy grasp that weapon rare,
Bequeath'd to thee by thy renown'd ancestor,
Ngahuia, when he left the world.

Turn yet this once thy bold, athletic frame!
And let me see thy skin carved o'er with lines
Of blue; and let me see thy face so
Beautifully chisell'd into varied forms;—
Ah! the people now are comfortless and sad!

The stars are faintly shining in the heavens!
For "Atutahi" and "Rehua-Kai-tangata"
Have disappear'd, and that fair star that shone
Beside the milky way. Emblems these
Of thee, O friend beloved.

The Mount of Tongariro rises lonely
In the South; while the rich feathers that
Adorn'd the great canoe "Arawa,"
Float upon the wave, and women from the
West look on and weep!

[1] Te Heuheu was the most powerful chief of his time, and exercised a widespread influence over the Maori race, who regarded him in the light of a deified being. He is said to have been a man of herculean proportions, standing seven feet high.

Why hast thou left behind the valued treasures
Of thy famed ancestor Rongomaihuia,
And wrapp'd thyself in night?

Cease thy slumbers, O thou son of Rangi!
Wake up, and take thy battle-axe, and tell
Thy people of the coming signs; and what
Will now befall them. How the foe, tumultuous
As the waves, will rush with spear uplifted;
And how thy people will avenge their wrongs,
Nor shrink at danger. But let the warriors
Breathe awhile, nor madly covet death!

Lo, thou art fallen, and the earth receives
Thee as its prey! But thy wondrous fame
Shall soar on high, resounding o'er the heavens![2]

The small, picturesque island of Motutaiko, which forms one of the most conspicuous and attractive features when looking from Tokanu over the lake, is formed by an oblong mass of rock, with precipitous sides, which arise abruptly from the water. It is mostly covered with a dense vegetation, which casts its fantastic shadows upon the shining surface below, and altogether it is a very pretty and a very romantic-looking place. It is accessible only on one side, and the water surrounding it is said by the natives to be of enormous depth.

As with most remarkable places situated in solitary positions, the superstitious mind of the Maori has made this curious island the abode of an evil spirit or *taniwha*, one Horomatangi, who appears to act the part of a kind of Neptune of the lake. He is said by the natives to live in a submerged cave on the western side of the island, where the rocks are

[2] This lament will be found in Sir George Grey's invaluable collection of Maori songs and legends.

steepest. Ever on the alert, in fine or foul weather, whenever a passing canoe goes by, he stirs up the elements, and, causing the water to surge and roll, upsets the frail bark, and carries off its living freight to his abode beneath the lake. On this account natives, when navigating the lake, steer clear of this island.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RANGIPO TABLE-LAND.

Along the delta of the Upper Waikato—Mount Pihanga—The Poutu River and Lake Rotoaira—Boundaries of the Rangipo—Scenery—A fine night—A rough time—A great storm—The *karamu* as fodder—Banks of the Upper Waikato—Another start—More bad weather—Flooded creeks—Pangarara—Te Hau.

From Tokanu we followed up the delta of the Waikato River, and passed through a swamp nearly three miles across, and where many of the muddy creeks and crossing-places were up to our horses' girths in thick black mud. The swamp, composed of a black alluvial soil of the richest kind, covered a large area to the south of the lake, and stretched far inland to the base of the low hills beyond. It was mostly covered with a dense growth of flax and *raupo*, the less swampy parts giving life to a luxuriant growth of *toetoe* grass, which waved its feathery tufts far above our heads. Further along our track the country rose rapidly to a height of 200 feet above the delta in the form of a long ridge of barren hills. From the summit of these elevations the land fell rapidly along our course 100 feet into a hollow depression. This large area, which had the appearance of having formed at some time a portion of the lake basin, was covered with fluvial drift

and enormous trachytic boulders, but wherever vegetation could spring up the tussock grass grew luxuriantly. Through the centre of this broad expanse the Waikato rolled onward with many twists and turns over its boulder-strewn bed, its winding course being marked by a luxuriant growth of tall trees and other vegetation.

We passed close to the base of Mount Pihanga, which rose majestically on our right to an altitude of nearly 4000 feet, and formed a conspicuous landmark for many miles around. This splendid mountain, springing from an almost level base, is the largest volcanic cone of the Kakaramea ranges, and while its form is wonderfully symmetrical in its proportions, it is clothed from base to summit with a dense forest growth, save here and there where its clear-cut sides roll down into the plains beneath in the form of fern-clad slopes. Immediately at the summit of Pihanga is an extensive crater, the northern lip of which comes considerably down the slope of the mountain, appearing like an extensive land-slip. This mountain is personified by the Maoris as the wife of Tongariro.

We had to cross the Waikato twice on its winding course, and next we forded the Poutu River, a rapid stream with deep broken banks flowing out of Lake Rotoaira, which lay a considerable distance further to our right at the southern base of Pihanga, and between that mountain and Tongariro. We had now entered upon the Rangipo table-land, and were gradually ascending that portion of it known to the natives as the Te Henga, a large tract of country covered with good soil and a luxuriant growth of low fern and native grasses.

As the Rangipo table-land and the plains in its vicinity will enter largely into my description of this portion of the country, I will point out its boundaries, with a few of the grand natural features which render it one of the most remarkable regions in the world.

The Rangipo plateau, which may be said to form the central division of the great highland of the interior of the island, is in reality considerably higher than the extensive elevated region immediately surrounding Lake Taupo. While the latter has a mean elevation of about 2000 feet above the level of the sea, the height of the Rangipo is over 3000 feet at its highest point on the Onetapu desert, on the eastern side of Ruapehu. This extensive plane of elevation takes its rise a short distance from the southern end of the lake, and extends in the form of broad open downs for a distance of over forty miles, when it merges into the Murimotu Plains as it falls to the south. On its eastern margin are the Kaimanawa Mountains, at the extreme base of which the Upper Waikato rolls in its winding course to join the great lake. Beyond, to the north-west, the cone-shaped summits of the Kakaramea ranges rise up, clothed with a dense vegetation, as they slope gracefully to the shores of Lake Rotoaira in the west, and beyond which there are again extensive plains fringed with dense forests, which slope gradually to the valley of the Whanganui. Right in the very centre of the table-land towers the magnificent cone of Tongariro, situated in the midst of a cluster of lower mountains, whilst close to it and separated only by a narrow valley, stands the colossal form of Ruapehu, peak rising above peak to the region

of eternal snow. The greater portion of the soil of this extensive table-land is of volcanic origin, and is formed principally by the decomposition of the trachytic rocks forming the extensive volcanic system of mountains which border it on its western side, and, with the exception of the desert tract above alluded to, which is about eight miles across, it is covered for the most part with a luxuriant growth of native grasses; while it is intersected from one extent to the other by a perfect network of streams and rivers, which flow generally in an easterly direction and form tributaries of the Upper Waikato.

The scenery of this splendid tract of country burst so suddenly upon us after rounding the broad base of Mount Pihanga that we seemed to have entered a wild, romantic land blessed with the grandest and most varied features of nature. To the north was Lake Taupo, with the island and bold headlands tinged with the golden rays of the setting sun; in front of us were the tall Kaimanawa Mountains clothed to their summits with sombre forests, over which the shades of evening played in a fitful kind of way, now lighting up the broad ravines, now clothing them with darkness. The wide, rolling sides of the Tongariro Mountains swept down to the plains in a series of terrace-like slopes, green with a dense growth of fern and native grasses, which, mingling with the trees on the higher ridges, gave the hills a park-like look, while, as we rode onward, the white glittering summit of Ruapehu assumed a pink rosy tint as the orb of day sank slowly to rest in the west.

Our course was along the Rangipo in the direction

of Tongariro, some fifteen miles distant by the way we were going to attack it, and as we were acting a kind of strategic movement we kept out to the east along the Waikato River, to avoid, if possible, being seen by the natives of Rotoaira, who keep watch and ward over the tapued mountain. Everything looked propitious for the assault which we had intended to make on the following day. When we took up our quarters for the night, the moon rose bright and clear, the stars shone brilliantly, and the snow on the dark mountains gleamed white and beautiful. By this time we were already 850 feet above Lake Taupo, or a little over 2000 feet above the level of the sea; the air was singularly clear, and the thermometer, which had marked 48° in the shade at 6 a.m., at midday had risen to 72°, and had fallen to 64° at 5 p.m., and as the wind was still from the south, and there appeared every prospect of fine weather on the morrow, we determined to start at daybreak to make the next stage for Tongariro; but alas! "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley."

The name Rangipo means, in the native language, "black, cloudy sky," a term which in former years may have had some allusion to the volcanic fires, with their clouds of smoke and ashes, which must at some period have made this place appear like a veritable Pandemonium—or it may, on the other hand, have originated in the terrific storms which still break with unabated violence on this elevated region, just as they must have done countless ages ago, when the elements above waged war with the plutonic fires below. Be that, however, as it may, the "black, cloudy sky."

cast its dismal mantle around us, and our first night was ushered in with a tremendous storm of wind from the north-east, and a perfect deluge of rain. The creeks and rivers rose around us, the Waikato rolled through its rocky gorge with a sound like the roaring of a distant sea, and when daybreak came and we looked anxiously in the direction of Tongariro, both it and Ruapehu were blotted completely out of view by a dense black cloud, which hung around them like a funeral pall. Up to the time when we arrived at the Rangipo, we had enjoyed throughout our journey the most delightful weather, but this sudden break was the prelude to some of the hardest experiences of our journey. The rain poured down incessantly without a single hour's intermission, and without a single break in the clouds, the wind blowing a hurricane most of the time, and veering round to all points of the compass, but invariably coming back to the north-east or north.

During the six days and nights which this storm lasted without a single intermission, we lived on from day to day in hope, which was sustained by scanty feeds of porridge and hard biscuit. We, however, managed to keep body and soul together, but our poor horses suffered severely, and it was the privations which they underwent on this occasion that told greatly upon them during the whole of the journey. The constant cold and wet to which they were exposed reduced their general tone to the lowest, and while the grass at that season possessed little or no nourishment, they had to seek their food always at the end of the tether rope. To aid them a little, we would go into the bush which skirts the Waikato, and cut the

branches of the *karamu*,[1] which bears a dark green leaf and clusters of bright red berries. Of this the half-starved animals would eat voraciously, but unfortunately the supply was limited in this locality, although we afterwards met with this tree frequently throughout our journey.

During our unwilling sojourn on the banks of the Waikato the long wet days and nights passed drearily and slowly away. Even on foot we could not travel far, owing to the swollen creeks, but we used sometimes to go out with the gun, and range over the splendid forests which border the Waikato along its entire length and extend over the Kaimanawa Mountains in the form of a thick and almost impenetrable growth. Here we found all the varied *flora* peculiar to this region growing in the most luxuriant way down to the edge of the boulder-strewn river and upwards for thousands of feet to the summits of the highest mountains. Whenever we came to the many bends of the river the scenery was beautiful beyond description, by reason of its rugged grandeur, and the wonderful growth of vegetation that spread itself everywhere around, as if gaining life and strength from the rapid waters as they careered madly along. The river, in most places about 100 feet wide, descended from the steep table-land in the direction of Lake Taupo, with a rapid current, over enormous boulders of trachytic rock. Gaining force and rapidity at almost every bend, its bright foaming waters fed by the steep gorges of the Kaimanawa Mountains, the snows of Ruapehu, and the rapidly-rolling creek of Tongariro, it pursued a

[1] For this tree, see Appendix.

perfectly snake-like course at the base of the tall mountains, which rose up almost perpendicularly for thousands of feet on its eastern side, while precipitous walls of pumice rock and volcanic conglomerate formed its western boundary along the table-land. The Upper Waikato forms, in fact, the main channel for the watershed of the whole of the Rangipo table-land and the western side of the Kaimanawa Mountains for a distance of over thirty miles, and every creek and river in the country through which it passes flows into it. At one point we came to a splendid gorge through which the river dashed in low, silvery cascades. On the opposite side from where we stood, the mountains rose steeply upwards to a height of about 6000 feet, forest-clad to their summits, with a dense and beautifully varied growth, where shrubs, trees, and parasitical plants mingled themselves together in a perfect network of vegetation. The banks of the river below us fell almost perpendicularly to a depth of 300 feet, but so thick was the forest verdure as we looked down to the bottom of the deep gorge below over the tops of the gigantic trees which grew beneath, that it was only now and again that we caught a glimpse of the rushing stream as it flowed over its boulder-strewn bed. Here tree-top rose over tree-top until the beautiful vegetation mounting upwards in a dense mass mingled with the vapoury clouds that hung around.

When the storm had spent its force, a gleam of sunshine dispelled the mists, and just for a time the summit of Ruapehu shone white and clear beneath the rolling clouds. We had carefully marked our intended

course upon the map, and had resolved as soon as the weather should break to make direct for the southern side of Tongariro, and ascend the tapued mountain as quickly as we could, in order to give the natives, if they fell across our tracks, as short a time as possible to run us to earth. With the hope, if not altogether the prospect, of a fine day, we made another start, but not before we had been compelled, owing to the weak condition of our horses, to abandon half our provisions, and reduce our whole commissariat to the lowest proportions.

Before we had journeyed a mile the bright sun disappeared; the "black, cloudy sky" of the Rangipo again gathered around us; the winds swept across the wide plains in terrific gusts; the rain poured down heavier than before; the white snow-clad summit of Ruapehu disappeared from view with the quickness of a phantom, and again the vapouring mists obscured the great mountains towards which we were travelling.

We had to cross no less than five large creeks, besides smaller streams, in about four miles. The tracts down to the creeks, which had a steep fall of 200 to 300 feet below the plains, were broken about and washed away into big holes and dangerous and slippery places, and the horses were as chary of facing these treacherous inclines as they were of going into the flooded waters of the creeks themselves. The amount of water poured out by these creeks into the Waikato from the Tongariro Mountains during a flood must be seen to be fully realized. At all times the natural springs of the mountains keep them well supplied, but when heavy rains descend, the whole water-

shed comes down with tremendous force and volume. Wherever we crossed these rugged, boulder-strewn streams, the banks were clothed with a splendid and varied vegetation, which got denser and denser as their deep gorges led up the steep mountain sides. I noticed in these creeks that the boulders were mostly of trachytic formation, with smaller drift composed of the various volcanic rocks peculiar to the district, while embedded in their steep pumice sides might often be seen the charred remains of enormous trees, which must have lived ages ago, when some volcanic eruption swept over them.

We pitched our camp at Pangarara, a deserted Maori *pa*, situated some distance off the plains, and at the edge of a secluded bush about two miles from the south-eastern foot of Tongariro. The rain still poured down as heavily as usual, and although the country was entirely open between us and the big mountain that was to be the next scene of our operations, not a vestige of it could we see.

We had up to this time been detained exactly ten days, through stress of weather, whilst waiting to ascend the tapued mountain, the dull monotony of our position being only relieved by the somewhat exciting expectation that the Maoris might be down upon us at any moment. The place where we were camped formed part of a wide area of country, extending from the base of Tongariro in an easterly direction to the Waikato, and embracing a large and fertile portion of the Rangipo Plains. For time out of mind this part of the country had been a native game reserve, principally for the hunting of the *weka* and a small white bird (I

believe of the gull species) which frequents the mountains of Tongariro at certain seasons of the year. This wide territory, and a great deal more besides, was under the *mana* of a noted chief named Te Hau, whose *pa* was at Ruaponga. This native dignity was renowned throughout this part of the country as a man of singular intelligence; but, like most Hauhaus, he entertained an intense hatred for Anglo-Saxon laws and institutions. He appeared to act the *rôle*, among the tribes of these parts, of a Napoleon the Great, in the matter of territorial aggrandizement, and it is darkly hinted that, during the war, Te Hau and many of the rebel chiefs were in league, and that one day a terrible massacre occurred over a disputed title to an extensive area of land over which Te Hau now rules as lord and master.

A strict Conservative in all matters relative to Maori laws, customs, and traditions, to have fallen in with Te Hau on his "native heath," and under the very shadow of Tongariro, which he guards with the sacred jealousy of a fanatic, would have been about as pleasant as meeting with his Satanic Majesty himself just fresh from the fires of the burning mountain. We therefore had to keep not only a keen but an anxious look-out, the more so as we had learned at Tokanu that Te Hau was on his way from the south with a large party of his followers to attend a native gathering at Rotoaira, which had been convened by some of the leading chiefs to inquire into a disputed land title; and as Pangarara was one of his usual camping-places, we were naturally the more anxious to get away from the locality as soon as possible.

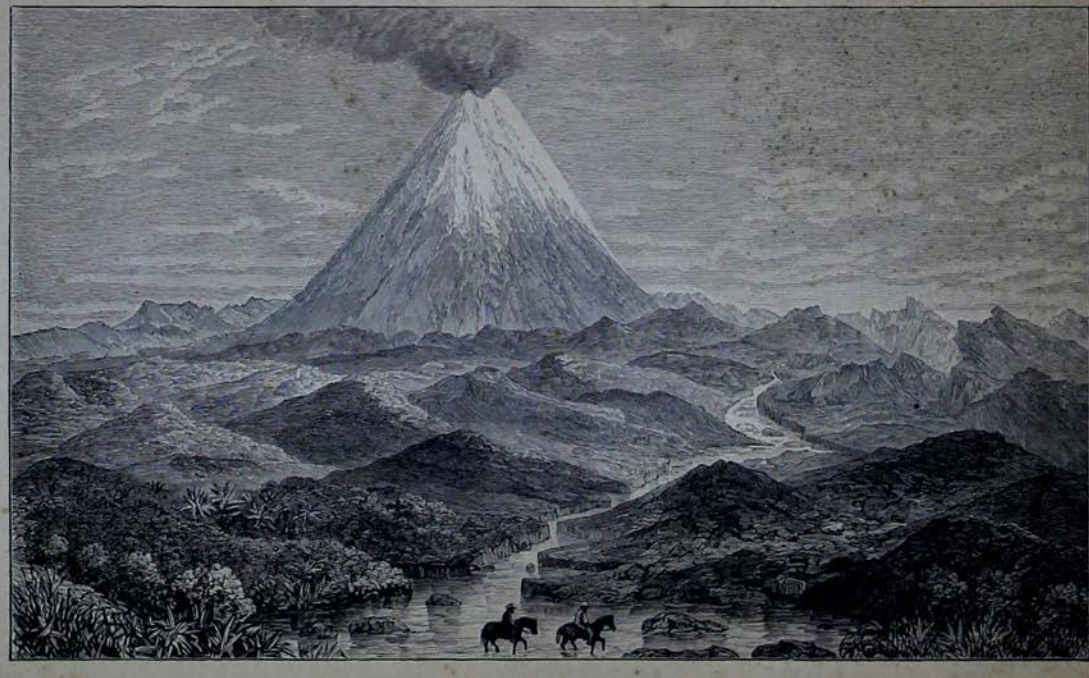
CHAPTER XVI.

ASCENT OF TONGARIRO.

Physical and geological features—Legend of Tongariro—A break in the clouds—The start for the ascent—Maories in the distance—The Waihohonu valley—The ascent—The brink of Hades—The great crater—The inner crater—The lower cones—Crater lakes—The descent—A valley of death—Tongariro by moonlight—A cold night—The start for Ruapehu.

THE cluster of trachytic cones constituting the Tongariro group forms collectively an almost complete circle rising from a level plateau, which near the base of the mountains has a general elevation of about 3000 feet above the level of the sea. The enormous cone with its active crater, which forms the central point of the group, springs from an almost level base, and is flanked on its western and north-eastern sides by minor conical mountains, which are connected with each other by high ridges. To the north-west a series of undulating hills roll down to the plains, while to the south a steep, flat-topped spur juts out into the plateau which bounds the mountain in that direction. With the higher mountains are connected lower undulating hills, formed principally of scoria, and covered, especially towards the plains, with a luxuriant growth of native grasses, low fern, and dwarf shrubs. Right

in the very centre of this great circle of cones and extinct craters, the graceful, tapering form of the burning mountain rises from the bottom of an extensive basin-like depression, which, encircled as it is by the rugged sides of the surrounding ranges, has somewhat the appearance of an ancient crater. This beautiful mountain, as it rears its tall head high above the less elevated cones, especially when viewed from its southern side, at once strikes the beholder by its wonderfully symmetrical proportions. With a slope of about thirty to thirty-five degrees, it assumes as near as possible the exact form of a sugarloaf, without a twist or a bend to mar the grand effect of its outline. To describe it, one must imagine this huge mass built up of trachytic rock, ridges of lava, scoria, volcanic conglomerates, enormous boulders, and other igneous accumulations to a height of thousands of feet, tapering off gracefully at the summit as if moulded by the hand of man. It is not a crater of elevation in the ordinary acceptation of the term, like its colossal neighbour Ruapehu, but a complete trachytic scoria cone, which may have originated from some sudden outbreak of plutonic forces, or from a small aperture in the earth's crust throwing up particles of volcanic rock similar to those of which the mountain is composed, until, through countless ages, its action becoming by degrees more extended, it gradually built itself up to its present proportions from the matter it ejected from its fiery mouth, and thus, phœnix-like, rose into being from its own ashes. When examining the great mountain, it may be plainly seen that the ridges of trachytic lava, which form, as it were, the skeleton upon which the



TONGARIRO.

[*Page* 180.

whole structure is raised, have generally a vertical strike from the summit to the base of the cone, converging, however, gradually towards the top, and while the edges of some are inclined so as to form an almost horizontal stratum, as shown in many of the gorges, the edges of the others stand out perpendicularly, like enormous buttresses. Although the whole mountain is covered with scoria and other volcanic *débris*, the largest deposits of the former appear to be between the lava ridges, and this is especially the case on the eastern side of the mountain, where these extensive accumulations cover a considerable area of country. Besides the active crater at the summit of the great cone, there is another to the north-eastern side of the group, known as Ketetahi, near to which there is likewise an extensive system of boiling springs. But as I visited these two latter points during another stage of my journey, I will refer more fully to them in their proper order.

After our ascent of Tongariro, and during our subsequent intercourse with the natives, we made it a practice to learn as much as we could of their many interesting legends. The legend of Tongariro was more than once repeated to us by the tribes both resident near and at a distance from the sacred mountain, and it is a remarkable fact, as showing the correctness of the oral traditions of the Maoris, that each one agreed in all particulars with the current stories.

It would appear, then, that when the *Arawa* canoe touched the newly discovered shores of Aotearoa there was among the dusky adventurers a chief who bore the title of Ngatoroirangi, a name which signifies in

the Maori mythology a high priest or deified man. After the natives had formed a settlement at Maketu, Ngatoroirangi was the first to set out, in company with his slave, Ngauruhoe, to explore the new land. Striking into the interior, he crossed the plains of Taupo, and then along the lake, into which he cast his staff, which the natives state became a great *totara* tree. He also shook his mat over the waters, and from the strips which fell from it sprang the *inanga*, a small fish which now abounds in the lake. It was dark and stormy when Ngatoroirangi came to the lake, but suddenly the clouds broke, and he beheld for the first time the giant form of Tongariro. With the keen instincts of a heaven-born explorer, the chief resolved to ascend the great mountain, in order to get a better view of the surrounding country; but the snow was deep, and the ice-bound summit of Tongariro was too much for the adventurous travellers, fresh from the sunny islands of the South Seas. Prompted by the unpleasant prospect of being frozen to death, Ngatoroirangi shouted lustily to his sisters who had tarried at Whakari (White Island), some hundred and sixty miles distant, to send him some fire. The summons was obeyed in quick time, and the sacred fire was entrusted to the hands of two *taniwhas*,[1] named respectively Te Pupu and Te Haeata, who conveyed it by a subterranean channel which is yet supposed by the natives to connect Tongariro with the still active volcanic island in the Bay of Plenty. It is related that the fire arrived in time to save the

[1] *Taniwha*, native name for a fabulous reptile supposed to inhabit deep water.

life of the adventurous Ngatoroirangi, but when he turned to comfort his slave, he found to his horror that his trusty follower had given up the ghost. At this juncture Ngatoroirangi took the sacred fire, and casting it into the extinct crater of Tongariro, the subterranean fires burst forth. On this account Ngatoroirangi named the crater Ngauruhoe, in honour of his slave—a term by which it is generally known to the natives even unto this day. The great mountain itself, however, with its surrounding cones, is more usually called Tongariro—a term which means in the native language "towards the south"—and it is a remarkable fact, as showing the significant nomenclature of the Maoris, that the compass-bearing of the volcano is as nearly as possible due north and south.[1] There can be no doubt that Tongariro is one of the largest, grandest, and most perfect volcanic cones of its kind in the world, and little wonder, therefore, that the Maoris, when gazing upon its mysterious fires, should have linked its name with their songs and legends, and have rendered it a sacred object in their mythology, just as the Japanese have done their no less beautiful Fusiyama.

The morning of the 18th of April broke dull and cloudy. We were now over 3000 feet above the level of the sea at our camp at Pangarara, waiting, nay, almost praying that the dreary, dismal clouds would break and give us a gleam of sunshine. We had up to this time been detained exactly ten days through stress

[1] The exact position of Tongariro is—
Lat. 39° 9′ 45″ S.
Long. 175° 38′ 20″ E.

of weather whilst waiting to ascend the tapued mountain, the dull monotony of our position being only relieved by the somewhat exciting expectation that the Maoris might be down upon us at any moment.

The thermometer, which for the three previous days had given a mean average of 57° Fahr. in the shade, suddenly fell to 43°. The omen was a good one, and we waited patiently.[1] At about ten o'clock an invigorating breeze blew direct from the south, the sun shone brilliantly, the sky was dotted here and there with bright patches of a vivid blue, and as we looked in the direction of Tongariro, the whole scene changed before our eyes like a magnificent panorama. The dark, funereal, pall-like cloud which had up to this time entirely obscured the mountain, rolled gradually away as if by enchantment, and the magnificent tapering cone, glittering with ice and snow, and crowned with its waving cloud of steam, stood out against the azure sky in grand and beautiful relief. Tongariro to be seen to advantage should be viewed from its southern side. When beheld from the north it is to a certain degree dwarfed by the mountains surrounding it in that direction, while the crater on the north and west is likewise more depressed, and coming consequently lower down the mountain, thus detracts from its apparent height. On the other hand the country to the southward is more open, and the symmetrical cone rises boldly defined above the lower scoria ridges, which rise in gradual undulations around the great volcano in that direction. I had seen many

[1] Throughout the journey we found that the cold winds from the south invariably brought fine weather.

grand mountains in different parts of the world, but never had I gazed upon anything so sublimely beautiful as Tongariro appeared on this occasion; ice, snow, and steam all combining, beneath the bright sunlight, to add a magical effect to this wonderful monument of nature's handiwork.

Although we did not imagine that the weather would clear so rapidly we determined to seize this, the first opportunity, and to start at once for the ascent.

We were about two miles away from the base, and we had previously determined to hide our packhorse away in the bush, and to ride to the foot of Tongariro with our blankets and tent, make the ascent, and camp at the foot of the mountain at night.

It took just half an hour to saddle up, and get everything prepared, and then, skirting the forest near to which we had been camped, we ascended a hill some 400 feet high, to gain the Waihohonu Valley beyond.

The sun now shone warm and brightly, our course seemed clear, and all was going as merrily as the proverbial marriage-bell, when Turner hastily directed my attention to four mounted Maoris coming across the plains to our rear; but just at the moment we caught sight of them they disappeared behind a low hill. They were some distance off, but they were quite near enough to easily discern us, especially as Turner, with the white tent on his dark pony, formed a conspicuous object. Fortunately we saw no more of the natives, although we watched carefully for some time, but they nevertheless haunted us for days afterwards—during

our ascent both of Tongariro and Ruapehu—as we felt fully convinced that they must have seen us, and we were likewise equally sure that they could, if they so wished, follow up our tracks, when, by the marks of the shod horses, they would have at once discovered that we were Europeans. If we had been going in any other direction the circumstances would have been as nothing, but riding as we were straight for Tongariro, we knew that that fact alone was sufficient to excite their suspicion. When we had ridden across the top of the hill we were at once out of sight, and we rode as fast as our weak horses would allow over the scoria ridges which surrounded the base of the cone. We passed on our right an enormous bluff of volcanic rocks, and then descended a steep, precipitous incline strewn with enormous boulders which at some remote age had evidently been hurled from the fiery crater. It was impossible for our horses to walk down this treacherous place with their heavy burdens on their backs, even whilst we led them, so taking them off and putting them on our own shoulders we made the animals follow us, when they picked their way over and around the big stones like cats.

At the foot of the incline we gained the Waihohonu Valley, a wild, desolate-looking ravine with a winding stream running down its centre. To the left, on the opposite side of this watercourse, was a dense forest growth, while on the ground around the tussock grass and dwarfed alpine plants peculiar to this region struggled for life amidst the huge stones and small low scoria hillocks which were dispersed about in a confused but picturesque way. At the end of the

cluster of forest towards the mountain a steep wall of lava-like rock rose abruptly up, and ended in high scoria ridges which closed in the valley to the south-west. Looking in a north-easterly direction, the rugged promontories and jagged edges of the broken extinct craters of the lower mountains rose high in the air, piled about in a confused mass, and coloured dark red and black by the effects of the volcanic fires which appeared to have rent and torn them asunder until they had assumed the appearance of embattled walls and crumbling ruins. The whole conformation of this valley, which was nearly two miles in length, assumed a somewhat semicircular appearance, as if, at some period or another, it had formed part of an enormous crater, out of which the gigantic cone that towered thousands of feet above us had ultimately reared its lofty summit. Although the sun shone with a dazzling splendour over us, and a light-green vegetation clothed many of the hills around, and even crept up the steep scoria sides of the great mountain itself, the Waihohonu Valley had a wild, dreary, and parched-up look, as if some fiery breath had but recently swept over it, and it was only just getting cool from the effects of the volcanic fires, which had left stupendous monuments of their work in the enormous lava ridges, which seemed to have cooled suddenly in their molten course down the steep precipices; while the gigantic boulders of black, shining, volcanic rock, which lay scattered about in every direction, looked like tremendous thunderbolts just newly hurled to earth by the hand of Titan. Not a few of these enormous stones appeared to have been rounded by the action of fire,

and in some cases to have been partially melted before being sent high into the air from the fiery mouth of the crater, to fall with terrific force into their present positions.

Securing our horses in the scrub, we scrambled for about a mile over huge boulders, and up rough, narrow watercourses, when, ascending a steep spur of the mountain, we reached the base of the great cone near to its south-eastern side, at a point which marked 4000 feet above the level of the sea. Gazing upwards, the steep, clean-cut sides of the tall mountain looked almost precipitous, and it was clear, at a glance, that the task to reach the summit and make the descent by nightfall would be no easy matter. Just at this part of the cone some volcanic disturbance, which had occurred probably ages ago, had poured down a stream of liquid lava, which, cooling, as it were, by some sudden blast, had congealed into a rugged and almost perpendicular ridge of dark, lustrous, adamantine-like rock in its overflow from the summit of the mountain. It was up this precipitous ridge that we had determined to fight our way. When we first began the ascent, the steep climbing told severely on our backs and legs, while the enormous protruding masses of porous lava which fringed the outside portion of the ridge, and over which we had to climb as much by our hands as by our feet, were as sharp as if they had cooled and crystallized but yesterday. Besides the cautious and often dangerous way we had to pick our footing, it was necessary to be careful, in order to avoid the many holes in the lava formation, which were just large enough to receive a man's body, and which, when we

threw stones into them, appeared to be of enormous depth. As we climbed higher and higher, the shelving, colossal sides of the mountain seemed to become steeper and steeper, while the summit appeared to get further away at every step we took.

Fortunately the weather kept beautifully clear, and as we mounted gradually upwards, each hundred feet or so disclosed some new and enchanting view of the surrounding country, which lay mapped out beneath us radiant in all the beauties of the creation. At an altitude of 5000 feet we obtained a magnificent view of Mount Egmont, its peaked, snow-clad summit rising like a glittering island above the vapoury cloud that hung around the lower portion of the mountain, which was a little over eighty miles away from our point of observation, the intervening country being formed of a wide expanse of broken, forest-clad ranges of minor elevation, and which appeared, judging from their numerous valleys, to have a general north-westerly and south-easterly bearing. At an altitude of 5900 feet the climbing was very steep, and at 6400 feet we could see open plains in the distance, towards the west, with patches of forest, which gave them a park-like appearance. At 6600 feet, two small blue lakes were distinctly visible immediately below us, situated on the summit of a flat-topped spur, which stretched out from the base of the great cone in the direction of the open plains beyond, while about six miles distant, in the same direction, rose the colossal form of Ruapehu, brilliant in its fleecy mantle of snow, above which its glacier-bound peaks, rising one above the other, shot up in the form of glittering cones high into

the calm, clear air. This was the most extended view we had, up to this time, obtained of the mountain king of the North Island, and we gazed upon its stupendous form with increased interest, as it was to be our field of operations for the morrow. Indeed, it was from this elevated point that we carefully observed all the principal physical features of the giant mountain, and laid down our plan of the ascent, which we successfully carried out two days afterwards. At this point, too, we found the last sign of vegetation in the small alpine plant, *Gnaphalium bellidioides.*[1] At 6950 feet we found enormous icicles adhering to the rocks, the lava ridge up which we had with great difficulty kept our course, became very steep and rugged, while the climbing was exceedingly difficult and tiring. The mass of dark, black lava stood out in some places like a huge wall, and while on one side the thermometer marked 48° Fahr., on the other, where there were big clusters of icicles over a foot long, it indicated 30°. In this way we could enjoy a great variation in temperature at any moment. During the whole ascent we never allowed ourselves more than five minutes' rest at a time, as we knew that a shift of wind, which might occur at any moment, would sweep the clouds over the mountain again, when its steaming vapours would soon envelop it in an impenetrable mist. Tongariro at all times indicates sudden changes in the weather with the accuracy of a well-balanced barometer. When its vapour-cloud coils upward in the form of a feathery palm, the gods are propitious, and sunshine will be the order of the day; when it shoots out in a

[1] For *flora* of Tongariro, *vide* Appendix.

long streak horizontally from the crater, a change is impending; and when the vapoury cloud gathers round the summit and coils rapidly down the sides of the cone, as it does often with singular rapidity, it is time to look out for squalls. For a long distance up the mountain its rugged sides glittered with icicles, which clustered about the enormous masses of trachytic lava which cropped up everywhere around, while the ground was covered in every direction with a thick coating of frost and frozen snow. At a height of 7000 feet the whole aspect of the cone had a very bare and desolate look, and, besides the enormous boulders we encountered, we passed over a steep slope covered with volcanic conglomerate, which was very treacherous and slippery with sheets of ice. Here we had to go on all fours, and even in this way it was very difficult to keep our equilibrium sufficiently to prevent ourselves from rolling down the precipitous slopes below. We could now smell the sulphurous fumes of the crater as the clouds of steam rolled over us while we clambered over the enormous ice-bound rocks in the direction of the yawning chasm.

We crawled up a frozen, steep incline on to the hot, quaking edge of the great crater, where a grand and curious sight burst upon the view. We gained the rugged summit of the cone at its highest side, but just as we did so the great cloud of steam rolling up from the enormous basin beneath us swept over us in a dense white cloud, and what with the loud bubbling of the boiling springs, the hissing, screeching sound of the great columns of steam as they burst with terrific force from the rocky vents, the unearthly gur-

glings of the jets of boiling mud as they shot into the air, and the strong sulphurous fumes that pervaded the atmosphere in every direction, we seemed for once in our lives to be standing on the brink of Hades. Mounting a little to the right along the hot soil that smoked beneath our feet, we gained the very topmost point of the mountain, formed by a broken, rugged peak that fell on the inner side with a precipitous descent into the boiling crater below. We were now on the windward side of the steam-cloud, and at an altitude of 7376 feet above the level of the sea.

From this elevated position we had a clear and well-defined view of the whole summit of the mountain, which appeared to be permeated in every direction by a vast thermal action. The steep, broken sides of the enormous crater wound before us in the form of an almost complete circle of nearly a mile in circumference; and it could be plainly seen that, towards its north-western and western sides, it was considerably lower than on the side upon which we stood. Within the great circle, at its northern side, there was a smaller or inner crater of an almost complete rounded form, the sides of which inclined gradually towards its centre in the form of a complete funnel. This minor crater was separated from the larger one only by a narrow ridge or lip. Looking down into the main crater, which appeared to be about 400 feet in depth, its sides, rugged and broken, as it were, by the force of volcanic fires, were built up principally of enormous masses of trachytic rock, lava ridges, and beds of conglomerate, formed mostly of rounded stones and boulders fused together into a compact mass by what

must, at some period or another, have been a very powerful igneous action. In fact, it could be plainly seen that the whole volcano when at the height of its eruptive force must have been the seat of a powerful volcanic activity, until gradually its exhausted fires subsided into their present state. In some places the sides of the crater were perpendicular and fell with a sheer descent, while in others they were more disturbed and broken. At the bottom of the crater there were scattered about huge rocky ridges, from the large crevices and fissures of which enormous jets of steam burst forth with a roaring, screeching noise, which echoed from the depths below like the wailings of the condemned. Hot springs sent up streams of boiling water, which ran over the rocks and then lost themselves in the hot, quaking soil, which sent them high into the air again in the form of coiling jets of vapour. Miniature cones of dark, smoking mud rose up in every direction, while around all was a seething, fused mass of almost molten matter, which appeared to require just one or two degrees more of heat to transform it into a lake of liquid lava. In every direction were large deposits of pure yellow sulphur, some of which assumed a rock-like formation; at other places it formed a crust over the steaming earth, and where the thermal action was less intense, the glittering yellow crystals covered the ground like a thick frost. No fire was visible in the crater, nor was there any indication of a very recent volcanic eruption. The whole crater of the mountain was in the state of a very extensive *solfatara*, which was evidently more active at some periods than at others. The inner or second

crater, which likewise sent forth a vast volume of steam from its boiling depths, was in much the same condition of activity as the larger one, only that the deposits of sulphur literally lined its sloping sides with a bright-yellow coating, which came up to the very summit of its rim and looked like a circle of gold beneath the bright rays of the sun, which lit up the feathery steam-clouds in the most brilliant prismatic hues.

We obtained a complete view of all parts of the great mountain, as likewise of the smaller volcanic cones and ridges which lay below. Looking in the direction of the north-east, and down upon the rugged clusters of minor elevations, we could see several extinct craters of considerable size; some perfect in their formation, while others had been rent and distorted by the action of volcanic fires, which had left their marks upon them in the form of enormous lava ridges and extensive deposits of scoria.

In the midst of these extinct craters we could see two small blue lakes; one of a complete circular form, the other, which was only a short distance away from the first, being nearly oblong in shape. The lakes, like those on the southern side of the mountain, were evidently nothing more than extinct craters filled by subterranean springs. Beyond these lakes we could see the steam rising from the Ketetahi crater, while further along to the north was a white cloud marking the position of the boiling springs.[1]

[1] It is supposed by many that Tongariro and Whakari (White Island) are the only two remaining centres of active volcanic action in what may be termed the Australasian division of the Pacific. This in

We left the summit of the cone towards sundown, but in place of descending by the route we had ascended, we came down a very steep part of the mountain on its eastern side. This precipitous slope, covered thickly with loose scoria, and strewn in parts with enormous boulders and rounded stones, was walled in on either side by two stupendous lava ridges, which ran down the mountain-side and gradually opened out towards the base in the form of a triangle. The slope of the cone was here very steep, and the scoria being fine and very loose, gave way under our feet, and caused us to slide rapidly forward for many feet at every step. Taking hold of each other's arms to better maintain our equilibrium, we took gigantic strides, each one, as the scoria slid down with us, carrying us forward from ten to fifteen feet at a time. In this way many large and small stones were set loose, until we had a whole regiment of them bounding on in front of us, and as their momentum increased at a terrific rate with every foot they rolled down the steep incline, they soon attained the velocity of cannon-

reality is not the case. The great volcanic belt which appears to extend through the Malay Archipelago may be said to stretch as far south as the New Hebrides. Thus on the island of Tanna there is an active volcano which attains to an altitude of 1500 feet above the sea. It is in a constant state of eruption, emitting vast volumes of smoke, with ashes and lava, from a crater 500 feet in depth. On the island of Ambrym, of the same group, there is likewise an active volcano, nearly equal in size to that of Tanna, while on the island of Vanikoro still further to the north, in the Santa Cruz group, there is a cone-shaped mountain in a constant state of activity. During a journey of exploration in the New Hebrides and other islands of the Coral Sea, the volcano of Tanna was ascended by the author, who read papers descriptive of the islands before the British Association, at its meeting held at the University of Glasgow in 1876.

balls, and went crashing with tremendous force into the rock-bound valley below. So rapid, in fact, was our progress in this way, that, although our ascent from the bottom to the top of the cone had occupied us nearly six hours in hard climbing, we made the descent in a little over an hour and a half.

It was dark when we reached the base of the mountain, but we managed by slow degrees to find our way over the stupendous masses of rock which lay scattered over the deep ravine forming the head of the Waihohonu Valley. Here an enormous fissure ran down along the course of the dreary-looking gorge, and as it wound along in a snake-like course, it appeared as if it had been formed by a river of lava, which had been suddenly cooled, and then as suddenly cleft in twain. We picked our way for about a couple of miles along its rugged, boulder-strewn banks, and as the shades of night closed round us the whole surroundings looked so dismal that we appeared to be passing through a veritable valley of death. When we arrived at our camping-place our first anxiety was to see that the natives had not swept down and taken our horses. Luck was, however, on our side, and we found the animals where we had left them, but very poorly off for feed. It was evident from the keen feeling of cold in the air that we were going to have a severe night, as the temperature was falling rapidly, and as the moon rose bright and clear a heavy frost set in. We lit a fire, and made a scanty meal off tea and biscuit; and as we were anxious to get clear of the tapued mountain with the first streak of dawn, we resolved not to erect our tent, in order that we might not be

TONGARIRO BY MOONLIGHT.

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delayed in our rapid retreat. We therefore spread our blankets upon the ground, and made a tolerably comfortable bed on the scoria.

When we lay down to rest in the dreary valley with its lava-walled sides, the full moon shone brilliantly, the great cone of Tongariro, with its feathery cloud of steam, looked grandly beautiful beneath the clear silvery light, the stars hung like lamps from the cloudless heavens, and the magnificent constellation of the Southern Cross shone directly over our heads. Never in any part of the world had I seen the heavens appear so clear and radiant as when gazing upon them from the depths of this dark valley. Around us, however, on every side the whole place had a singularly wild, weird look, and a strange sense of loneliness seemed to hover around us. We were in a tapued region, which the superstitious minds of the natives had made the abode of *taniwhas* and other evil demons. The bones of the ill-fated Te Heuheu lay somewhere upon the great mountain, and Turner suggested that the ghost of the great Maori chief might slink down upon us in the night just to test the thickness of our skulls with his greenstone *mere*. It was, however, the living which concerned us most, as we still had a kind of secret conviction that the natives we had seen in the morning had laid some plan to entrap us.

Sleep, however, came at last, but the cold soon awoke us, and by midnight the whole valley was covered with a thick coating of white frost, which glistened like snow beneath the pale moonlight. I had placed my thermometer close handy, so that I

might observe it during the night, and I now found that it stood at 27°; at four o'clock it marked 22°; and at six o'clock, just before sunrise, it indicated exactly twelve degrees of frost. The plants around us were completely matted together with white incrustations; the icicles rose from the ground over an inch in length, and in a way that I had never seen before; the breath froze upon the moustache and beard; the manes of our horses stood erect, the bristles about their nostrils were transformed into needle-like icicles, and their backs were covered with a crisp, white coating of frost.

It did not take us long to saddle up, although we experienced some little difficulty with the buckles, owing to our fingers being numbed with the cold; but once on our horses, we rode rapidly away from Tongariro, and just as the first ray of sunlight swept over the hills we gained the plains beyond, to begin the ascent of Ruapehu.

CHAPTER XVII.

ASCENT OF RUAPEHU.

(*First Day.*)

Approaching the mountain—A field for research—Physical and geological features—Plan of attack—Curious icicles—A lava barrier—Natives in the distance—Horse camp—Scoria hills and lava ridges—The start for the snow-line—Up the great spur—Head of the spur—Our camp—A wind-storm—Ruapehu by night—A picture of the past—Waiting for sunrise—Sunrise.

WHEN we were clear of the rugged gorges of Tongariro, we rode leisurely across the beautiful open plain which separates the tapued mountain from its colossal neighbour, Ruapehu. The calm, blue heavens were unflecked by a single cloud, the sun rose bright and clear, and we heartily welcomed its genial warmth after the terrific cold we had experienced during the previous night. Nothing could exceed the grand and unique scenery as we rode on our way. On our right rose Tongariro, its great steam-cloud radiant with tints of gold beneath the morning light, the dark reddish hue of its scoria-strewn sides mingling with the bright green of the vegetation, and producing the most charming effects of light and shade. The plain over which we rode sparkled with glittering icicles; the Mangatoetoe, a broad, rapid, boulder-strewn stream,

wound rapidly down its centre, like a silver snake, on its course to join the Waikato; while right in front the long scoria slopes of Ruapehu, rising gradually from the plains around, swept upward, and upward, and upward, until they joined the ice-bound pinnacles above, and mingled with the broad expanse of frozen snow which clothed the summit of the stupendous mountain, and stretched far down its rock-bound sides. The level plain separating Tongariro from Ruapehu was not more than five miles across between the wide-spreading bases of the two mountains, and, as we gradually approached towards the latter, its gigantic proportions became every moment more distinctly visible. The low scoria slopes which stretched far and wide around its enormous base, and swept for miles out into the adjacent plains, merged, as we approached nearer, into high, undulating hills, which changed, as they rose higher and higher, into rocky spurs. The winding valleys were transformed, as they mounted up the mountain, into enormous, lava-bound ravines. Above these, again, steep precipitous slopes rose one above the other. Jagged rocks, which marked the site of ancient craters, stood out against the sky, until colossal peaks, shooting high above all, stretched themselves across the towering summit of the mountain. The whole aspect of Ruapehu, as it rose in all its grandeur above the surrounding table-land, beautiful in ice, snow, and sunshine, was so stupendous and romantically beautiful that we felt as if we had been suddenly transported among the Alps of Switzerland.

In describing the physical and geological features of Ruapehu, I will only treat these subjects briefly at this

MOUNT RUAPEHU.

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stage, and only with a view of affording a general idea of the great mountain, the description of which will be more fully dealt with when describing the ascent of its northern peak and the exploration of the sources of the Wangaehu and Waikato Rivers on its eastern side. As during these two ascents we accomplished considerably over 10,000 feet of actual climbing over its surface, we had a good opportunity of examining this colossal monument of plutonic fires, and judging from the magnitude of the results of igneous action we then beheld, both in wonder and admiration, there can be no doubt that there is no better or more interesting field for geological research than that afforded by this marvellous centre of extinct volcanic forces.

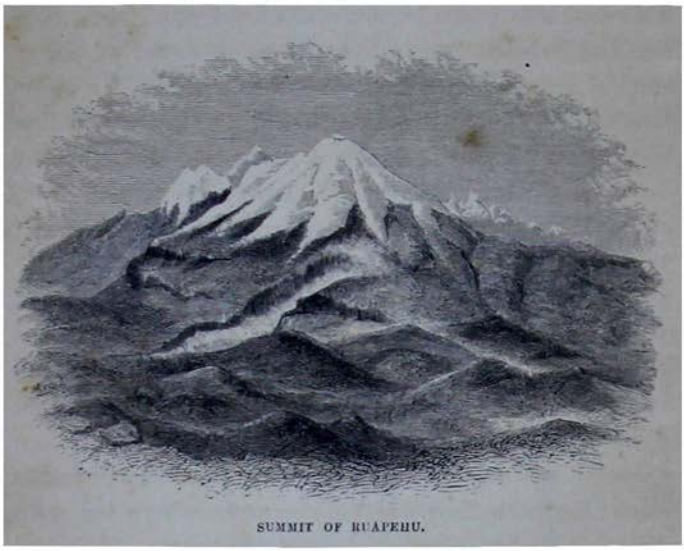
Ruapehu is situated immediately in the centre of the great table-land which forms the most elevated portion of the North Island, and in the very heart, as it were, of the extensive system of extinct volcanic cones, which constitutes one of the most remarkable and interesting features of this division of the country. The mountain, which takes rank among the largest extinct volcanoes in the world, assumes the form of an enormous truncated cone, with a far-reaching base of oblong form, and which gradually narrows towards the summit, at which point the mountain is nearly a mile in length from its northern to its southern peak. Its base, if calculated from where it springs from the level plains, may be estimated at about sixty miles in circumference. At each end of the mountain are two colossal cone-shaped peaks, and between them the minor peaks rise up in fantastic shapes, which change in outline and assume varying proportions with almost magical effect,

as the mountain is beheld from different points of view. In fact, it is the succession of magnificent scenery thus produced which forms one of the grandest features of this marvellous monument of volcanic forces. For the greater part, the country surrounding Ruapehu is entirely open, and consequently the grand mountain is seen to wonderful advantage as it towers majestically to the skies. Immediately to the north are the Tongariro and Waimarino Plains, to the east is the Rangipo Table-land, in the centre of which, and stretching down the sides of the huge mountain, is the Onetapu Desert—a vast expanse of scoria, covering some fifty square miles—while to the south are the Murimotu Plains. On its lower northern and eastern slopes the mountain gives life to a vegetation in all respects similar to that found on Tongariro, but on its southern and western sides a primeval forest, in which the trees are of colossal growth, creeps almost up to the edge of the snow-line. To really realize the magnitude of this mountain king of the North Island, one must stand on its summit and look down upon its scoria-strewn base, covering millions of acres, explore its deep, rugged gorges, and examine the stupendous deposits of trachytic lava which lie in a strata of enormous thickness upon its sides, or roll down like crystallized rivers of rock from the extinct craters of the mountain, now spreading over the plains, now rising above the surface of the ground in the form of enormous, crenated ridges, which look like the walls of embattled strongholds. There can be no doubt whatever that at some remote period Ruapehu must have formed the principal centre of volcanic action in the

North Island. It is of course impossible to define at what period the enormous mountain began, or even terminated, its eruptive state; but I am of opinion, as suggested in a previous chapter, that it rose into being after the extinction and subsequent subsidence of the great crater-basin now occupied by Lake Taupo. Ruapehu, unlike Tongariro, is not a true scoria cone in the sense in which the latter mountain may be classed, but a gigantic crater of elevation, which during its volcanic outbursts sent forth showers of ashes and rivers of lava which spread themselves for miles around the base of the mountain, while the surrounding region over a vast area was upheaved by the elevatory force of the stupendous fires as they burst forth from the great volcanic vent now crowned with glaciers and perpetual snow.

Whilst we were resting to give our half-starved horses a feed of tussock grass, I went out into the plains to sketch the great mountain, as from the position where we were it presented one of its most beautiful aspects. From this point it bore exactly ten degrees east of south, the altitude of the Mangatoetoe stream at the foot of the mountain where we were being 3450 feet above the level of the sea. We had selected this position from which to make the ascent as it was the best place to reach the great northern peak, which forms the highest point of Ruapehu. This grandly beautiful pinnacle, with its glittering mantle of snow sweeping down its sides, towered far up to the skies, its summit being crowned with what appeared to be an oblong mass of rock, which assumed, from the aspect from which we viewed it, a singular resemblance

to what is known in heraldic science as the "cap of maintenance." This grand crown, placed dexterously by the hand of nature upon the very topmost summit of the great peak, was a remarkable and conspicuous object, and as its ice-bound sides glittered beneath the sun, it appeared as if set with gems. Right from the very top of this portion of the mountain, its precipitous sides and long, rolling slopes stretched down to the



SUMMIT OF RUAPEHU.

very foot of the plains, and it did not take us long to see that it would be impossible to make the ascent and descent from where we were in a single day. We therefore determined to ride our horses as far up the low spurs as we could, tether our animals in a convenient spot, carry our tent and other necessary equipage up to the snow-line, camp there for the night, and make the final ascent on the following day.

There was a small clump of forest growing a considerable distance up the scoria ridges, and as this was the only belt of vegetation of the kind on our track, we determined to direct our course to it, in the hope of finding water and a suitable camping-place for our horses. Our route now lay over low scoria ridges, which were intersected in every direction by winding, boulder-strewn gullies, which evidently during the wet season and the melting of the snows formed, with the deep creeks, the principal channels of the water-shed of the mountain, as it distributed itself from the heights above over the low country. Upon the sides of these gullies, and clustering about the vast deposits of scoria, grew a luxuriant vegetation of dwarfed alpine shrubs, while wherever the sides of the gullies were obscured from the sun the thick white frost, which had wrapped the country in its icy mantle on the previous night, rose up from the ground in the form of thick icicles, from two to three inches in length. These icicles, like those which covered the Waihohonu Valley, were the most curious I had ever seen. They rose from the small, disintegrated scoria, which everywhere covered the ground, almost in the shape of a plant with a straight stem and a fringed top; and, while some stood alone, others were clustered together, forming a thick mass of ice. It seemed, indeed, as if the moisture which had literally saturated the ground during the heavy rains we had experienced had been drawn up to the surface by the frost by a kind of capillary attraction, which had produced these miniature plants of ice.

When we arrived at the small picturesque bush of

towai-trees we found that there was but little or no feed in its vicinity, so we only halted here for a short time to explore the surrounding country. On our right were the level plains and sinuous ridges over which we had ridden, while at some distance to our left an enormous lava ridge, like a ruined wall, cut off all further view to the south. We cut a couple of alpenstocks and a flagstaff, and next determined to take our horses still further up the mountain, to a a point where we could see the last sign of the dwarf vegetation, some of the plants of which we found our animals would eat, in default of anything better.

As we made a fresh start, we saw a party of mounted natives riding along the track below, and whilst we hid our horses in a gully, we crawled to the top of a ridge and watched carefully, to see whether they would pick up our tracks. Fortunately, however, they passed on, riding hard along the track which passes through the Tongariro Plains into the heart of the King Country.

At an elevation of 4450 feet, and at the very edge of the last patch of dwarfed plants that grew upon the desert-like expanse, we found a small oasis between two scoria hills, bounded on the left by the rugged lava ridge which formed the backbone, as it were, of the long, sweeping spur up which we had come. Here a few stunted shrubs and clumps of tussock grass struggled for life amidst masses of lava and scoria sand. We knew that we would have to leave our horses tethered here for something like thirty-six hours without water, whilst we did the rest of the mountain, and we calculated that, with the aid

of the few straggling shrubs and bunches of tussock, there would be just sufficient food to keep the animals from starvation during that time, although we had a kind of secret conviction that the chances were immensely in favour of the latter result.

After we had secured our horses in the small oasis, we went out to explore the country ahead. In every position along the steep incline up which we had to make our way we saw nothing but enormous scoria hills, stretching far and wide on every side, and which rose in long, steep ascents to the snow-line of the mountain. In every direction stupendous ridges of black trachytic lava cropped up above the surface, broken, rugged, and sharp, as if they had boiled up during some terrific volcanic convulsion, and then suddenly congealed into the most curious and fantastic shapes. Some of the enormous lava ridges, of a black metallic lustre, flowed down, as it were, from the very summit of the mountain, and stretched for miles in length over the desert below.

At an altitude of 5500 feet we came to an enormous deposit of lava raising up the surface of the spur in the form of a large cluster of rocks, and on one side of which there was a sheer descent into a lava-bound ravine of 200 feet. This was a good mile and a half away from where we had left our horses, but as the ascent was gradual we determined to pack the animals with the tent and blankets up to this point, and, after taking them back to the oasis, carry the camp equipage on our own shoulders up to the snow-line, where we had resolved to camp for the night, in order to be able to begin the final ascent to the summit of the

great peak at daylight on the morrow. It was late in the day when we had finally carried out this arrangement, and, after packing ourselves with the tent, blankets, and all other necessaries to the extent of about twenty-five pounds each, we set off to climb the long, dreary spur, which mounted steeply upward until it lost itself in the region of eternal snow.

Heavily laden and unused as we were to the burdens of professional pack-horses, we found the climbing both trying and monotonous. The long, dismal expanse which formed the spur up which our course lay was devoid of all vegetation. Our feet sank deeply into the shifting scoria, which, fractured into small pieces, covered the sides of the mountain for miles around in a dark-grey deposit, which looked intensely dreary as the sun sank to rest and a cold, cutting wind swept down from the snow-crowned glaciers above us.

At 5800 feet enormous stones lay strewn about the ground, and we crossed the lower part of a deep lava ravine which wound high up into the side of the great peak above, and ended in a precipitous bluff, where we saw what at first sight appeared to be enormous caves, with a frozen waterfall sticking out of them. It occurred to us that if they were really rocky caves, as they seemed to be, we might find shelter in them for the night from the freezing blast, so we toiled onward with our heavy burdens to an altitude of 6200 feet, when the caves turned out to be nothing more than two enormous holes in the rocky side of the mountain, and to reach which it would have required the skill of a well-trained monkey, as they had been placed by the fickle hand of nature high up at the end of a tremen-

dous ravine, which fell with a sheer descent of hundreds of feet beneath the precipice on which we stood, and whose steep, rugged sides, built of horizontal layers of lava rock, appeared to have been twisted and distorted by some terrific volcanic convulsion.

At this elevation the whole canopy of snow which covered the summit of the mountain came down almost to our feet, while enormous masses of ice and long, ponderous icicles hung in shining festoons over the frowning precipices above. We were now nearly at the head of the great spur along which we had come, and beyond which the tall peaks of the mountain still shot up to a height of nearly 4000 feet above us. The spur at this point was bounded by the great ravine before alluded to, while on the other it fell with a steep descent into a deep, winding valley, beyond which the scoria hills rolled in endless confusion down to the wide plain below. At this point the mountain was strewn in every direction with dark boulders of trachytic rock, many of which were of stupendous size, and as they were scattered about pell-mell in the most fantastic way, we seemed to have entered a weird graveyard sacred to the memory of mountain giants. The scoria ridges around us were absolutely bare, and their dark outline had a desolate look, as if some fiery wind had swept over them and blasted every sign of life. The shades of evening now closed around us, and although the wind blew in strong blasts from the south, which chilled our blood, we hailed its icy breath with as much cheerfulness as we had done the genial warmth of the sun during the day, as we knew that whilst it remained in that quarter we should have fine

weather, and would be able to make the long-wished-for ascent to the summit on the morrow; but if, on the other hand, it should happen to shift into its old quarter, the storm-clouds would sweep down upon us, and put us in an unpleasant and even dangerous predicament.

We determined to make this dreary locality our camping-place for the night, and by the aid of the alpenstocks and the flagstaff we had brought up with us we managed to partially erect our tent under the lee of a big boulder. But before doing so, in order to prepare a space in which to lie down, we had to clear away the snow and thick coating of frost-like icicles that covered the ground, and then, in order to keep ourselves in position, as the ground was so steep, we formed a square of large stones just big enough to hold us, and in this we laid our blankets. The alpenstocks were arranged in the form of a triangle at the outside end, the flagstaff was placed at the apex, and then jammed down in a sloping way under the boulder, and over this the tent was thrown, its sides being secured by a border of heavy stones. In this way there was just room enough for us to crawl inside. I mention these particulars because thereby hangs a tale. We had carried up just sufficient wood to make a small fire to boil the tea, and which we accomplished, after great difficulty, behind the lee of a boulder. In fact, nothing could be done unless under the shelter of one of these enormous stones; to go to the windward side was simply to have the chilling blasts pass through one like a knife, and to be half blinded with scoria sand.

If I were to live for a thousand years, no waning of the intellectual powers could cause me to entirely forget the night we passed on Ruapehu. It is true we felt more secure than when camped in the wild regions of Tongariro, for we knew that the natives would not molest us at that altitude, as they have a tradition that when a man goes up Ruapehu he never comes down again; but, so far as comfort was concerned, the weird lava-bound Waihohonu Valley, with its legends of *taniwhas* and evil demons, was a perfect paradise and "happy hunting-ground" in comparison with the wild, snowy region, where we were now camped. Our bed was, of course, very rough, and two big particles of trachytic rock formed our pillows; but all this would have passed muster, and calm, refreshing sleep would have come to us, if it had not been for the fact that the loose scoria would keep slipping and sliding from under us as we lay on our steep incline. Although the moon shone as bright as day, the wind still continued to blow in heavy gusts, which seemed to increase in violence after every lull, and as it had already shifted a point or two still further southward, it was colder than ever, while what was at one time the lee of the boulder now became almost its windward side. Our tent at this stage swayed and flapped about in an incessant way, the icy blasts blew round about and underneath us, and in such a way that it was impossible to keep warm. At midnight the terrible climax came; with a noise like the howling of a thousand fiends, a terrific gale of wind swept over the mountain. In an instant our tent was carried away from over us, the flag-pole struck Turner a frightful blow on the

head, and our blankets went flying right and left. So great was the force of the wind that it was impossible to stand against it. Blinding showers of sand and scoria filled the air almost to suffocation as each successive blast swept onward with terrific force, and everything was covered with a fine scoria dust, which got into the hair, filled the eyes, caused a choking sensation about the throat, and permeated every article of clothing. It was useless to endeavour to erect our tent again, so we squatted down, Maori fashion, in our blankets behind another enormous boulder, which served to break the force of the wind. The thermometer now stood at 27°, and the gale continued to blow throughout the night with terrific fury, sweeping over the ice-bound summit of the mountain, and then down into the valleys below, carrying along in its course its dark clouds of scoria and showers of gritty sand.

It was only a few minutes past midnight when our tent blew away, and we therefore had to pass six hours under the boulder before sunrise. The thermometer now indicated six degrees of frost, which was just six degrees less than we had experienced on the previous night, but then we had no wind, and we were now 2200 feet higher than then. Unpleasant as our situation was, it had its attractions. Looking down upon the surrounding country from the great height upon which we were placed (6200 feet above the sea), a weird and curious picture presented itself to the gaze. Immediately below us, and far and wide around, in front and to the right and to the left, rolled an apparently endless expanse of boulder-strewn scoria

ridges, tossed about like the wild, chaotic waves of a frozen sea, and covered with a complete network of dark hues, which marked the winding course of gullies and ravines. Still further in front, and stretching in a broad expanse far below us, was a flat, white surface, like a snowy sheet of ice. This was the Rangipo Table-land, covered with a thick coating of frost. Beyond, again, rose a dark, frowning barrier, whose rugged

WAITING FOR SUNRISE

outline lost itself in the distance as it stretched away to the north and to the south. These were the Kaimanawa Mountains, mantled in a cloud of mist. From the broad, white plain deep down to the left rose the dark, majestic form of Tongariro, around the summit of which its white steam-cloud coiled in a feathery circle, looking like a silvery diadem beneath the light of the moon, which shone with a glittering lustre upon

the snows of Ruapehu, whose lofty summit seemed to touch the star-lit canopy above, while a magnificent *aurora australis*, the most brilliant I had ever beheld, shot across the heavens from the southward, and lit up the sky with its tongue of silvery fire. It was worth all the hardships we had undergone to gaze on this grand sight alone and to commune, as it were, with the colossal wonders of nature, wrapped in the stillness and beauty of night.

The whole scene, and the peculiar circumstances under which we viewed it, was one never to be forgotten, while it brought, as all grand and impressive sights will, the most vivid associations before the mind. I pictured to myself the many and extraordinary changes this wild region had gone through to arrive at the condition under which we beheld it. What singular and stupendous results had been brought about by forces and agencies now almost extinct! Time was when the colossal mountain on whose fire-scorched sides we were crouching, was made desolate by tremendous volcanic eruptions, which sent forth clouds of smoke and sulphurous gases, showers of rocks and ashes, and streams and rivers of lava. Then lurid flames lit up the hills for miles around, and darkening clouds of fiery sand swept far and wide over the surrounding country. Then a line of volcanic vents, like beacon-fires, illuminated the rocky headlands of the great mountains around, and every towering fastness rose hot and quaking with subterranean heat. Then a change came about—one of those mysterious convulsions of which we only dream—the volcanic fires ceased, and the yawning craters

were filled with snow and the peaks crowned with ice, and, as the earth gradually cooled down, a glorious vegetation, moulded in the most beautiful and varied forms of the creation, spread itself far and wide over the country, and nature smiled in all her radiance upon this magnificent and romantic land.

At five o'clock in the morning the thermometer indicated seven degrees of frost, and the wind still blew in fitful gusts, which covered us with sand. The cold now was intense, and, as the moon had set, the wide scope of country around us looked unpleasantly dismal beneath its pall of darkness. Our outlook was towards the east, and as the time for daylight approached we watched anxiously for the first streak of dawn.

Just before six the thermometer went down half a degree, and a damp, chilly feeling pervaded the air. Darker, colder, and more dismal it grew, until suddenly, as if by enchantment, the black clouds opened in the east, and a fiery streak shot upward, bathing with its golden hues the darkened sky. At first everything around—the sky, the mountains, and the plains, the valleys, the rivers, and the lakes, the shining glaciers and the frozen snows—appeared one uniform creation of brilliant light, so brightly dazzling that the eye could scarcely bear the splendour, but as the clouds of night rolled swiftly away the glow became still more vivid, and as the blue mists rose in the valleys the tops of the distant mountains looked like islands rising from a vapoury ocean—an archipelago in a sea of gold. By degrees the bright lustre of the sun was softened with tints, first of red, and then light transparent crimson,

changing through different hues, until the sky assumed a deep pure blue, which merged towards the east into glowing violet. The towering summit of Ruapehu took the colour from these changes, and every portion on which the varied tints fell appeared more beautiful than it had ever appeared before. The whole aspect of this sudden transformation from night into day was indescribably grand, and as the glowing sun warmed our nearly frozen limbs we seemed to gain fresh life and energy from the fact that another glorious day had dawned upon the earth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RUAPEHU.

(Second Day.)

ASCENT OF THE GREAT PEAK.

The start—A lava bluff—Last signs of vegetation—Wall of conglomerate rock—The Giant Rocks—Ancient crater—Difficult climbing—A frightful precipice—The ice crown—Cutting our way over the ice—The summit - Peaks and crater—A grand *coup d'œil*—The surrounding country—Taking landmarks—Point Victoria.

As soon as we had made a hearty but very light breakfast, we started at once to make the ascent of the great peak, whose steep, snow-clad sides rose up at the end of the spur on which we had been camped. We got ourselves up as warmly as circumstances would allow. Our boots were stout, and capable of withstanding snow and ice; we wore thick overcoats belted round the waist, thick comforters round the neck, fur caps with flaps to protect the ears, while alpenstocks with flagstaff, and tomahawks to cut our way over the ice, completed our accoutrements.

At an altitude of 6480 feet we wound along a steep scoria ridge, and as the wind was still blowing hard from the south, we found it very difficult to make

headway. Even the light pole we had brought with us to place upon the summit became a great burden, and we each had to take spells every quarter of an hour to carry it. At 6800 feet the spur became steeper and steeper, and on one side it fell with a rapid descent of about 400 feet into a ravine below, while on the other it inclined abruptly towards the valley on our right. At 7000 feet we gained a lava bluff, which formed rugged giant steps of rock, over which we climbed with great difficulty.

At 7400 feet we came to another lava ridge, which rose above a steep scoria incline, covered with small particles of trachytic rock, pumice, and obsidian. From an altitude of a little over 6000 feet we had found no vegetation, save that represented by the two small plants known as the *Ligustrum aromaticum* and the *Gnaphalium bellidioides*, which everywhere grew side by side in sheltered positions beneath the rocks and boulders, forming, as it were, the crowning garlands of the splendid vegetation of the North Island. These small delicate plants held undisputed sway in this elevated region, and not even a clump of moss grew beyond the line which nature had defined as their snow-clad habitat.

At an elevation of 8000 feet the wind blew boisterously, and swept over the steep slopes of the mountain with terrific force. Here the whole geological formation was very curious, and we came on an immense ridge of lava and scoria conglomerate, containing big stones and boulders, which appeared to have been melted and fused together by a terrific heat. Here likewise scattered about in every direction were huge

masses of rock, some of which were from ten to twenty feet in height. At this elevation on our left was a stupendous mass of lava conglomerate, which rose up in the form of a solid wall over fifty feet in height, and so regular was its formation that it appeared to have been artificially formed.

At an altitude of 8200 feet a tremendous trachytic bluff rose up for 100 feet on our right. Above this again towered a series of pointed, jagged rocks, whose

WALL OF LAVA CONGLOMERATE.

dark-red sides appeared to have been rent and torn asunder by some terrific volcanic force. These curious peaked elevations, which we named the "Giant Rocks," are conspicuous features in the outline of the great mountain when viewed from the plains to the east and north. All round this region the mountain was clad with snow, and festoons of icicles glittered from every rock and precipice.

When we reached 8400 feet we experienced great

difficulty in climbing up a frozen scoria incline covered with great boulders of volcanic conglomerate. Looking down from this point the whole mountain had a singularly wild and rugged look, and the giant, peaked rocks shot up in the form of bold pinnacles, and seemed to mark the site of an ancient crater, where the raging volcanic fires had rent the rocks into a thousand curious forms, and turned them into a deep-red colour.

At 8600 feet, we climbed up a precipitous slope of lava conglomerate, in the form of a rude terrace, upon which were gigantic boulders and masses of broken rock covered with a thick coating of ice and snow. Here it was almost impossible to stand against the wind, and we came to a steep scoria incline, covered with frozen snow as hard as ice. Up this we had to crawl on our hands and knees, as the wind sweeping around the mountain from the right, fearfully cold, and with unabated force, made it impossible to stand. The scoria ridge and masses of rock and gigantic boulders that rose up around, were covered with festoons of ice, and the whole mountain shone and glittered with a dazzling splendour. Above the white snow, the dark ridges of lava rose like stupendous walls, rugged, bare, and desolate, but adamantine and colossal in structure, as if the Architect of nature had intended them to endure for all time. All about this part of the ascent the sides of the mountain were steep and broken, and the climbing along the frozen surface was so difficult that we had to creep along the edge of the great conglomerate walls and hang on to the big stones that jutted out

from their surface. We could now only go on for about five minutes at a time without stopping to rest, as we had not only to combat the difficulties of our own track, but the force of the wind, which, blowing with increased force as we mounted higher and higher, threatened at places to blow us over the precipices. Fortunately there was not a single cloud to be seen; nothing but a bright sun and a clear blue sky, from which the wind swept down cold, yet invigorating, but with tremendous force; and, indeed, so steep and slippery with ice was this part of the mountain that it was only by carefully navigating our own course, as it were, by keeping to leeward of the projecting peak above, that we were enabled to make headway.

At an altitude of 8900 feet, after a hard struggle, we gained the rounded top of the great peak, and when, under the shelter of a rocky projection, we lay flat down, and peered over the frightful precipice on our left, the whole aspect of the giant mountain, as it swept with its rugged, ice-bound sides down to the wide expanse of bare scoria ravines and black lava ridges, as they wound into the dreary Onetapu Desert below, appeared grand and beautiful, as much by reason of its vast incomprehensible proportions as by the wonderful effects of light and shade produced by the brilliant sunlight as it swept from the bright glacier above into the deep gorges and winding valleys below.

Even at this stage we were not yet at the summit of the mountain, for the great rocky crown which we had remarked from the plain below still towered above our heads to a height of 150 feet. We now

found that this singular monument was formed by a large outcrop of lava and conglomerate rock, which appeared at some remote period, when the volcanic fires were at their fiercest stage, to have oozed up above the surface of the surrounding rocks, and then congealed into a craggy mass with a symmetrical outline, which assumed the form of a rounded bluff towards the east, and tapered gradually off towards the west. Covered with a thick crown of snow that overhung its summit like a fringe, and glittering from base to top with sheets of ice and shining icicles, it sparkled with an almost dazzling effect beneath the golden rays as they shot from above, forming a grand and befitting crown to the grand mountain.

To scale this ice-bound pinnacle was our next task. Even to approach it at some parts was dangerous, for nature, in her certain but mysterious way, was doing her work as we looked on; and as the mid-day sun reflected its warm rays upon the icy festoons, they melted and fell with a crash at our feet, but where, at its further and shaded end, the wind blew with its cool breath the ice was as firm and as solid as iron.

With the cold blasts coming now and again with the force of a perfect hurricane, we crawled on our hands and knees along the steeps of the lower end, and cut footsteps with our tomahawks in the snow and ice, which spread itself like a white sheet over the precipitous inclines over which we had to make our way before we could reach the base of the rocky mass. Up every yard we had to crawl with great caution, and, in order to steady ourselves, we linked ourselves together by holding on to the flag-pole, as in many places a single

slip of the foot would have sent us rolling down the frozen steeps into eternity. The thrilling sensation caused by these adventures acted as a kind of stimulus, which was heightened by the fact that we knew when once on the summit of the ice-bound crown, not only the whole mountain, but the whole country would be beneath us. Cutting away the enormous icicles that impeded our progress, we climbed step by step up the treacherous, craggy sides of the towering mass of rock, but as we neared the top the gusts of wind swept round like a whirlwind on every side, so as to render it impossible at some points to approach the edge. Notwithstanding the wintry blasts, however, this day might be considered as a grand and a beautiful one for Ruapehu, but what the lofty crest of the great mountain must be like when storms break over it with terrific violence, when the wind howls from peak to peak, when the lightning leaps from crag to crag, when the thunder rolls and resounds through valley and ravine, when the snows descend, and darkening showers of hail and rain form bounding cataracts, no soul can tell.

Once upon the summit of the rocky crown, a glorious sight burst upon the view—one unique in itself, and unequalled in sublimity. It was now one o'clock, and since the time we had left the base of the mountain on the previous morning it had taken us nearly twenty hours of actual climbing to reach this spot; and now we seemed to have entered a new world —a world where there was no sound but the sigh of the wind, where there was no sign of life; a world placed high in the sky, made up of golden sunshine,

azure blue, and glittering snow and ice, but encircled as it were, by a broad expanse of green, bordered by the blue waves of the distant sea.

Looking towards the south, along the summit of the mountain, which stretched away for nearly a mile in length, peak rose above peak in colossal proportions from the dazzling expanse of snow. Each grand and towering mass of rock, tinted by the extinct volcanic fires of a reddish hue, standing out clearly defined against the light-blue sky, each pointed summit shining with ice beneath the bright light with grand and almost magical effect. Immediately beneath where we stood was a steep precipice which fell perpendicularly for hundreds of feet below, and beneath this again was a wide circle of jagged rocks, marking the outline of a gigantic crater, filled to its craggy brim with snow, which was furrowed into chasms of enormous depth, the clean-cut sides of which looked white and beautiful in their winding outline. The furthest southern peak of the mountain stood out in grand relief in the distance, its rounded, cupola-shaped summit being perfect in outline, as if artificially fashioned to serve for the dome of a Mohammedan mosque.

Turning from the wonders of the mountain, and looking out over the grand expanse of country which stretched far and wide on every side in all its pristine loveliness until it lost itself, as it were, in the wide expanse of ocean, just visible in the distance to the east and west, a wondrous panorama presented itself. Never had I seen a more varied and enchanting scene. I had beheld a wider expanse of country from the

summit of the Rocky Mountains, gorges and precipices more stupendous in the valley of the Yosemite, and I had gazed over a land very similar in outline from the summit of Fusiyama in Japan, but never before had I stood upon a glacier-crowned height in the region of perpetual snow with an active volcano, rising thousands of feet, beneath me, nor had I ever beheld so wide an expanse of lake, mountain, and rolling plain mingling together, as it were, and forming one grand and glorious picture. This wondrous Elysium, for in its primeval beauty it looked like nothing else, with its colossal, glacier-scored mountain, had not the cold frigidity of the Alpine districts of the South Island, where Nature looks awful in its grandeur; but here was the mingling, as it were, of the torrid and the frigid zone—a land where the snow-field and the glacier rose in all their impressive sublimity above a romantic-looking country clothed in a semi-tropical vegetation, where the choicest and most varied of trees and plants grew spontaneously in an atmosphere which might rank as the most healthful and invigorating in the world. The sight was, indeed, one calculated to overawe the mind and to impress the imagination with a sense of the omnipotence of the Creator.

For a radius from where we stood of over 100 miles the whole country was mapped out and clearly defined beneath us. In the north, towering to the skies, we could discern the familiar forms of Pirongia, Karioi, Maungatautari, Te Aroha, Ngongotaha, Hapurangi, and flat-topped Horohoro, with Tarawera, Putauaki, and Tauhara standing further to the east. The forms

of Titiraupenga, Rangitoto, Haurakia, Tapirimoko, and Haurungatahi rose above the forests of the King Country; the pointed summit of Hikurangi shot upward from the East Coast, and snow-clad Taranaki stood like a sentinel in the west, while Pihanga and Tongariro rose majestically from the plains below—all grand, isolated peaks, standing alone, and whose united altitudes, together with that of the giant mountain on which we stood, would exceed twice the height of Himalayas above the sea. All the intervening space was covered with mountain, valley, river, plain, and lake, and was so clearly defined, that we could trace all the grand features of the country as if delineated upon a plan. In the centre of all shone the broad waters of Taupo as they stretched away like an inland sea—the winding form of Lake Rotoaira shone like a mirror in the plain below—and the miniature lakes on Tongariro looked like big turquoise set in a circle of adamant. Indeed, every feature of this wide expanse of country was both varied and beautiful. The broad, rolling expanse of plain which we had beheld during the night, with its coating of frost, was now radiant in its vivid mantle of green, which was relieved here and there by the winding rivers and rushing streams which burst from the sides of the great mountain and sped onward to join the Waikato as it wound along the base of the Kaimanawa Mountains, which rose like a series of undulating terraces, clothed with dark forests, above which their serrated peaks stood out in bold relief against the sky. Beyond the far-reaching mountains stupendous heights arose in the direction of the south-east, range

after range, rolling away as far as the eye could reach to the distant Ruahine Mountains, whose stupendous outline bound the horizon in that direction.

It was, however, the vast country to the west that most attracted our attention. It was the forbidden land we had already entered, whose hidden wonders we

THE ICE CROWN, POINT VICTORIA.

were unmasking—a mysterious region which now lay stretched before us in all its primeval grandeur. We could mark its valleys and its plains and its forests and its towering mountains, and get glances of its rivers as they gleamed in the sun. To enter this unknown region, as we intended to do, at its extreme

southern end, pass through the enormous forest which covers it in that direction, and thence northward to Alexandra, we knew would be just 100 miles in a direct line, but we could now plainly see by the natural features of the country that by ordinary travel it would be at least twice that distance, and would require many a hard day's journey to accomplish. We therefore, from our elevated position, took careful note of the more prominent outlines of the country, and especially of the known high mountains, which we afterwards found to be splendid guides, as many of their peculiar features could not be mistaken.

When we had laid off on our map the leading features of the country through which we intended to pass, we set to work and built a cairn of rock, about four feet high, at a point which exceeded 9000 feet above the level of the sea, and on this we hoisted our flag. As this magnificent peak of Ruapehu, with its rocky crown of ice and snow, was not only the highest point of the mountain, but the very topmost summit of the North Island, we named it "Point Victoria," in honour of her Majesty the Queen.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE KAIMANAWA MOUNTAINS.

Further plans—Across the plains—In memoriam—The Onetapu Desert—Mamanui camp—Grilled *weka*—A heavy frost—The Kaimanawas—Geological formation—A probable El Dorado—Reputed existence of gold.

As we had now successfully accomplished the ascent of the two great mountains, I determined to leave the tapued district as soon as possible, and strike a south-easterly course across the Onetapu Desert to the southern base of the Kaimanawa Mountains, in order to examine the geological formation of that region. I had noticed when examining the western banks of the Waikato River, that on its opposite side, where the mountains rose in all their grandeur, the geological aspect of the country was entirely different from that of the Rangipo table-land, the geological formation of which was principally composed of fluvial drift, with a deep superimposed stratum of pumice, and over which again was a final stratum of volcanic earth, formed principally by the decomposition of the trachytic rocks forming the numerous volcanic cones which bounded the table-land on the west. Owing, however, to the flooded state of the Waikato, it was impossible to reach its opposite side, where the

Kaimanawa Mountains rose in the form of a stupendous wall. I therefore resolved to head the river at its upper waters, in order to get into the Kaimanawa country in that way.

On the day following our ascent of Ruapehu, we started across the plains in the direction indicated above, and as the day was fine we rode leisurely along, coaxing our half-starved horses on their way by occasional feeds from the luxuriant growth of native grasses which covered that part of the Rangipo. In this portion of the plains there was a great variety of native grasses, and among them were those known to the natives as the *parakerake* and *pekipeki*, while the tussock grass grew in clumps often three feet in height. Dotted all over the plain likewise was a curious spiked plant, which our horses carefully avoided whenever they came in its way. This singular plant grew at the bottom, in the form of a widespreading circular tuft, composed of narrow sword-edged leaves, the ends of which were as pointed and as sharp as a lancet. From the centre of the tuft rose a stem varying from a foot to two feet in height, which bristled at the top with a spike-like thorn, while clustering all over its sides were long thin thorns, pointed, and as sharp as needles. So strong and sharp are the thorns of this plant, that the natives often use them as spurs.

We had been told at Tokanu that at a certain point on these wide plains if we struck a certain native track hard by a certain stream flowing from the rugged gorges of Tongariro, we could see a pole which was strictly *tapu* in the eyes of the Maoris. When we came to the spot, the pole was there in the form of

a portion of a dead tree. Now, a melancholy tale was attached to this singular relic. During the time of the war, when the Hauhaus under Te Kooti carried fire and sword among the loyal tribes of this part of the country, a native girl, it is said, of singular beauty, was passing alone by this very spot, when one of the rebel chief's followers approaching at the same time, brutally attacked her, and having accomplished his villainous purpose, cut her throat, and rode on his way. Even the very name of this man is lost in oblivion, and his soul—well, never mind. When the girl's relatives came to search for her they found her body, and taking off her collaret, placed it on the pole, and tapued the place sacred to her memory, and this pole still standing on the wild plains now forms her only monument. But, strange to say, the collaret, rounded, tied in a knot, and in form as perfect as if taken from the blood-stained neck but yesterday, was likewise there, and Nature, as if anxious to preserve this sad relic, had covered it with a coating of fine spiral moss, which made it look not unlike one of those wreaths of immortelles we sometimes see placed on Christian graves to invoke, as it were, the blessings of Heaven. I made a sketch of this lonely monument, and when the ravages of time shall have effaced it from all ken, these simple words may serve to recall the memory of one who was loyal to her queen, and who met death at a time when war and rapine swept over the land, and when the white and the dark race fought with a deadly and cruel hatred for the mastery of these fair and attractive regions.

The Onetapu Desert, or "desert of sacred sand," as

its name implies, forms one of the most curious features of this region. It stretches from the eastern slope of Ruapehu to the banks of the Waikato River, across the centre of the great table-land, and covers an area of over fifty square miles. In summer it is parched and dried, and in the winter months when the snows cover it, it is both dangerous and difficult to traverse. As we neared this trackless waste, the rich vegetation of the plains gradually died away, and gave place to the stunted plants and shrubs which we had always found growing on the lower scoria deposits. This vegetation did not cover the ground in every direction, but grew in patches here and there, and often in a very attractive way. The desert, at the surface, is composed entirely of a deposit of scoria, with rounded stones and trachytic boulders above, while, in some places, rise enormous lava ridges. Here and there a trickling watercourse winds over it, but taken altogether it is a dreary, monotonous expanse, which the superstitious minds of the natives have peopled with *taniwhas* and evil spirits. By its formation, it would appear as if Ruapehu, when in a state of activity, had distributed its showers of ashes and lava over this wide region, and it would also appear that, at the period at which this extensive deposition of scoria occurred, there must have been growing upon this very spot an extensive forest similar to that now to be found on the western side of the mountain, for, as we rode over the dreary expanse, we found the remains of enormous trees which had been converted into charcoal, as it were, at the time when the fiery ashes swept over them, and which had since become exposed, as the

upper surface was denuded by the action of the water flowing down from the mountain.

Towards sundown we gained the upper waters of the Waikato, which here wound across the desert in the form of a small stream coming from the direction of Ruapehu. After crossing this we struck up towards the Kaimanawa Mountains, to the Mamanui stream, where there was a deserted Maori camping-place, and where we found excellent feed for our horses. The spot where we pitched our camp stood at an elevation of 3727 feet above the sea, on the banks of the Mamanui, which wound from the mountains to form one of the many tributaries of the Waikato which have their rise in these extensive ranges. The moon shone brightly by the time we had pitched our tent, and the tall heights, towering around us with their splendid vegetation, sheltered us from the chilly blasts that swept across the plains, and, taken altogether, it was a comfortable and pleasant spot in comparison to the weird mountains upon which we had been recently camped.

This night we indulged in a delicacy which up to this moment we had neither time nor opportunity to cook. When we rode out to make the ascent of Tongariro we had the good fortune, as we then deemed it, to knock over a small *weka* or wood-hen. This diminutive bird Turner seemed to look upon as a kind of sacred offering from the gods, and he tied it to his saddle-bow, and kept a keen eye upon it, with the view of making the final sacrifice whenever we should have time to light a fire. We had now had it nearly six days in our possession, but this was in reality the

first opportunity we had had of cooking it. We soon, however, had it grilling over our fire, and we ate it with avidity, regretting the while that Providence had not provided us with a full-grown bird in place of a mere fledgling. The *weka* (*Ralus Australis*) is very plentiful in the plains around Tongariro.

We passed a fairly comfortable night in this secluded spot, but it was one of the coldest we had experienced. Before midnight the whole country was covered with a thick white frost, and at four in the morning the thermometer stood as low as 27°.

The Kaimanawa Mountains are situated in almost the very centre of the island, with a general north-easterly and south-westerly bearing, and attain to an elevation of about 6000 feet above the level of the sea. Stretching across the great central table-land in an extent of about eighty miles, their tall serrated peaks form a grand and beautiful feature in the many natural wonders of the surrounding country, while the primeval forests which clothe them to their summits are among the finest in the country. From whatever point of view they are beheld, they disclose the most delightful views, and when their pointed peaks are covered with the winter snows they afford the most beautiful Alpine scenery to be found in the North Island. Clothed everywhere with a dense growth of vegetation, they tower one above the other in a series of mountain terraces, whose stupendous sides are broken by enormous gorges which form the outlets of innumerable streams, while winding valleys open to the view the most romantic and attractive prospects.

It is, however, the geological formation of this extensive mountain range, covering many hundreds of square miles, which is of especial interest. Unlike the volcanic cones, which form one of the most remarkable features of this division of the country, and which have their origin in a trachytic formation, the rocks comprising the Kaimanawa Mountains belong to the paleozoic order, and are composed principally of clay slate with quartz veins, brownish semi-crystallized sandstones, silicious schists, and diorites as intrusive rocks.

When, upon the day after our arrival at Mamanui, we followed up the creeks where we had been camped, and ascended these mountains to a height of 4000 feet, I found all these rocks *in situ*, but, owing to the densely wooded nature of the country, it was only in the ravines that the geological formation could be examined. The clay slates were placed more or less vertically, by reason of the intrusion of the diorite bars through their plane, while the quartz I found on the slopes of the hills and in abundant quantities in the creeks, and from the auriferous indications which I noticed on all sides, I much regretted that, owing to the necessity to press on our journey, I was prevented from examining this country more closely. I am, however, firmly of opinion that this extensive range, which presents many features in common with the Sierras of California, offers to the geologist a rich field for research, and to the miner a probable El Dorado where, I believe, great treasure will be brought to light in years to come. It is more than likely that the whole of this extensive mountain range will be found

upon examination to be rich in all the mineral products common to geological formations of a like kind, and that not only gold but other minerals will be found.

It is likewise worthy of note that the natives of this district with whom we afterwards came in contact assured us of the existence of gold in these mountains, as likewise of a mineral which, by the description they gave of it, I judged to be silver. Although it is impossible to define by any theoretical course of reasoning what hidden treasures may exist in the fastnesses of the Kaimanawas, there can be no doubt that the whole region is well worthy an extended examination. The discovery of a payable gold-field in this locality could not fail to confer a material benefit upon the whole country. Situated as these mountains are in the centre of the island, they are easily accessible from all points; and if once the existence of remunerative auriferous deposits were established, the spread of population would follow, and in this way the vast and varied resources of an extensive portion of the colony would be developed.

CHAPTER XX.

SECOND ASCENT OF RUAPEHU. SOURCES OF THE WHANGAEHU AND WAIKATO RIVERS.

Curious parterres—Supposed source of Whangaehu—A gigantic lava bed—A steep bluff—The Horseshoe Fall—The Bridal Veil Fall—The Twin Falls—A dreary region—Ice caves—Source of the Waikato—The descent—Our camp on the desert.

HAVING satisfied myself as to the geological formation of the Kaimanawa Mountains, I next determined to trace up the Whangaehu and Waikato Rivers to their source in Ruapehu. Striking our camp at Mamanui, we took a south-westerly course for some distance, until we struck the Whangaehu River, which we found winding across the desert in the form of a wide, rushing stream. Once on the opposite side, we were again fairly on the Onetapu Desert, and we shaped our course in the direction of the eastern side of Ruapehu, where a tremendous ravine seemed to lead right into the very heart of the mountain.

When passing over some portions of the great scoria plain, we found all of the plants and shrubs peculiar to the region growing together with dwarf trees, but all so artistically dispersed by the hand of Nature as to appear like miniature gardens, with winding walks that formed a perfect labyrinth. In fact, so beauti-

fully and carefully designed were some of these parterres, that it was almost impossible to believe that they had not been artificially formed. Every species of plant that we had hitherto found in the district grew in them, with a vast variety of shrubs we had not before observed, while the scoria winding about the clumps of vegetation was so even as to appear as if it had been artificially rolled down.

The Whangaehu River, which takes its rise in the eastern side of Ruapehu, is one of the largest streams in the colony. Bursting forth high up in the snows of the mountain, it crosses the desert in an easterly direction, and then, with the fall of the country, takes a swift bend towards the south in its course to the coast, where it joins the sea, in a distance of about sixty miles from its source. From the point where it issues from the mountain, and for many miles as it winds through the plains, its waters are rendered perfectly white from the enormous amount of alum with which they are charged. We had been informed by the natives at Tokanu that the source of this river rose in an enormous black rock, or dark bluff, which forms a conspicuous feature near the eastern base of the mountain, and it was therefore towards this point we directed our course.

The whole of this side of Ruapehu appeared singularly rugged, and above the deep gorges the enormous bluffs and precipices seemed to mount one above the other to the glacier-crowned peaks above. We struck into a boulder-strewn ravine, and, after following this along for a considerable distance, we found that it brought us to the dark mass of rocks

which the natives had indicated to us. It was, however, clear at once that the true source of the river was a long distance up the mountain from this point. The dark rocks, which were nothing more than enormous outcrops of lava, formed the portals, or entrance, as it were, to a still deeper gorge, which led further into the mountain, and which looked as weird and as dismal as anything Dante or Doré had ever created. When we had got fairly into this tremendous chasm, a most curious sight presented itself. Below our feet was the bed of the ravine, strewn with boulders of all sizes, which lay scattered about in endless confusion, as if hurled from the heights above by the hands of mountain giants. On our left rose an immense lava wall, over 100 feet in height, and on our right, rising from the bed of the ravine, was a wide stratum of alluvial drift, composed of sand and water-worn boulders. Resting on this stratum, just as it had cooled, was a lava stream, about 200 feet in perpendicular height, as sharp and as clear in all its proportions as if it had been cast out but yesterday from the fiery craters of the mountain. Dark, bright, and shining with a metallic lustre, it looked like a solid wall of bronze built by Cyclopean hands, the stupendous jagged ridge which crowned it resembling the rampart of an embattled fortress. This appeared to be one of the grandest specimens of a trachytic lava bed to be found in any part of the world, and it formed one of the most interesting geological phenomena I had ever beheld. Looking at this stupendous mass, one could fairly realize how widespread and how tremendous in its proportions must have been the volcanic action of

Ruapehu. The stream of lava which had formed this great deposit had evidently come from one of the many central craters of the mountain, and had rolled down in a molten stream for a distance of several miles, until it had gradually cooled into its present form. When gazing up at this singular monument, it could be seen that there was not a single flaw in its whole surface to mar the general outline of its colossal

GREAT TRACHYTIC LAVA BED.

proportions. Here and there from the hard metallic surface, which shone like bronze by some powerful agency difficult to comprehend, blocks of the adamantine rock had fallen into the ravine below, but even every line of their surface was as sharp and as angular as if they had been just wrought into form under our eyes.

When we had travelled a considerable distance up to

the head of this wild gorge, we found it impossible to get out of it except by the way we had come, so we headed back again, and climbed, with great difficulty and at considerable risk, up the enormous bluff forming the entrance to the gorge, the sharp edges of the lava being particularly rough on our hands. Once at the summit of the bluff, we gained a long spur which formed the top of the great bed of lava we had examined in the ravine below, and which was here about 600 yards in width, as evidenced by the rugged outcrops of black rock that rose above the surface of the ground on every side. Travelling for a short distance up this steep ridge, we descended a rocky precipice to the right into another weird gorge, where the milky waters of the Whangaehu came bounding in a rapid descent over boulders and rocky precipices. We crossed the river at this point, and we kept the stream on our left for a considerable distance up the mountain.

When we had followed up this ravine for a long distance we came to another scoria spur, mounting upwards towards the mountain. About two miles up this the ravine widened out, with high lava walls on either side, while right in the centre rose a high ridge of lava, which ended in steep, sloping ridges of fine scoria. The great snow peaks beyond now came into full view, and at a height of 5300 feet the ravine opened out on our left, and over the flat terrace above a large waterfall fell from a height of 150 feet over a semicircular precipice into a deep, rocky basin, and, as the vast volume of water poured on to the great rocks beneath, it resounded through the ravine like the echo

of distant thunder. We named this the "Horseshoe Fall" from the shape of the precipice over which the water fell.

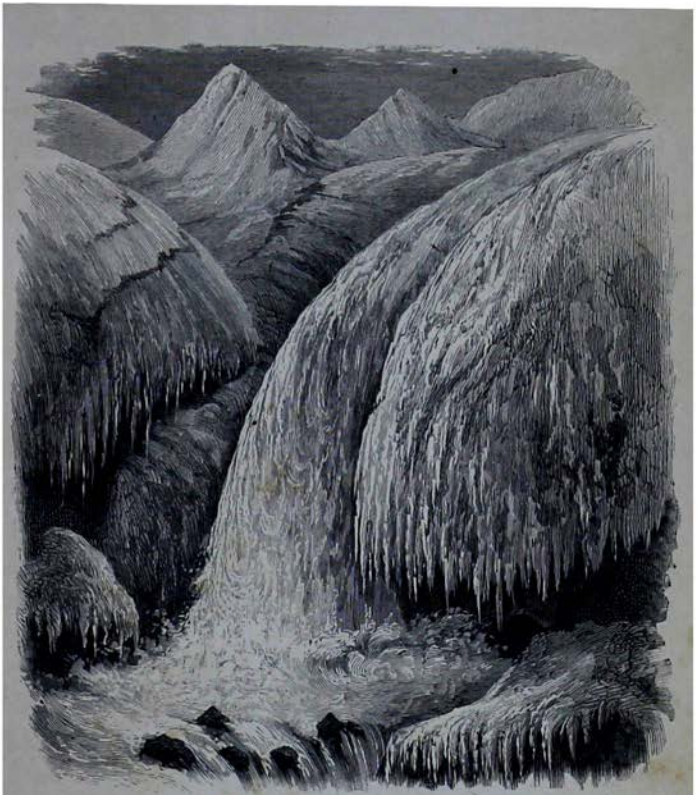
From the Horseshoe Fall we mounted still higher up a very steep ascent on to a flat-topped scoria spur, which immediately to the right descended into a rugged ravine over a sheer precipice of 400 feet, while to the left of the ridge, which we followed up, rolled the Whangaehu, at a depth of about 300 feet in the gorge below, and beyond which the giant form of one of the principal spurs of the mountain, built up of scoria and layers of lava, rose to a height of about 1000 feet above us. We were now high up in the mountain, and the cold wind from the snow-crowned glacier above swept over us with a chilly blast, while the colossal walls of rock, towering above on every side, cast their weird shadows around, and blocked out every ray of sunlight. We climbed for about three miles further up the dreary scoria spurs, the monotonous appearance of which was only relieved by the fantastic outcrops of lava rock, which jutted up above the surface in every direction, as if still hot and quaking with subterranean heat. One of the most remarkable features about these fantastic outcrops of lava was that time and the devastating effects of the elements to which they must have been subjected for hundreds, nay, thousands, of years, appeared to have left no traces upon them, the hard, metallic-looking surface of the rock being as sharp in outline as if it had but just got cool from the terrific heat of the stupendous fires, which had left their impress in every direction over the face of the mountain. Not a sign of vegetation was to

be seen anywhere. We could not even get a glimpse of the country around, as the windings of the enormous gorge had led us, as it were, into the very heart of the mountain, and had surrounded us with its high, rugged walls. As we climbed still further to the glacier-crowned heights above us, the appearance of this wild ravine became still more desolate; rugged, craggy boulders of black rock were scattered about the slopes in every direction, and we had to climb over huge masses of rock that barred our pathway. Thick icicles now covered the ground, hung in festoons from the rocks, and bedecked the high precipices in the form of a glittering fringe, while the snow was not only on the heights above, but in the deep ravines beneath us. In the distance we could hear the loud roaring of a cataract, and, as we pressed on, the sound of the falling water resounded louder and louder, and at an altitude of 6250 feet another waterfall, far larger and more beautiful than the one we had previously discovered, burst into view. We had hoped that this would prove the source of the river, as it was now late in the day, and it was clear that we would not have much more time for climbing if we wished to gain our camp before nightfall. We soon found, however, that the great gorge still wound into the mountain for 1000 feet above, and that the true source of the river was yet further ahead. We took our first rest at this stage, and gazed in admiration at the leaping volume of water in front of us. Here, on our right, rose a gigantic bluff of lava and conglomerated rock, while round this frowning point and coursing down the steep incline of the gorge, up which we were ascending,

swept the white waters of the Whangaehu, until the whole volume, concentrated into a narrow rocky channel, burst over a precipice with a fall of 300 feet into the rocky gorge below. This was one of the most beautiful and unique cascades I had ever seen. All around the craggy rocks were white with a deposit of alum from the spray of the fall, while the water, of a milky hue, poured over the precipice in a continuous frothy stream, which appeared by its whiteness like folds of delicate lace. This beautiful cascade had not the sparkle and glitter of ordinary waterfalls, but a soft, milky appearance different to anything I had ever beheld before. The big, circular, rock-bound basin, into which the water fell, was decorated around its sides with fantastic clusters of icicles, all of the same milky whiteness, and mingling as they did with the still whiter snow, they served to complete one of the most singular and attractive features of this weird ravine. We named this the "Bridal Veil Fall" on account of its peculiar lace-like appearance.

Leaving the Bridal Veil Fall to dart over its echoing rocks, we struck up the steep, precipitous ridge ahead, where we could still see the white waters of the river coming down, as it were, from the very summit of the mountain. Here the whole surroundings had a most wild and romantic appearance, and we seemed to have entered a dismal solitude where there was no sound but the rushing of waters as they dashed over the rocky precipices, or rolled among the stupendous boulders which lay scattered about the winding channels of the deep ravines. We pushed on as fast as we could over an enormous outcrop of lava, and when we

had reached 6750 feet fresh wonders still seemed to call us onward. At this elevation we discovered two cascades falling over a steep, bluff-like precipice, and



THE BRIDAL VEIL FALL.

only at a short distance apart from each other. These two shoots of water, which appeared to be of the same proportions, fell from a height of about 100 feet into the ravine below, and then dashed onward to leap over

the precipice of the Bridal Veil. All around the rocks were resplendent with icicles, and with the white coating of alum appeared like alabaster. We named these the "Twin Waterfalls" on account of their singular resemblance to each other.

From this point of the great ravine we again mounted up precipitous rocks and lava ridges, one of which we had to climb hand over hand for a height of fifty feet. The river now, as far as we could discern, appeared to pour out of the snow as it came down in a rapid torrent through a precipitous ravine, along the side of which we crawled with difficulty. As we mounted higher the stupendous rocks, over which we had to make our way, were piled about in the most intricate confusion, and in one place we had to pass over an outcrop of trachytic rock which was broken into angular pieces, as sharp as flint, and fractured in every direction, as if it had been subjected at some period to the force of a terrific explosion. It required great care to get over this difficult point, as there was only room enough to crawl along between the wall of rock on one side, and a precipice of 200 feet on the other, which fell with a sheer descent into a big, circular, ice-bound pool, into which the milky waters of the Whangaehu poured in the form of foaming cascades. Here, around on every side, rose steep precipices, great buttresses of black lava mounted up in the form of stupendous bluffs that supported, as it were, the rampart-like heights above, while right in front of us, and towering to an altitude of over 1000 feet, was a glacier slope crowned with craggy peaks, which stood out in bold relief against the sky. This rugged locality

was one of the most singular of the whole mountain. No region could be wilder or more desolate in appearance. There was nothing but the blue heavens above to relieve the frigid glare of the ice, the cold glitter of the snows, and the dreary tints of the frowning fire-scorched rocks. We now seemed to be in a new world, where solitude reigned supreme, and where Nature, casting aside her most radiant charms, looked stern and awe-inspiring in her mantle of ice and snow.

Right under the snowy glacier above us were wide, yawning apertures, arched at the top, and framed, as it were, with ice, in the form of rude portals, through which the white waters of the river burst in a continuous stream. These were ice caves. Climbing over the rough boulders, and then descending into a rocky channel, where the water mounted over our knees, we entered the largest of these singular structures, when a wonderful sight met the gaze. We found ourselves in a cave of some 200 feet in circumference, whose sides of black volcanic rock were sheeted with ice, and festooned with icicles, all grandly and marvellously designed. At the further end from where we entered was a wide, cavernous opening, so dark that the waters of the river, as they burst out of it in a foaming, eddying stream down the centre of the cave in which we stood, looked doubly white, in comparison with the black void out of which they came. We were now right under the enormous glacier that covered the summit of the mountain, and the roof of the cave was formed of a mass of frozen snow, which had been fashioned by some singular law of

Nature into oval-shaped depressions of about two feet in height, and a foot and a half broad, all of one uniform size, and so beautifully, and so mathematically precise in outline, as to resemble the quaint designs of a Moorish temple; while, from all the central points to which the edges of these singular designs converged, a long single icicle hung down several inches in diameter at its base, perfectly round and smooth and clear, tapering off towards its end with a point as sharp as a needle. High up on our left, in the walls of the cave, were two apertures like the slanting windows of a dungeon, through which the light streamed, giving a soft, mysterious halo to the whole scene, which looked weird and indescribably curious. We had brought candles with us, and lighting them, we pressed forward to explore the deep cavern beyond, but to do so we had to climb over sharp, slippery rocks, which were covered with a coating of ice, as if they had been glazed with glass, while the white waters streaming beneath us fell into a deep, eddying pool. We managed, after some difficulty, to cross the stream in the second cave, and to penetrate a considerable distance along the treacherous rocks into the very centre, as it were, of the great mountain; but, just as we were winding along a kind of subterranean passage, which looked like a short cut into eternity, our lights went out, owing to the water falling from above, and, as we could hear nothing but rushing waters ahead, we, with some difficulty, beat a retreat into the first cave, which looked like a fairy palace in comparison with the dark cavern we had just left. These caves were at an altitude of 7000

feet above the level of the sea, and we were now at the true source of the remarkable river. Wherever the water poured over the rocks it left a white deposit, and when we tasted it, it produced a marked astringent feeling upon the tongue, leaving a strong taste of alum, sulphur, and iron, with all of which ingredients, especially the two former, it appeared to be strongly impregnated.[1]

It is a remarkable and interesting geographical fact that the waters which form the source of the Waikato River burst from the sides of Ruapehu, within a short distance of the Whangaehu, and at almost the same altitude. Both streams run almost parallel to each other for a long distance from their source, and then, as they reach the desert, they gradually diverge and divide the two great watersheds of this portion of the country, the Waikato flowing to the north into Lake Taupo, and the Whangaehu to join the sea in the south. There is, I believe, no place in the world where two great rivers may be seen rising at an altitude of over 7000 feet in the sides of a glacier-clad mountain, and rolling for miles, side by side, down its rugged slopes, the waters of the one of alabaster whiteness, and the waters of the other as pure and as limpid

[1] Near to this point, on the summit of the mountain, there is a lake formed by an extinct crater, filled by subterranean springs, and it is likely that the Whangaehu may in some way be connected with it. It is, however, clear that there must, of necessity, be strong subterranean springs in this portion of the mountain, to account for the large volume of water forming the source of this river, as likewise extensive deposits of alum, of some form or another, to cause the complete discoloration of the waters by that mineral. I believe that this singular river will be found to possess great medicinal properties for the cure of rheumatic affections and cutaneous disorders.

as crystal, and each forming the dividing waters of an area of country of nearly 100 miles in length.

It had taken us nine hours to reach the ice caves, and as it was now late in the day we began to descend with all haste, in order, if possible, to reach the point where we had left our horses before nightfall.

As the sun went down the wind blew with a freezing blast, and as we descended precipice after precipice, and ridge after ridge, and the tints of evening crept gradually over the dismal sides of the mountains, our course appeared long beyond measure. When we got near to the immense mass of lava we had beheld in wonder in the morning, the shades of night overtook us, and it was with great difficulty we could pick our way over the rough boulders of the dark, weird gorge, which now looked like Dante's Inferno with the fires put out. We again struck the waters of the Whangaehu, and shining as they did like a white streak in the darkness, we were enabled to follow them up until we came to our camp.

We soon had our tent erected under the lee of a cluster of scrub, which served to protect us from the fury of the wind, which now swept in strong blasts across the scoria plains. Our camping-place was as near as possible in the centre of the desert, and at a point which indicated an elevation of 3000 feet above the level of the sea. It might, in fact, be considered as the highest point of the great central table-land, for it was here that the watershed divided, and flowed on the one hand to the north, and on the other to the south, as previously described. A drink of tea and a biscuit formed our only meal, and then

we lay down to pass one of the roughest and most uncomfortable nights we had ever experienced. About midnight a great storm of wind swept over the plains, and dark clouds gathered over the heavens, and the rain continued to descend in torrents throughout the night. Fortunately for us, the few straggling bushes around served to break the force of the blast, otherwise everything would have been blown away.

CHAPTER XXI.

KARIOI.

Our commissariat gives out—The Murimotu Plains—The settlement—The homestead—The welcome—Society at Karioi—The natives—The Napier Mail.

When morning broke over our camp on the Onetapu Desert the rain poured down without intermission, the flood waters of the great mountain swept over the plains in every direction, and the whole country, obscured for the most part by heavy mists, looked indescribably desolate. To remain camped where we were was simply to court starvation. We were now nearly 100 miles from where we had started, and, while our horses were so weak as to be hardly able to walk, through exposure and want of proper food, our own commissariat was reduced to its lowest. Yet, up to this point, we had not accomplished one-half of our intended journey. It is true we had ascended the great mountains, and had seen their wonders, but there were still dense forests and unknown regions to be traversed. We had been told before setting out from Tapuwaeharuru that a sheep-station known as Karioi could be reached by travelling in the direction of Whanganui. This was out of our course, but there

was no alternative but to make for it, in order to recruit our horses and replenish our commissariat. We therefore looked towards this place as a kind of Land of Promise, flowing with the proverbial milk and honey.

Once clear of the sterile desert, we took a southerly course along the Whangaehu River, until we reached the magnificent tract of open country known as the Murimotu Plains. This wide district, which forms, as it were, the southern slope of the great central table-land, stretches in the west to the borders of the forest country which extends to the valley of the Whanganui, while to the eastward it is bounded by the lower hills which branch out in the form of extensive ridges from the southern end of the Kaimanawa Mountains. These plains, which resemble in general features those to the north of the desert forming the Rangipo plateau, are covered with a network of streams and rivers, and, for the most part, with a luxuriant growth of native grasses, the ridges and lower hills which dot them towards the east being carpeted with low fern. We travelled across the plains principally by compass bearing, and we had to cross many swollen streams in our course, the waters of one pouring in the form of a cascade into a deep circular basin. Beyond this point we again struck the Whangaehu, which had now become a wide stream, but its waters were still quite white. After a journey of nine hours, during which time the rain and wind never ceased, we sighted a "three-rail fence," which we joyously hailed as the first sign of civilization we had seen for some time.

The fence proved to be the horse-paddock of the

station, and following it along, we soon came to our destination. We found the various *whares* and rustic huts composing the settlement of Karioi scattered promiscuously about the banks of the Tokiahuru River, a tributary of the Whangaehu, which wound through the station in its course to the south. The site of the settlement was most delightfully chosen, and the views from every part of it were most attractive.

Upon arrival at the homestead all hands came to greet us, although nobody knew who we were, nor where we had come from; nor were we asked whether we were hungry. With true bush etiquette, that was taken as a matter of course, and we were soon invited to partake of what was to us a magnificent repast.

We found the good people of Karioi true cosmopolites, ready to enter into conversation and to furnish all the news in their power in exchange for what we could tell them of the country we had passed through. Strange as it may appear, in this small settlement of whites and natives, which formed the last link in the chain of European settlement stretching from the East Coast into this portion of the country, our pleasant party at Karioi was composed of representatives of many nations. A Mr. Rees, who had come up from Whanganui, was a native of Australia, and had served in the armed constabulary at Parihaka; Mr. Newman, our host, hailed from the South of England; one of the "hands" was a New Zealander, another an Austrian, a third came from the Alpine districts of the Tyrol, and another from the Land o' Cakes, while the native race was here represented by several *hapus* of one of the principal Whanganui tribes. To listen to

the spirited description given by Mr. Rees of the Parihaka campaign, and to his delineation of Te Whiti[1] and other notable chiefs, to participate in the varied conversation upon the wonders of the surrounding country, to chat with the Tyrolese in his native tongue, and to feel that a great vacuum had been filled in our insides, was so great a change to what we had recently experienced, that we now seemed to be partaking of the pleasures of the varied society and seductive luxuries of a first-class antipodean caravansary, where hospitality was boundless and good-fellowship the order of the day.

In the evening we visited the native *kainga*, and spent some time with the Maoris in the *wharepuni*. There were about twenty natives present, men, women, and children, and in the centre of the primitive apartment blazed a huge fire, which threw out a terrific heat, and rendered the place almost unbearable. The natives were mostly short of stature, with hard features, and I remarked that they spoke with a much harsher accent than those further to the north, and that they clipped many of their words in a remarkable way. When Turner inquired for an explanation of this habit, they stated that their great ancestor, Ngatoroirangi, when he came over in the *Arawa* canoe was engaged in baling out that craft during a storm, and that whilst so doing he caught a severe cold, which caused him to speak in a sharp, halting kind of

[1] Te Whiti and Tohu, the Maori prophets, were captured in 1882, at the instance of the Government, by the armed constabulary at the native settlement of Parihaka, for inciting their followers to commit acts of lawlessness against the European settlers.

way, which has been imitated ever since by many of the Whanganui tribes, who claim descent from that celebrated chief, and who has been before alluded to in a previous chapter as the first explorer of the country.

On the second evening after our arrival at Karioi, and when all hands were assembled in the homely *whare* watching the big pots boiling for supper, in fact, when everything looked *couleur de rose*, a horseman rode up bespattered with mud from head to foot, bringing a packet of papers and a handful of letters. This was the Napier mail, and we hailed it with delight, as it was the first tidings of civilization we had obtained since we left Tapuwaeharuru, over twenty-four days past. We anxiously scanned the telegrams, to see what had arisen with regard to the Mahuki difficulty, when we learned that the native minister was about to leave Alexandra to travel by way of the Mokau River to Taranaki, in company with a body-guard of armed natives, under the chief Hone Te Wetere, that Mahuki's tribe was going to oppose his journey through that portion of the country, and that a gallows had been erected at Te Kumi, to hang the native minister and all other whites that might be caught across the *aukati* line. This news, which was about the most exciting item of intelligence the papers contained, was discussed with much gusto. The mere idea of war in the King Country—Alexandra in flames and a minister hanged—seemed to act like magic upon the heroic hearts of the cosmopolitan community at Karioi. This new phase of the native difficulty Turner and myself treated with apparent indifference,

but in reality, coming as it did at that moment, we secretly deemed it of no small concern, as we had determined to leave Karioi on the following day, re-enter the King Country at its southern end, and come out somehow across the northern frontier. In the suggestive words of the schoolboy, we never "let on;" but, as a matter of fact, from the time we left Karioi until we crossed the *aukati* line at Alexandra, five weeks afterwards, this significant item of intelligence was our *bête noire*, as during our progress northward we could never tell from day to day what difficulties we might run into with the natives by reason of the Hursthouse-Mahuki episode.

CHAPTER XXII.

FOREST COUNTRY.

The start from Karioi—On the track—Te Wheu maps the country—The primeval solitude—Terangakaika Forest—The flora—Difficulties of travel—The lakes—Birds—Pakihi—Mangawhero River—Gigantic vines—Fallen trees—Dead forest giants—Mangatotara and Mangatuku Rivers—A "Slough of Despond"—Dismal Swamp.

We were invited to stay as long as we liked at Karioi, but as we were anxious, as the weather was breaking, to push forward as soon as possible, we had to content ourselves with two days' rest, and on the morning of the 24th of April we again set out. Having examined all the principal natural features of the country for over 200 miles northward of this point, I determined to traverse the plains to the southward of Ruapehu, and then pass through the great forest to the westward of that mountain, in order to reach the Manganui-a-te-Ao River near to its junction with the Whanganui, and afterwards proceed northward through the King Country, by the best route we could find.

We had heard from the Maoris that there was an unfrequented native track, leading somewhere in the direction of the Manganui-a-te-Ao River, through

the region we were going to explore, but it was at all times difficult to travel, and still more difficult to find, unless by those well acquainted with the country. We were told that it led over high mountains and steep hills, and across rivers and boggy creeks innumerable. With these difficulties ahead, we endeavoured to secure the services of a native guide to accompany us as far as Ruakaka, the Maori settlement on the Manganui-a-te-Ao, but no one among the many natives we treated with was willing to make the journey; all excusing themselves upon the plea that they did not like to undertake the responsibility of introducing Europeans into the country. At last, after considerable parleying, a native, named Te Wheu, agreed to put us on to the track for a consideration, so we set out without delay. As it was clear that we should have to traverse the great forest on foot, and have much difficult travelling, we abandoned our sumpter-horse at Karioi, together with our gun, which, up to this time, had been of little service, and reducing our camp equipage to the lowest, packed our horses with the tent and blankets, and carried just sufficient provisions to last us for three days, by which time we hoped to reach Ruakaka.

We picked up our guide Te Wheu at the Whakahi *kainga*, and took a westerly course across the Murimotu Plains, which extended, in the form of a well-grassed tract of country, as far as the southern base of Ruapehu, and beyond which a thick, and apparently impenetrable, forest rose, in the form of a barrier of varied and beautiful vegetation. Near to the southern end of the great mountain we passed the Maori settlement

of Ohinepu, situated on a slope, with low mounds on its western side, on which were several tombs.

We crossed the Waitaki Creek, flowing southerly from the mountain, and near to a native *kainga*, situated on a rock-bound hill, beneath which the Mangaehu stream flowed like a moat.

From this point, after passing a swamp, we soon hit the so-called track, which would have been impossible to find without native assistance, hidden as the entrance to it was away in the winding of the dense forest. Here the colossal trees rose up on every side, a thick undergrowth of the most varied shrubs hedged us in wherever we turned, and coiling roots of trees, and black, swampy mud, with here and there a blazed tree, was the only indication of our course. To ride through this was impossible, and we therefore had to dismount and lead our horses.

Te Wheu accompanied us to the summit of a densely-wooded hill, which rose 500 feet above the plain we had recently left. Before leaving us, however, we induced him to sketch out roughly, on the ground, the lay of the country we were about to traverse, when he gave us the names and directions of the principal rivers and creeks we should have to cross. He then told us that as he was known at Ruakaka we might mention his name to the natives, but that he could not guarantee our safety, as the Maoris of that part were true Hauhaus, and objected to *pakehas* going into their territory.

As soon as Te Wheu had disappeared on his homeward track we bent on our way through the great primeval solitude. We had been so much out in the

open country hitherto, that the scenery of the forest seemed at first like a pleasant change, but this idea was completely altered after a journey through it of seventy miles.

The Terangakaika Forest, which extends from the western slope of Ruapehu, forms part of the wide expanse of bush country which stretches into the valley of the Whanganui, and thence, westerly, to Taranaki. It grows to within 1000 feet or so of the snow-line of the great mountain, and covers nearly the whole of its western side, as well as the wide plateau near this portion of its base. When we had got well on our way, we found this enormous wilderness spreading itself out over a perfect network of broken, rugged ranges, which in many places appeared to have been hurled about by the terrific throes of an earthquake. The soil was everywhere of the richest description, and many of the colossal trees averaged from thirty to forty feet in circumference at the base, and towered above us to a height of considerably over 100 feet, forming a grand canopy of foliage, above and beyond which nothing could be seen but the blue of the sky and the golden rays of sunlight as they lit up the bright-green tints of the splendid vegetation.

Among the largest trees was the *towai*, which here attained to a larger growth than any we had previously seen, its enormous branches supporting a canopy of small, shining, green leaves, giving it a very beautiful appearance. Next to the *towai* in size was the *rimu*, its pendulous branches making it everywhere a conspicuous and attractive feature, but it is worthy

of remark that where on the volcanic soil, formed by the decomposition of rocks of that kind, the *towai* attained to its largest size, we found that the *rimu* grew to larger proportions on the marly soil we afterwards met with as we approached the valley of the Whanganui. It was also in the latter locality that the *rata* likewise attained to its most colossal proportions; many of these parasitical giants clasping the enormous *rimus* in a death-like struggle for existence. Besides these grand representatives of the vegetable world, which formed by far the greater part of the forest growth, we also found many noble specimens of the *hinau*, the *tawa*, the *miro*, and *matai*, the berries of the three former trees being scattered over many parts of our track in enormous quantities. In fact, almost all the principal trees peculiar to the forests of the North Island here flourished in wonderful luxuriance, together with an extensive variety of shrubs and ferns, while mosses, lichens, and trailing vines clothed the tall trees to the topmost branches in gay festoons of vegetation, which presented the brightest and most variegated hues.

With all these marvellous creations of the vegetable world around us, we soon, however, found that travelling through the great forest wilderness was both fatiguing and difficult. There was not 100 yards of level ground, and the native track, what little there was of it, led over steep precipitous ridges, from 200 to 400 feet in height, which were constantly ascending and descending in a way which rendered our progress not only slow, but difficult and tedious. The steep

ascents, up which we had to drag our animals at every turn, were as slippery as glass with the dank humidity of the surrounding vegetation, and were encumbered with the gnarled roots of trees in every direction, while the descents were in many places so precipitous that it was impossible for us to lead our horses without the risk of them rolling over on us, so we were compelled to let them go their own way down, when they would, owing to the slippery nature of the soil, slide down on their haunches and never stop until they were pulled up by a boggy creek below. These creeks, filled with thick, black mud, impeded our progress at every descent, and struck terror into our animals, so that we would often have to flog them across, when their struggles to climb the slippery ascents on the opposite side fatigued them fearfully. It was not as if we had only to encounter these difficulties now and again, but they presented themselves in the most aggravated forms at every few hundred yards of our journey, from morning until night, and for day after day. Thus, amid solitude and shade, we pursued our onward way, now plunging into the deep and gloomy chasms of the mountains, and anon rising to the opposite ascent, till the distant openings in the forest, restoring the welcome sunlight, revealed mountain and valley yet to be traversed.

Our first day's journey brought us to two lakes, which Te Wheu told us we would find somewhere along our track, and which would serve as our first camping-place. A little before dusk we came suddenly out of the forest into a small, circular, open flat, fringed with

toetoe, and covered with a luxuriant growth of native grass. On our left, a grassy ridge rose in a semicircle, and all around the open space the trees rose one above the other in the most attractive way, while a variety of shrubs dispersed about in the most picturesque order, made the place appear like a perfect garden. Right in the very centre of the natural *parterre* was Rangitauaiti, a beautiful lake of a complete circular form, and the water of which, looking like a polished mirror, was of the deepest blue. Beyond this flat, the native name of which was Rangitanua, and separated only by a low ridge crowned with a luxuriant growth of vegetation, was another open space, in the centre of which was Rangitauanui, an oval-shaped lake larger than the former, but in which the water was of the same limpid blue. The trees on the further side rose in a dense forest growth, and as they came close down to the water, they were reflected in the depths below with grand and beautiful effect. In fact, the whole surroundings of these lakes appeared so attractive after our long journey through the forest, that we seemed to have got into a quiet corner of paradise.

We remained here the following day, as much to rest ourselves as our horses, and we enjoyed the quiet romance of the place immensely. The primeval region was a perfect elysium for birds of all kinds, and at daylight the forest was alive with their warblings, and with the soft note of the *tui* came the harsh screech of the *kaka;* flocks of pigeons circled about the tree-tops, and gaily-plumed parrots winged in a rapid flight through the air. One of the latter birds, which we

found dead, had a green body and a light green breast, with a dark crimson patch on the head, and a small patch under the eye of the same colour. This was the first bird of the kind I had seen in New Zealand, and it resembled very much one of the green mountain-parrots of Australia.

When we left our camp at Rangitanua it was in the hope that we should be able to reach the Manganui-a-te-Ao by nightfall, but in this calculation we were greatly out. We passed round the western end of Lake Rangitauanui and entered a boggy, densely-wooded country, where the trees, especially the *rimu*, were larger and more gigantic in proportions than any we had yet seen. The dense forest here literally rained with moisture, and, as we had to lead our horses, we were at places compelled to plunge through swamps where the big roots of trees threatened to break our legs and those of our struggling animals. We crossed a branch of the Mangawhero, and towards sundown came to a small open flat called Pakihi, surrounded entirely by the forest, and where we found excellent feed for our horses. It had taken us seven hours of hard travelling to reach this spot, and during that time we had to cross no less than ten boggy creeks, besides other streams. The Mangawhero River ran round the western side of this small oasis, the *towai*-trees forming a conspicuous feature along the banks of the stream. We camped at Pakihi for the night, the stillness of the place being only broken now and again by the shrill note of the whistling duck.

We struck camp at Pakihi early on the following day, but had some difficulty in crossing the Mangawhero,

which we found to be a broad, rapid, boulder-strewn stream. The banks were very steep and slippery, and when we had our horses down on one side we had great difficulty in getting them up the other.

As we got again into the thick of the forest the vegetation became denser, and the *rimu*-trees, seeming to increase in size, shot up for over a hundred feet as straight as gun-barrels. Where some of these giants of the forest had fallen across our track, we had often to cut a way round them for our horses, through the thick shrub and tangled vines, the latter of which impeded our progress at every turn, by tripping us up, and winding round the legs and necks of our animals like treacherous snares. The enormous *rata*-vines had been very troublesome up to this point, but now we had to do battle not only against them, but against the supple-jacks, which we found growing everywhere in a perfect network of snakelike coils on the soft, marly soil of the country we were now in. It was nothing to have a supple-jack round the neck and a *rata*-vine round the legs at the same time, while our horses would often get so entangled that they would refuse to move until we had cut them a clear passage out of their difficulties.

In many instances, owing to surrounding obstacles, there was no alternative but to make them leap over the fallen trees in our way, and when not able to do this, the animals would jump on to them and leap down like dogs. Indeed, the tricks that they had to go through to get over these and other impediments rendered them almost as clever as circus-horses.

Another frequent feature we noticed was that where

the great trees had apparently been lying for some time, the seeds of other trees had fallen upon them, and, germinating into life, had sent their roots down into the very heart of these decaying vegetable monsters. In this way it was no uncommon sight to see three or four different species of large trees living and flourishing upon the dead trunks of these forest giants.

We crossed the Mangatotara River twice, and after passing through a very rough and broken portion of the great wilderness, we fell in with another river, called the Mangatuku, and which we had to cross three times in its winding course. Both of these streams appeared to drain a large area of country, and so dense was the vegetation along their banks that it was only here and there that a ray of sunlight shot through the thick canopy of green upon them.

During this portion of our journey we came across a complete network of tracks made by herds of wild cattle, and which led us about to all points of the compass, until we found it impossible to make out in what direction we should shape our course. We climbed a tree on the summit of a high ridge, but we could see nothing but the snowy summit of Ruapehu in the distance, while all around us, in every direction, was an apparently endless expanse of forest. From this point the country began to fall rapidly, and it was evident that we were descending into the valley of the Whanganui. After nine hours of incessant travelling, from the time we left our camp in the morning, we had crossed no less than thirty boggy creeks, besides other streams, and now that dusk had overtaken us, we found it impossible to proceed any further. We were

now in the midst of a swampy portion of the forest, which seemed like a veritable "Slough of Despond," and which, judging from the way the ground had been rooted up in every direction, appeared to be a kind of wild-pig elysium. Throughout the whole distance we had come, the country had been grubbed up by these animals, many of which we saw of great size, and apparently of true wild-boar ferocity.

We were compelled to pitch camp in this uninviting spot, our horses faring badly, as there was little or no food for them beyond what they could get from the trees and shrubs. This was one of the most dreary places in which we had camped during our journey. The night was dark and wet, the colossal trees rose like spectres around us, the enormous vines that twisted and twirled about them like coils of vipers, were covered with grey moss, which hung in dank festoons often over two feet in length, like enormous spider-webs, and as the rain poured down from the branches above, the whole place looked as if it had been saturated with moisture for centuries. We cut down branches of the *nikau*, and made a tolerably good bed for ourselves after smoothing down the ground where the pigs had been rooting; and we named the place "Dismal Swamp" on account of the swampy nature of the country and the truly dismal character of the whole surroundings. This camp was situated at an altitude of 1700 feet above the level of the sea, or just 560 feet lower than our camp at the lakes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RUAKAKA.

The *wharangi* plant—Enormous ravines—Ruakaka—Reception by the Hauhaus—The chief Pareoterangi—The parley—Hine-pareoterangi—A repast—Rapid fall of country—The Manganui-a-te-Ao—Shooting the rapids—The natives—Religion—Hauhauism—Te Kooti's lament—A Hauhau hymn.

We struck camp at Dismal Swamp at daybreak, and travelled on for many miles through the same character of country we had been traversing for the past five days. Before leaving us, at the entrance to the forest, Te Wheu had warned us not to allow our horses to eat a certain shrub, called by the natives "*wharangi*," which we found growing for many miles along our course, with broad, oval-shaped, light-green leaves. This plant, when eaten by horses or cattle, is said to produce stupefaction, followed by convulsions and death, the only known cure being instant bleeding from the ears. Our own animals were now ready to eat anything, and made desperate efforts to devour the foliage of the trees, and, as we went along, we had great difficulty in keeping them away from this poisonous shrub, which they would devour greedily. During this journey the boggy creeks and fallen trees became more troublesome than before, and the hills

steeper and more difficult to climb. We passed along one ridge, with enormous ravines below, some of which were of circular shape, and in appearance not unlike extinct craters, while deep down in their depths, all around their sides, and up to their very topmost ridges, nothing was to be seen but a luxuriant growth of the most varied and beautiful vegetation. Here, too, the geological character of the country changed, the trachytic rocks giving place to a sandstone formation, covered with a stratum of thick, marly earth, which was so slippery in places that we could hardly manage to get along.

During the greater part of the morning the rain had been pouring down in torrents, and what with the swollen condition of the creeks, the slippery nature of the soil, and the starved condition of our horses, our prospects of ever reaching Ruakaka seemed to be hopeless. At last, about two o'clock in the afternoon, we hailed with delight a break in the forest, and we came suddenly into a hilly region, where the tall fern grew higher than our horses' heads. After travelling a considerable distance through this country, we mounted to the top of a high hill, when we beheld, 200 feet beneath us, a fine, open valley, sunk like a pit, as it were, in the heart of a mountainous region, where enormous forests stretched away as far as the eye could reach on every side. Right down the centre of the valley, as far as we could see, we could trace the winding course of the Manganui-a-te-Ao, marked by precipitous cliffs of grey rock, which rose perpendicularly from the waters of the river to a height of 300 feet, while above these, again, on the

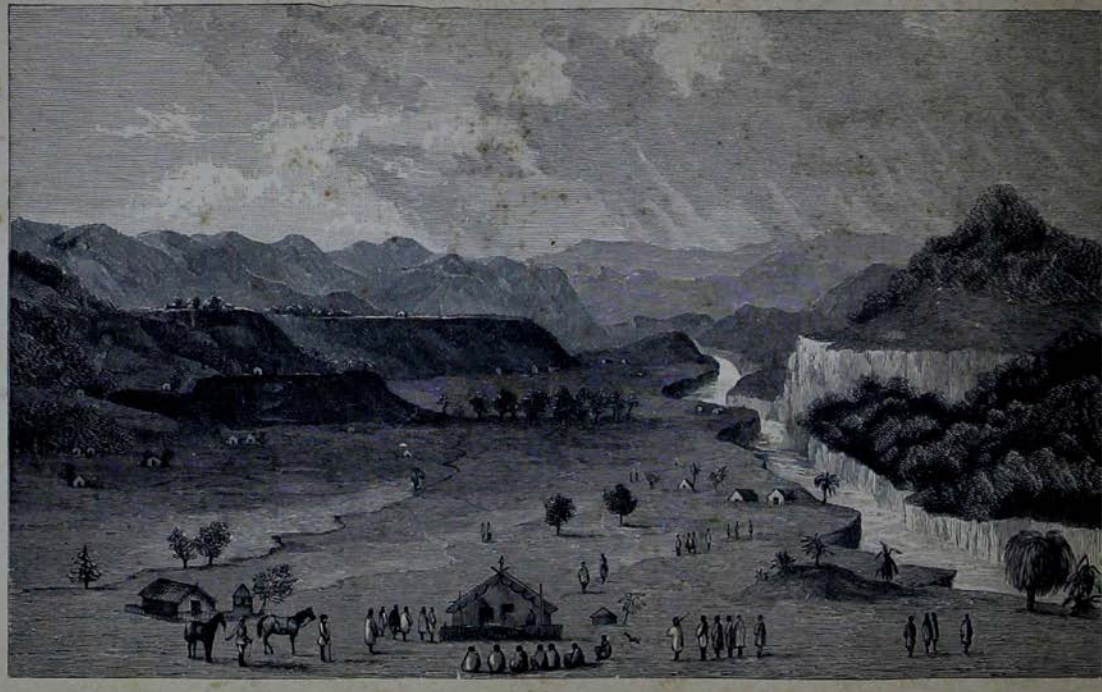
further side of the stream, were terraces of rounded hills, backed by conical mountains, which mounted, one above the other, to a height of 3000 or 4000 feet, covered from base to summits with a thick mantle of luxuriant vegetation. On the side where we had emerged from the forest the valley was bounded by round-topped, fern-clad hills and flat, terrace-like formations that descended, in the form of gigantic steps, into the plain below, where the *whares* and cultivations of the natives, stretching for miles along the course of the stream, appeared dotted about in the most picturesque way. Taken altogether, the whole place had a singularly wild appearance as we gazed upon it, and now that we could see everything from our point of vantage without being seen, we wondered what kind of a welcome we should meet with from the natives.

We led our horses down the steep, slippery track into the valley, and as we were now seen by some of the Maoris, there were loud shouts that *pakehas* had arrived, and the natives came out of the *whares* and awaited our approach in front of the *wharepuni*. We could see at a glance that the words of Te Wheu were correct, and that the natives, so far as we could discern by outward signs, were veritable Hauhaus, alike in dress and bearing, while both men and women had a singularly wild and even savage appearance when compared with all other tribes I had seen in different parts of the country. It was likewise clear that they did not welcome us at first with any demonstrations of cordiality, and upon Turner inquiring for the chief, they replied that he was away at a wild-pig hunt, and

that we must wait till he came. The natives then squatted around us, and scanned us narrowly, while we looked on with an air of apparent indifference.

In the meanwhile a messenger had been despatched for the chief, whose name, we now learned, was Te Pareoterangi, and after a short delay he appeared before us, with half a dozen wild-looking natives, carrying a double-barrelled gun over his shoulder. He was a man below medium height, but of singularly massive build, broad-chested and broad-shouldered, with a well-formed head, and singularly well-moulded features. Indeed, his heavily-knit frame, intelligent air, and almost oriental cast of countenance made him stand out in marked contrast to the other natives, who were, for the most part, unlike the generality of their race, remarkable for their diminutive stature and ungainly appearance.

When Te Pareoterangi came up, he squatted down with a sullen air, without going through any form of salutation, and then, after a pause, asked us what we had come for, and upon Turner telling him that he had brought the *pakeha*, who was travelling for pleasure, a titter ran round the circle, for, if we did not look it, we felt half-starved, we were drenched to the skin, and covered from head to foot with mud, and the chief, evidently realizing all the unpleasant features of our position, naively remarked, "How can the *pakeha* travel for pleasure through such a forest as you have come?" At which an old tattooed savage observed, "Their horses are only rats; how did they get here? These *pakehas* have singular ways." This was said with a sinister smile from the old man, and



RUAKAKA.

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in anything but a complimentary tone. Many other questions were put to us, and the parleying kept on, by fits and starts, for a good half-hour, during which time the natives displayed no token of friendship, the only manifestations we received in this respect being from the dogs and pigs, the latter even going so far as to scratch their backs against our legs.

At last an old woman, who had been watching the proceedings keenly, and whose appearance reminded me of one of the witches in "Macbeth," suddenly rose, and stepping with an excited air into the middle of the circle, waved her bare right arm round her head, and shouted at the top of her voice, "*Haeremai! Haeremai! Haeremai!*"[1] And then turning to the natives, in an equally excited way, said, "The *pakehas* have been following up the rivers of great names, and have come to our homes; they are hungry, and we must give them food." The words of this weird dame, whom we afterwards found was the chieftainess Hinepareoterangi, and mother of the chief of the *hapu*, acted like magic upon the natives, who at once took charge of our horses, while the women hastened to prepare a meal, old Hinepareoterangi opening the feast by presenting us with some of the finest apples I had ever tasted.[2] In a short time we

[1] *Haeremai* is the usual cry of welcome with the Maoris.

[2] When afterwards we asked the natives how it was they appeared to be mistrustful of us when we first arrived, they replied that they had always been suspicious of half-castes and *pakehas*, especially since the capture of Winiata by Barlow. That Te Takaru, the murderer of Moffat, came there sometimes, and they thought we were after him. They then related to us the circumstances of Moffat's death. It would appear that the murdered man, on his last journey, came to Ruakaka, and induced several of the natives to accompany

were invited into the *wharepuni*, and a big tin dish of potatoes and pork was set before us, the old chieftainess remarking, "You are now in a 'Tongariro country,' and must not look for such delicacies as bread." As we had only had two meals for the past two days, and those of the most visionary description, we found this repast most acceptable. The pork, which had been preserved by being rendered down in its own fat, was delicious, while the potatoes were of the finest kind.

Owing to the heavy rain and the flooded state of the Manganui-a-te-Ao, we were compelled to wait at Ruakaka for two days, during which time we visited many parts of the district. I found that the altitude of Ruakaka was 800 feet above the level of the sea, and it is worthy of remark, as showing the rapid fall of the country in this direction, that, in order to reach this place from the great central table-land where we had at first entered the forest, we had descended by the circuitous way we had come no less than 1600 feet in about forty miles.

These figures will give some idea of the swift current of the Manganui-a-te-Ao, which, taking its rise near the north-western side of Ruapehu, cuts its way through a mountainous country in a deep, rock-bound channel, and receives the waters of innumerable tribu-

him to the Tuhua country. Moffat, who had been driven from that district by the natives, had been warned not to enter it again; but, notwithstanding this caution, he determined to revisit it, in order to prospect for gold. The party left by one of the bush tracks, and when it had nearly reached its destination, Moffat was fired upon by a native from behind a tree, and mortally wounded in the back. At the same moment he fell from his horse, when another native jumped forward, and split his skull open with a tomahawk.

taries along its entire course. The volume of water poured down by this impetuous stream, especially in the rainy season, and during the melting of the snows of Ruapehu, is something prodigious, while I believe the rapidity of its current is unequalled by any other river in New Zealand. Along its entire length its rocky bed is strewn with large boulders and masses of rock of colossal size, while its precipitous cliffs, crowned with towering, forest-clad mountains, impart to it a singularly grand and wild appearance. Besides its rapid course, it is remarkable for its windings and dangerous rapids. We found that the river was known by three native names—viz. Manganui-a-te-Ao, or "great river of light;" Te Waitahupara, and Te Wairoahakamanamana-a-Rongowaitahanui, or "the river of ever-dancing waters and steep, echoing cliffs" —while the Whanganui, into which it fell, was not only known by the latter name, but likewise as Te Wainui-a-Tarawera, or the "great waters of Tarawera."

The two rivers form the principal means of communication for the natives of Ruakaka with the outer world. From the Manganui-a-te-Ao they travel in canoes to the Whanganui, and thence southward to the coast. The distance is accomplished in a few days, owing to the rapid current, but the journey up stream often takes over a month. The natives are experienced "canoemen," as they must be in order to navigate their frail canoes over the many rapids and winding turns that mark the whole course of the river, as well as that of the Whanganui. At most of the rapids the water shoots over enormous boulders and between narrow channels, and the canoes, guided by poles, are

carried over the treacherous places with wonderful dexterity. As may well be imagined, the frail craft often gets upset, but the natives, who are expert swimmers, right them again with little difficulty.

During our stay at Ruakaka we were guests of Pareoterangi and his family, which consisted of the old chieftainess, Hinepareoterangi, or the "woman of the heavenly crest," as her name implied; Ani, wife of Pareoterangi, a tall, gaunt woman with blunt features, and who wore her hair in short, thick ringlets about her head; Te Ahi, her daughter; and Toma, the tattooed savage who had called our horses "rats." We took up our quarters in the *wharepuni* with these people, but the dismal, and, I may say, dirty, tenement was constantly filled with the natives, who kept continually dropping in to chat or to have a look at us. In this way we had a good opportunity of studying the manners and customs of the Hauhaus of Ruakaka, and, all things considered, they seemed to be following about the same mode of life as they must have done before the arrival of Cook, their manners still presenting that mixture of rude freedom and simplicity suggestive of the infancy of society, before art had taught men to restrain the sentiments of their nature, or to disguise the original features of their character. Shut up in the midst of their forest wilderness, and having little or no connection with the outer world, they seemed to know nothing or to care for nothing beyond their own day-to-day existence. We learned that since time immemorial this wild and secluded valley had been a place of settlement for different *hapus* of the tribes inhabiting the region of the Whanganui

River, and that those at present dwelling there were the Ngatihau, Ngatiapa, Ngatimaringi, Ngatitamakana, Ngatiatamira, Ngatiruakopiri, Ngatiikewaia, and Ngatitara. We were informed that their common ancestor was Uenuku, and that their forefathers came from Hawaiki in the *Tainui*, *Arawa*, and *Aotea* canoes. In former times the whole valley of the Manganui-a-te-Ao was fortified with formidable *pas*, so that it was impossible for an enemy to get up the river. During the troubled times of the great war with the Europeans Ruakaka was always considered as a safe meeting-place for the Hauhau tribes of this part of the country, since the *pakehas* did not know of its existence; and even if they had, as the natives reasonably remarked, they would never have attempted to penetrate into its fastnesses with any prospect of returning alive.

I was anxious to test the religious principles of our Hauhau friends, just to see whether a ray of Christianity was to be found in this wild valley, and during an evening sitting, when the *wharepuni* was heated like a furnace, and all the motley crowd were assembled together, I got Turner to sound the old tattooed man, who had been a noted fighting-chief during the war, upon the present and upon the hereafter. This grim, antiquated warrior would sit and listen for hours to everything that was said, but he would never venture a remark. Now and again a diabolically sinister smile would pass over his blue-lined countenance, and he would mutter a word with a puff of smoke, but beyond this he was silent. When, however, the question as to his religious scruples was put straight to him, he spoke

out frankly, and said, with an air of singular *naïveté*, "At one time I thought there were two saints in the island—Tawhiao and Te Whiti—and I waited a long time to see if they would be taken up to heaven in a chariot of fire, but I have waited so long that I am tired, and now I think that there are no saints in heaven or on earth." Old Hinepareoterangi, who was always a good talker, and displayed at all times a facetious spirit, laughed heartily at the admission of the old man, and then, looking us full in the face, she exclaimed in her wild, weird way, "We believe in nothing here, and get fat on pork and potatoes." This brought down roars of laughter from the assembled Hauhaus, and we dropped the religious question.

It was, in fact, very clear that these natives were as deeply wrapped in the darkness of heathenism as were their forefathers centuries agò, and beyond a superstitious species of Hauhauism, no germ of religious teaching appeared to have found its way into their breasts. They were, however, always ready to sing Hauhau chants to the glorification of Te Whiti and Te Kooti, who appeared to be the presiding deities of these wild tribes. At night, when the wind and rain raged without, and the river rushed through its rock-bound channel with a noise like thunder, both men and women would chant these wild refrains in droning, melancholy notes, but in perfect harmony, the airs in most cases being exceedingly pretty and touching.

The two following chants were sung to us by Te Pareoterangi and other natives in chorus, and were taken down in Maori verbatim by Turner. I am

indebted for their spirited translation to the able pen of Mr. C. O. Davis.

TE KOOTI'S LAMENT.

I stood alone awhile, then moving round
I heard of Taranaki's doings. The rumours
Reached me here, and then I raised
My hand to Tamarura,[1] that deity
Above. Ah me! 'twas on the third
Of March that suffering came,
For then, alas! Waerangahika[2] fell;
And I was shipped on board a vessel,
And borne along upon the ocean.
We steer for Waikawa,[3] and then we bear
Away to Ahuriri,[4] to thee, McLean.[5]
Ah, now I'm seated on *St. Kilda's*[6] deck,
And looking back to gaze upon the scene
My tears like water freely flow; now
Whanganui's[7] shore is seen, now Whangaroa,[8]
Where mountain waves are raising up their crests
Near Wharekauri.[9] O, my people,
Rest ye at home; arise and look around,
And northward look. The lightsome clouds
Are lingering in the sky, and wafted hither
Day by day, yes, from my distant home,
Turanga, from which I now am separated,
Separated now from those I love.

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[1] Tamarura—probably a supposed angel recognized by the Hauhau parties.

[2] Waerangahika—one of the *pas* at Poverty Bay, which was taken by our forces.

[3] Waikawa—now known as Open Bay.

[4] Ahuriri—the great Maori name of Hawke's Bay.

[5] The late Sir Donald McLean, the Superintendent of the province of Hawke's Bay (Napier).

[6] *St. Kilda* was the name of the vessel in which Te Kooti was transported to the Chatham Islands.

[7] [8] Whanganui and Whangaroa—names of places on the Chatham Islands.

[9] Wharekauri is the native name of the Chatham Islands.

O, my people! respect the queen's authority,
That we may prosper even to the end.
Suffice the former things thrown in our path
As obstacles. Uphold the governor's laws
To mitigate the deeds of Rura, who brought
Upon us all our troubles.

HAUHAU HYMN.

Let us arise, O people!—the whole of us arise.
Lo, Tohu and Te Whiti now have reached
The pits of darkness—the house of Tangaroa,[1]
And gateway of the spirit-world of Miru,[2]
Where men are bound all seasons of the year.
The offspring, too, of David they would bind.
The bright and morning star, Peace, at the end
Will come, and in the times of David
Feelings of vindictiveness will cease.
'Tis not from thee; it is from Moses
And the Prophets—from Jesus Christ
And His Apostles, that lines of demarcation
Were set up to shield thee from man's wrath.
The termination comes by thee, O Tohu!
And while it wears a pleasing aspect,
I am lighted into day.

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[1] The god of the sea, and guardian of fishes.
[2] Supposed being armed with authority in Hades.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NGATOKORUA PA.

Departure from Ruakaka—A legend—Rough forest—Crossing the Manganui-a-te-Ao—Scenery of the river—Mount Towai—The plains in sight—Rapid rise in the country—Ruapehu from the west—The Waimarino plains—Arrival at the *pa*—The chief's family—A Hauhau chief—*Inter alia*—Pehi on the decay of the Maoris—A war-dance—The mere.

We left Ruakaka with the best wishes of the natives, Te Pareoterangi riding out some distance with us to put us in the right direction. Our course now lay easterly up the valley of the Manganui-a-te-Ao, and for thirty miles through another portion of the dense forest by which we had come to reach the settlement, but by a route far more difficult to travel, according to the account given to us of the country by the natives, who informed us that we should have to cross the Manganui-a-te-Ao ten times at various points, besides other streams and innumerable creeks, before we could again reach the open country to the north of Ruapehu. The river was still so flooded that the natives earnestly advised us to remain, old Hinepareoterangi remarking, in her jocose way, "If when you are gone the skies open and the great rains descend, I will sit by the rushing waters and wait for your horses and

saddles; you will make splendid food for the eels." Notwithstanding this grim joke of the chieftainess of the "heavenly crest," as the clouds were still gathering, and another flood might detain us a week or perhaps a month at Ruakaka, and possibly prevent us from ever reaching Alexandra by the course we had planned, we determined to make a desperate effort to push through. We therefore set out without delay, and crossed the Manganui-a-te-Ao for the first time about a mile below the settlement, at a very picturesque spot, but we had to descend nearly 100 feet to the crossing-place, beyond which a higher bend of the river appeared to be nearly 100 feet above us.

After gaining the opposite side we mounted above the stream to a bold bluff, where once stood a *pa* called Rotua, which was formerly one of the most formidable strongholds of the-valley, and Te Pareoterangi, when he pointed it out, told us of an interesting legend connected with it. On one occasion in years gone by the *pa* was occupied by two tribes, named respectively the Ngatitamakana and Ngatiatamire. Being at war with other tribes, on one stormy night they were suddenly surprised by the enemy under a noted chief named Tama Turaki, when, seeing all chance of escape hopeless, they made a rope of native flax, and letting themselves down the steep cliffs into the river, took up their position in a stronghold further down the stream called Pukeatua. When, on the following day, Tama Turaki found how the enemy had escaped, he followed them with his tribe down the river in canoes, but the Ngatitamakana and Ngatiatamire, being alive to his movements, conceived the bold

idea of consigning their savage pursuer into eternity by one fell swoop. With this chivalrous aim in view, they hauled an enormous mass of rock to the edge of the cliff on which the *pa* was situated, and below which the canoes of the enemy would pass, and just as they appeared underneath the precipice the rock was hurled from above, and with a thundering crash completely annihilated Tama Turaki and his band. This enormous mass of rock, which may still be seen in the river, is known to the natives as Parekura Huripari,[1] and is looked upon by them even unto this day with that singular display of superstitious veneration which forms one of the most marked characteristics of the Maori race.

When Te Pareoterangi left us, which was about two miles out of the settlement, he told us that we had a dangerous and difficult road to go, and that it would be necessary to make all speed, lest the flood should overtake us, and in that event he added, with true Maori lightheartedness, "If the river don't land you again at Ruakaka you may have to eat your horses." At the fourth crossing-place we had already mounted to an altitude of 1200 feet, but to get to this point we had traversed a hilly, broken region, covered in every direction with a dense growth of *rimu*-trees. Throughout this portion of the country, not only did the *rata*-vines coil about the giants of the forest in every direction, but the "supplejacks" kept pulling us up at every turn, while the rain, now descending in torrents, rendered the ground and enormous roots of the trees

[1] Literally, the battle-ground where the rock was thrown.

which formed a complete network beneath our feet, as slippery as glass.

Although we could only lead our horses through the forest, it was necessary to ride them whenever we came to the crossing-places of the Manganui-a-te-Ao, since at these points the water was in most places over their backs, and often nearly over their heads, when they got into the big holes that everywhere dotted the rugged channel of the river. At the sixth crossing-place we had mounted to an altitude of 1460 feet, and here we were nearly coming to grief. The course across the river was, like all other places, strewn in every direction with enormous masses of rock, and the water came sweeping swiftly round a great bend, where the cliffs rose up like a stupendous wall on each side. The river here was about 100 feet wide, and in order to get across, it was necessary for our horses to climb over a series of huge boulders, and then on to the top of a big rock with a flat top, from which they had to plunge off into a deep water-hole, with a rapid only a few feet distant on the lower side. Turner, on his plucky pony, took the first leap, and my own horse following, the snowy waters, fresh from the glaciers of Ruapehu, nearly swept us out of our saddles, and, for a moment, it seemed as if the ominous joke made by old Hinepareoterangi before our departure, were about to become true. At the seventh crossing-place the bed of the river was at an altitude of 1541 feet, and here, as usual, we had fresh difficulties to encounter. The masses of rock were of great size, and, while most of the larger impediments of this nature were of trachytic formation, I noticed several water-worn

boulders, composed of a fossiliferous rock, containing particles of shells, but all of which were too broken to be easily recognizable. These boulders appeared to have been washed down by the river for some distance.

All along the course of the Manganui-a-te-Ao the scenery was of the wildest description; the steep cliffs and mountains towering above us in the grandest confusion. In many places the colossal trees reached their broad branches over the precipices that bordered the stream, in a vivid canopy of green, while the foaming cascades beneath echoed with a roaring sound through the deep valleys as the blue, dancing waters swept onward in their precipitous course along the winding, rock-bound ravine that formed the channel of this remarkable river.

Leaving the course of the river for a time, we made a wide *détour* to the north, and passed along a range of rugged mountains which marked an altitude of 2900 feet above the level of the sea. Here the whole country was very broken, and it was nothing but one continuous ridge after ridge and gully after gully, while we had to take our horses along precipices where there was scarcely room for them to move along, especially where they had to round the trunks and roots of the stupendous *towai*-trees, which grew in wonderful luxuriance in this elevated region. Night fairly overtook us on the mountains at a point which marked an altitude of 3500 feet above the level of the sea. The rain poured down incessantly, and we could hear the river roaring in the distance somewhere beneath us, although we had not the remotest idea

where we were. We named this elevated point "Mount Towai," on account of a magnificent tree of that species which grew close to the spot where we pitched our tent.

We were up by the first streak of dawn, and, climbing a tree that stretched out its trunk over the precipitous sides of Mount Towai, looked anxiously to see whether we could get a glimpse of the open plains, which we knew to be somewhere in the east. Beneath us wound the deep ravines, covered with their primeval forests, and above the hills in the distance we got a glance at a patch of open country through the dense foliage. This seemed to us like a bright oasis, which had at last come to break the dull monotony of the forest wilderness. We struck camp at once, and descending 500 feet by a steep and slippery incline, we gained the margin of the Manganui-a-te-Ao, and crossed the winding stream for the ninth time, as it rolled down a deep gorge from its source in the regions of eternal snow, as rugged and as rapid as ever.

Once on the opposite side, we climbed a steep ascent, and gained the broad, open table-land at an altitude of 2850 feet. Thus, to arrive at this elevation from Ruakaka, we had travelled over hills and mountains the whole way, and yet in a distance of about thirty miles the country had risen over 2000 feet from our point of departure, which stood at an altitude of 800 feet.

Now that we had done eighty miles of forest travelling since we had left the Murimotu Plains to reach the valley of the Whanganui, and had spent eight days in the primeval wilderness, it is impossible to

describe with what delight we hailed the grand open country before us. During our journey through the forest—that is to say, since we first entered it from the Murimotu Plains—the weather had been mostly wet, and even when the sun shone, the moisture kept dripping from the trees like a perpetual shower-bath, and the dank, heavy feeling of the air, caused by the endless vegetation through which we could never see a hundred yards ahead, produced in the long-run a feeling of intense weariness. Now, however, all nature looked radiant before us, and the colossal form of Ruapehu, rising close to us on our right, looked grander than ever. We now viewed the great mountain from the north-west, an aspect from which we had not beheld it before, and the forests on its sides were interspersed with patches of open country, while the snow since last we had beheld it had crept down almost to the base, and, mingling with the green of the vegetation, produced the most beautiful effect as the mists of morning rolled away beneath the glowing power of the sun.

The fine grassy expanse covered with a thick coating of white frost we had now entered, we afterwards found was known to the natives as the Waimarino, from the name of the river running through it, and which had its source in Haurungatahi, a large, densely wooded mountain which we could see in the distance to our right, and which formed an attractive and beautiful object in the surrounding scenery. These plains immediately to the north-west of Ruapehu were the same we had seen in this direction some weeks before, when making the ascent of Tongariro. We

had been told by the natives at Ruakaka that if we kept across the plains to the south-east for about ten miles in the direction of Mount Haurungatahi, we should reach Ngatokorua, the *pa* of Pehi Hetau Turoa, one of the principal chiefs of the Whanganui tribes. We therefore directed our course towards this place, the plains as we rode along opening out into park-like expanses, fringed with dense forests on either side.

When we arrived at the *pa*, early in the day, we were received by Pehi and his people with a true Maori welcome.

One of the most remarkable features in connection with this place was that everything about it had a neat and tidy appearance, unlike all other settlements we had seen. It was situated at the foot of Mount Haurungatahi, whose steep sides, clothed with dense forests, towered up behind it. This mountain, we learned, was personified by the Maoris as the wife of Ruapehu. The view in every direction from the settlement was most enchanting, forest, plain, and mountain all combining to add variety to the surroundings.

We were given comfortable quarters in the *whare-puni* in which the chief's family dwelt, and which consisted of a spacious building constructed of *totara*, and spread about with clean white mats. We found Pehi's family to consist of Ngaruma, his wife, a pleasant woman with an almost Grecian cast of countenance, although a pure Maori; Te Wao, the chief's henchman, and his wife Ngawini; Turongoiti, with his wife Rauia; Rene, another native; and Hinekura, Rora, and Pureti, the chief's three daughters.

We were invited by Pehi to remain as long as we liked, and the three days we sojourned with the old chief formed the most agreeable stage of our long journey. There was only one drawback, and that was that we had to sleep with thirteen others in the *wharepuni*, and as there were always two charcoal fires kept burning, the heat was at times—especially during the first part of the night—intolerable, the thermometer often reaching as high as 100° Fahr., while outside it indicated from four to six degrees below freezing-point. Unfortunately, it was always dark by six o'clock in the evening, when the *wharepuni* was closely fastened up, and we would have to remain twelve hours in the stifling atmosphere until daylight.

At the first glance it struck me that Pehi Hetau Turoa looked and walked a chief. Taken altogether, he was the finest specimen of his race I had ever seen. In age he appeared to be sixty, or thereabouts, but his stature was that of a well-conditioned athlete. He stood about six feet three, as upright as a dart, big-boned and muscular, and in his younger days he had the reputation of being one of the strongest men of his time. His well-formed features were cast in the true Maori mould, and he had a singularly massive and well-shaped head. Over his closely clipped beard hung a thick moustache, and above this, again, the blue tattooed lines wound round his nostrils, then over his face, and ended in small circles over his brows. During the war Pehi had been a noted Hauhau leader, but, unlike most of the warriors of his race I had met with, he, as if anxious to preserve his

military renown, moved about with the air of a well-drilled soldier, while he possessed at all times and in all his actions that genial yet dignified tone of manner so characteristic of the Maori of the old school.

Pehi was at all times a host in himself, and being a man of singularly original and witty train of thought, his conversation was very amusing. Of an evening, when the *wharepuni* was closed in, the whole *hapu* would assemble, and squatting down on their mats round the small charcoal fire, the old chief would relate the most singular tales, and ask the most extraordinary questions. He recounted to us some of his experiences in the Maori war, and then asked what nation was at present at war with England? When informed that we were at that time having a brush with Egypt, he inquired if that was not the place where Christ was crucified, and when told that that incident occurred in a neighbouring country, he ejaculated, "Ah, I know I was not far out; a mile or two make no difference in a big event like that." He next inquired what manner of men the Egyptians were, and whether they danced the *haka;* and when I stated that the Egyptian dancing-girls went through gyrations very similar to those of their dark sisters at the antipodes, he replied, "Then if they dance the *haka* we must be descended from them. I believe the Maoris are one of the lost tribes of Israel." He asked many questions about England, and the descriptions of London especially amused him, and when told that they had a railway there running underground, he expressed great surprise, and asked how it was that the *taniwha* we called the devil didn't object to underground railways.

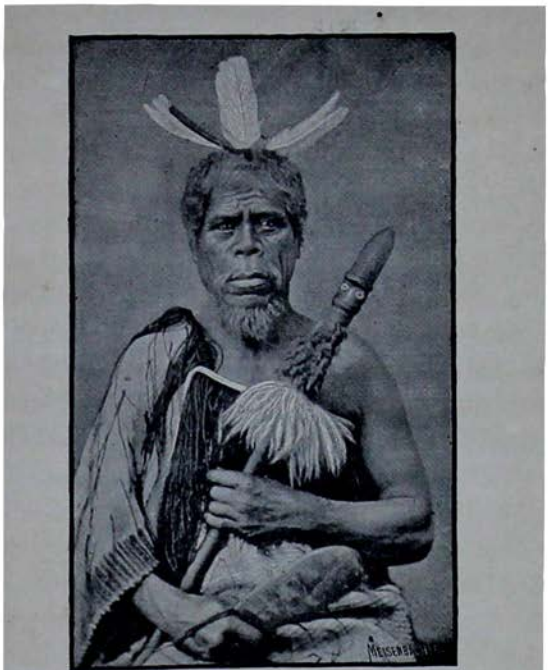
He appeared very anxious to learn all about the government of England, and when I had given him a *résumé* of parliamentary procèdure, he pointed towards Te Wao, his henchman, who, strange to say for a Maori, was perfectly bald, and demanded, in a serio-comic way, whether bald-headed men were allowed to sit in the British Parliament, and when I pointed out that a bald-headed man enjoyed equal parliamentary privileges with one having his head covered with hair, he replied that the Maoris always looked with suspicion on bald-headed men. All joined in the laugh at this remark, with the exception of Pehi, who always looked particularly fierce and grim when he cracked his jokes or hurled his shafts of satire.

Although Pehi was singularly jocund for a man of his age, yet when a serious question was put to him he knew how to answer it in a clear and deliberate way; and when I got Turner to induce the *rangatira* to give the apparent reason for the rapid decay of his race, he spoke thus: "In former times we lived differently; each tribe had its territory. We lived in *pas* placed high upon the mountains. The men looked to war as their only occupation, and the women and the young people cultivated the fields. We were a strong and a healthy people then. When the *pakeha* came, everything began to die away, even the natural animals of the country. Formerly, when we went into a forest and stood under a tree, we could not hear ourselves speak for the noise of the birds; every tree was full of them. Then we had pigeons and everything in plenty; now many of the birds have died out. A few years ago there was a big green

parrot in these forests; now it is gone, and lots of other things have gradually faded away. In those times the fields were well tilled, there was always plenty of provisions, and we wore few clothes, only our own mats of feathers. Then the missionaries came and took our children from the fields, and taught them to sing hymns; they changed their minds, and the fields were untilled. The children came home and quoted Gospel on an empty stomach. Then came the war between the *pakeha* and the Maori that split up our homes, and made one tribe fight against another; and after the war came the *pakeha* settlers, who took our lands, taught us to drink, and to smoke, and made us wear clothes that brought on disease. "What race," said the old chief, "could stand against that. The Maori," he continued, "is passing away like the *kiwi*, the *tui*, and many other things, and by-and-by they will disappear just as the leaves of the trees, and nothing will remain to tell of them but the names of their mountains and their rivers."

One morning, when we were sunning ourselves in front of the *wharepuni*, I asked Pehi how the Maoris fought in battle. Without a moment's hesitation he jumped up from where he had been seated, and, casting aside his cape and appearing in nothing but a cloth around his loins, entered a small *whare*, and emerged an instant afterwards with a *huata*, or short spear, beautifully carved at the top to represent a grotesque human head, from the mouth of which the tongue protruded about three inches in the form of a spear-blade, while just below the head was a long tuft of white dog's-hair bound with flax stained a

bright red. The shaft of the implement, made of *totara* wood, and highly polished, was rounded at the top part, but widened out in an oval form with sharp, bevelled edges towards the bottom end. Flourishing this weapon about in the wildest way, jumping into

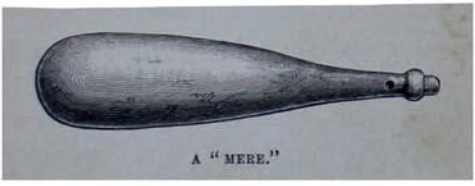


A CHIEF ARMED WITH "MERE" AND "HUATA."

the air, making the most hideous grimaces, thrusting out his tongue, and turning up his eyes till nothing but the whites were visible, the old warrior yelled and danced about like a madman, now throwing up his *huata* in the air and catching it again, now sweeping it round in a way that seemed to carry death in every

stroke, the savage, tattooed countenance of the old *rangatira* working the while in a most diabolical fashion. He made terrific and frantic cuts at each of our heads, but so dexterous was he in the manipulation of his weapon that he arrested it in every instance when within the eighth of an inch of our skulls—which he jocosely told us were not thick enough to hurt the *huata*.

When questioned as to the use of the *mere*, he informed us that it was seldom used in war, except by the chiefs, and that it was more an emblem of rank which was handed down as an heirloom in a tribe. The greenstone *mere* was so highly prized that to secure one in battle appeared to be considered as an act of glory, just as the taking of a stand of colours might be with us. The *mere* was, however, always considered as a formidable weapon in fight, as a blow from it, if properly dealt, would break any bone in a man's body. When using it, it was customary to aim at the head. It was also used by the chiefs to cleave the skulls of the captured. He told us that the Maoris had never accustomed themselves to the use of the bow and arrow, and that, when fighting, they depended principally upon the *huata* and other spears, until the Europeans taught them the use of fire-arms.



A "MERE."

CHAPTER XXV.

HOT SPRINGS OF TONGARIRO.

Departure from Ngatokorua—Okahakura Plains—Tongariro from the north—Source of the Whanganui—The hot springs—A marvellous sanatorium—Crater of Ketetahi—Te Perore—A strategic position—Kuwharua—Maori cakes—A grand region—Site for a public park.

We left Ngatokorua with a pressing invitation to return again, and took an easterly course across the Waimarino Plains, in the direction of Tongariro, with the view of tracing up the source of the Whanganui River, which, we had learned from the natives, rose somewhere in the northern side of the volcano, and after that I had determined to examine the tapued springs and the crater of Ketetahi, which were situated a short distance further to the east on the same mountain.

The whole country we passed through to reach Tongariro consisted of a series of magnificent plains, richly grassed, surrounded for the most part by forest, and dotted here and there with patches of bush that grew in the centre of the plains and bordered many of the streams. We crossed the Mangahuia and Whakapapa rivers, both swift streams, flowing in a north-westerly direction to join the Upper Whanganui.

Beyond the Waimarino Plains was an equally attractive stretch of country of the same description, known as Okahakura, and through the centre of which wound the Mangatepopo River, likewise a tributary of the Whanganui.

When we ascended the hills and rugged spurs which surrounded the great volcano of Tongariro on the north, we found them to be composed mostly of scoria and trachytic rock, but covered for a long distance up their sides with a thick vegetation of native grasses and dwarf shrubs. The tops of the larger spurs were, however, very rugged and barren, while the depression round the lip of the crater, which we had observed when at the summit of the great cone, was distinctly visible, and naturally made the mountain appear less elevated on this than on its southern side. The splendid cone was, however, now covered with a white canopy of snow almost to its base, while the summit here and there was tinged of a bright yellow with deposits of sulphur crystals, and as its white coil of steam floated over its gracefully pointed top the effect was beautiful in the extreme.

On one of the principal spurs to the north-west of the great cone we found the source of the Whanganui bursting out through a narrow rocky gorge at an altitude of 3700 feet above the level of the sea, the water evidently arising from mountain springs, and at certain times from the melting of the snows. The river from this point runs rapidly down the winding gorges of the mountains, and, after receiving in its course the waters of numerous other streams, winds across the Okahakura Plains, and afterwards enters

the dense forests of the Tuhua, and then taking a bold sweep to the north-west receives the waters of the Ongaruhe and numerous other streams, as it flows in its long course to join the sea in the south. The Whanganui, which, after the Waikato, forms the most important river of the North Island, receives the whole of the western watershed of the great central table-land, besides that of other divisions of the country.

Leaving the source of the Whanganui, we took an easterly direction, and, after a long climb through the thick shrubs and boulder-strewn sides of the mountain, arrived at the great *solfatara*, the steam from which, constantly arising in the form of a dense white cloud, forms a conspicuous feature when looking towards Tongariro from the north. We ascended to an altitude of 5600 feet on to the spur where the renowned chief Te Heuheu is said to be buried, and on the summit of which were the small blue lakes we had seen from the top of the great cone, and which were now surrounded by their winter mantle of snow. Lower down on the same spur, at an altitude of 4900 feet, we found the hot springs roaring beneath us, deep down in a semi-circular gorge, which was strewn about in every direction with huge boulders, as if a great flood of water had recently passed through it. We got with some difficulty down the rugged sides of this strange chasm, and soon stood in the centre of a region where boiling springs burst from the earth, where jets of steam shrieked and hissed from innumerable fissures, where enormous boiling mud-holes bubbled like heated cauldrons, and where the hot, steaming soil, covered in

every direction with yellow crystals of sulphur, and glistening silicious deposits, quaked beneath our feet, as if anxious to swallow us up, so that we had to pick our way cautiously amid clouds of steam and sulphurous fumes for fear of coming to an untimely and unpleasant end. In many places fountains of hot water shot high into the air. Some of the warm springs were of a dark coffee-colour, caused apparently by the admixture of iron; others were yellow with excess of sulphur; others white with alum; while not a few were of the purest blue. Taken altogether, this weird place had an unpleasant, pandemonium-like air about it, while the noise of the hissing steam-jets was so great, as they burst with terrific force from their rocky vents, that it was impossible to hear oneself speak when near to them. Indeed, a dozen or so of railway engines letting off steam and blowing their whistles at the same time would only serve to convey a slight idea of the tremendous din.

These springs, as the Maoris afterwards informed us, possessed wonderful curative properties in all cases of chronic rheumatism and cutaneous disorders, and many natives suffering from ailments of that kind come long distances to avail themselves of the thermal waters, which it would appear never fail to effect a cure. This portion of Tongariro, like all other parts, is strictly tapued against Europeans, and the natives of Rotoaira and the surrounding district guard this marvellous sanatorium with a jealous eye; but as we attacked it from the rear, they were none the wiser for our visit.

A short distance beyond the springs, and near to the

end of the great spur, we found the small crater known to the natives as Ketetahi, which was formed of a circular aperture emitting vast volumes of steam. We obtained a splendid view of the country towards the north from our elevated position, the rugged ranges of Te Tuhua being crowned by Hikurangi, a beautiful pyramidal-shaped mountain, with a flat top, while to the westward of it could be distinctly traced the winding course of the Ongaruhe River.

We crossed the Mangatepopo River, flowing from Tongariro, and then the Whanganui, the winding course of which we had to traverse three times. Near to the second crossing-place a picturesque headland jutted out from the dense forest that bordered the plain, and upon its summit could be plainly traced the outline of rude earthworks, which were as solid as if they had been but recently erected. This was all that remained of Te Perore, which during the war formed one of Te Kooti's most formidable strongholds. and it was here that the memorable battle was fought in which Captain St. George lost his life. The Maoris are said to have suffered severely during the engagement, Te Kooti himself being wounded in the left hand by a rifle-ball.

When examining this decaying remnant of the great struggle between the white and the dark race, I could not but admire the judgment which had been displayed by the Maoris in choosing this point as a strategic position. It was about 100 feet above the plain, the Whanganui River wound round it to the east, while the formation of the surrounding country was such that the enemy would be open to the fire of the be-

sieged from every side of the *pa* save at the rear, where the latter, if beaten, would have a splendid retreat open in the dense forests of the Tuhua, which backed the fortification at that point. Nature appeared to have done her utmost to efface all traces of the struggle, and upon the rude earthworks, once alive with the forms of tattooed warriors, now shrubs and trees waved their heads to the passing breeze. Never was there a more beautiful spot chosen for a battle, and it must have been a truly impressive sight to see the valiant Maori warriors fighting for their country under the very shadow of their sacred mountains, driving back the *pakeha*, and erecting a barrier of isolation around the grand region whose wonders we were now exploring.

As we were riding on our way along the plain near to the edge of the forest we noticed that on the small elevations on our left, which fringed the bush, several *whares* were dotted about in the most picturesque situations. When we were passing one of these rustic homesteads some natives hailed us, to know where we were going. At this we rode up the steep elevation upon which their *whare* was placed, to have a *korero*, and to gain what information we could with regard to our future course. An old woman with a goitre upon her neck hailed us with the usual cry of welcome, while her tattooed lord, who was engaged making a trap to catch pigeons, invited us to put up our horses and rest. We were willing enough to do this, especially as there was a smell of cooking about, and our cool ride across the plains had given us our usual wolfish appetite. We were soon invited to partake of

a repast of pork and potatoes, together with some cakes, made evidently of flour and water, but so hard that it was impossible to bite them, and so heavy that Turner, with every show of reason, remarked that if we happened to get unhorsed when crossing a river, we should never rise to the surface with one of those cakes in our insides.

We did not take our meal in the smoky *whare*, but sat with the Maoris outside in the sun. The day was one of the finest we had experienced, and all nature appeared as if wrapped in a mantle of eternal spring. The small *kainga* where we now were was known to the natives as Kuwharua, and stood at an elevation of 2420 feet above the level of the sea. The view from this place when looking towards the south was the finest we had beheld during our journey, if I except the marvellous panoramas beheld from the top of the Ruapehu and Tongariro. For the variety of the scenery to be obtained within the radius of ten miles from where we were, no view in the world could equal it. Beneath us was the Te Pakaru Plain, with an area of some twenty square miles, covered with a green growth of native grass, and intersected by winding mountain streams. In the south-east were the blue waters of Lake Rotoaira, backed by the cone-shaped summits of the Kakaramea Ranges, clothed with dense forests of tall trees; while beyond, stretching like a grand barrier across the country to the south, were the serrated peaks of the Kaimanawa Mountains, at whose base rolled the broad open downs of the Rangipo Table-land. Rising right in the centre of this grand picture were the wonderful mountains

of Tongariro, heaped and piled about in the most fantastic and curious way, and from the midst of which shot up the white, glittering cone of the volcano crowned with its perpetual cloud of steam, while, to complete the attractive scene, the stupendous form of Ruapehu towered to the skies, peak rising above peak beneath its deep mantle of winter snow. Here was a view which, taken in as it was at one glance, exceeded in grandeur and sublimity even the most glowing creations of fairyland. Here were park-like plains of vivid green stretching from the borders of an inland sea to the shores of a romantic-looking lake, where the waters were of the deepest blue; around were steaming craters and thermal springs, colossal cone-shaped mountains towering to the regions of eternal snow, and lesser heights rising from amidst primeval forests of the grandest description, glowing and palpitating as it were, in all their beauty beneath the sunlight; and yet, singular to relate, this marvellous country, this wonder-land, as we gazed upon it, was to all intents and purposes a *terra incognita*. Here was in reality a model Switzerland under a semi-tropical sky—a region designed, as it were, by the artistic hand of nature for a national recreation-ground, where countless generations of men might assemble to marvel at some of the grandest works of the creation.

With the Te Pakaru Plain proclaimed as a public domain, New Zealand would possess the finest and most unique park in the world. For healthfulness of climate, variety of scenery, and volcanic and thermal wonders, there would be no place to equal it in the

northern or southern hemisphere, no spot where within so small a radius could be seen natural phenomena so varied and so remarkable. It would embrace within its boundaries the hot springs of Tongariro and those of Tokanu, and would stretch from the waters of Lake Taupo to the shores of Rotoaira. The surrounding table-land, with its millions of acres of open plains covered with rich volcanic soil, should eventually become the granary of the North Island; while the Kaimanawa Mountains and the Tuhua should give forth their mineral treasures on either side.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WESTERN TAUPO.

Supposed forest country—The western table-land—Soil and *flora*—Terania—Okarewa—Te Kaina Valley—Maoris on the track—Pouotepiki pa—A tangi—The natives—A friendly invitation—An old warrior—The women—Our quarters.

From Kuwharua our course lay along the northern portion of the Te Pakaru Plain, and between the Kakaramea Ranges and the eastern boundary of the Tuhua Forest. The whole country hereabouts had a park-like appearance, and was everywhere covered with native grasses, save the lower hills, which were mostly clothed with fern. We had now reached the western watershed of Lake Taupo, the first stream flowing in that direction being the Koromanga. Near to this point the native track by which Hochstetter passed in 1859, on his journey to Maketu by way of the eastern side of Lake Taupo, leads to Tokanu, and if we had followed it to the westward it would have been our nearest route to Alexandra; but as the country along its course had already been described by that traveller, I determined to take a different direction, in order to explore the great table-land of Western Taupo, and thence to penetrate to Alexandra by the country to the northward of the great central

mountain chain ending in Titiraupenga, and which was represented on the maps of the colony as covered with forest, and on that of Hochstetter as a volcanic table-land "thickly covered with forest, and unexplored." Indeed, so little was this portion of the country known, that even at Tapuwaeharuru, where Turner questioned the natives upon the natural features of this region, he was informed that it was covered with dense bush, and that it would be impossible to travel through it for any distance, and especially on account of the numerous rivers and creeks that would have to be crossed. The information we thus gained proved to be erroneous so far as the forest was concerned, since we afterwards discovered that a broad, open table-land, averaging in height from 1700 to 2200 feet above the level of the sea, extended far inland along the whole western shore of Lake Taupo, while the enormous area of country still further to the north and westward, and described on the maps as before alluded to, turned out to be a perfectly open table-land, covered with some of the finest grassed plains in the country, and watered by numerous streams, some of which were among the largest tributaries of the Waikato River.

The western table-land of Lake Taupo is bounded on the land side by the Haurungaroa and Hurakia Mountains, which stretch in a northerly direction as far as Mount Titiraupenga, and form the eastern boundary of the mountainous region which covers a large area of the central portion of the King Country. These two mountain chains attain to an altitude of 2300 to 2500 feet above the level of the sea, their

eastern slopes forming the principal source of the watershed of the western division of the lake, while the inland waters, with those of the other mountains of the same system, are received mostly by the Ongaruhe River, one of the principal tributaries of the Whanganui. The whole of these ranges, which present a very broken appearance, are densely covered with luxuriant forests. The country from the eastern slopes of the Haurungaroa and Hurakia Mountains stretches in a series of open plains to the shores of the great lake, the whole western shore of which is bounded by steep, rugged cliffs, which rise perpendicularly from the water, and assume in many places the form of bold headlands, the highest of which, Mount Karangahape, attains to an altitude of about 2300 feet, while Rangituku and Pukeakikiore are volcanic cones of lesser height, still further to the south. This portion of the Taupo Table-land was in every way different, so far as its soil was concerned, from that on the north-eastern and eastern sides of the lake. The enormous deposits of pumice so remarkable in the two latter localities were absent here, the soil resembling in every respect that of the Rangipo Table-land, and this feature will apply equally to the open plain country we afterwards discovered to the north of Titiraupenga. Here, too, there was a greater variety of native grasses, while the soil, formed principally from the decomposition of the trachytic rocks of the adjacent mountains and the gradual disintegration of the stratum of pumice upon which it was deposited, was in every respect of a better kind, and, under proper cultivation, might be made to grow almost anything suited to the climate. In

all the native settlements in this part of the country we found such trees as the peach, apple, acacia, and weeping willow growing in great luxuriance, while the *flora* indigenous to the island was represented in its most varied forms.

After passing many miles through an open, undulating, fern-clad country, we came to a region called Terania, surrounded by low conical hills, and traversed in every direction with well-beaten tracks, which had been made by the herds of wild horses frequenting the district, and which led over the hills and through the valleys wherever we turned.

Darkness overtook us as soon as we crossed the Kuratao River, and we camped for the night near to a small stream called Okarewa, on the open table-land, which at this point had an elevation of 1700 feet above the level of the sea.

We started at daylight from Okarewa, and continued a northerly course along the table-land, which was for some distance dotted about with low fern hills. We crossed the Whareroa River, and beyond this point the bold outline of Karangahape came into view in the east, in the form of a huge dome-shaped mountain, surrounded by lower hills of conical formation. The table-land now indicated a general elevation, varying from 2000 to 2200 feet, and kept very level between the two heights for a long distance, the country rising gradually in the form of undulating hills towards the dense forests to the west of our track. We forded the Mangakara, flowing from the Haurungaroa Mountains, the river being fringed at the point where we crossed it by a dense growth of bush, which grew along the

precipitous sides of the stream, down which we had to ride before we reached the torrent below. Beyond the river we gained the Te Kaina Valley, which wound through the table-land, here dotted about with enormous outcrops of trachytic rock. Here the whole broad expanse of the country had a beautifully picturesque appearance, which was heightened in no small degree by the broad, shining waters of Lake Taupo in the distance.

It was now clear that we were getting into a more densely populated portion of the country, and we met many Maoris of all ages and sexes along this portion of our track. Most of them were well mounted, and were journeying from the north in the direction of Tokanu and other settlements in the south. Each party greeted us, and asked us where we were from, and when told that we had come up from the Manganui-a-te-Ao, they one and all expressed surprise, and asked us how we had got through at that season of the year. Some natives travelling in our direction now joined us, and we learned from them that a *tangi* was being held at Pouotepiki, the *pa* which we would have to pass on the way, and that we would meet Te Heuheu there, and a number of other chiefs.

We arrived at Pouotepiki late in the afternoon, and found the *pa* situated in a beautiful position on an elevated portion of the table-land overlooking the western bay of Lake Taupo, whose rugged shores here rose up to a height of hundreds of feet above the water, in the form of precipitous cliffs, and rugged headlands which flanked the entrance to picturesque bays.

As we rode up a wild and curious sight presented itself. Our approach was hailed with dismal wailing from the women, loud barking from the packs of mongrel dogs, and by the grunting of innumerable pigs, A crowd of natives at once gathered round us, and among them were some of the wildest and most villainous-looking men I had ever seen. They were not like the untutored savages we had found at Ruakaka, but in appearance a desperate, half-savage, half-civilized race of beings. There were natives from Tokanu, natives from Tuhua, from Kahakaharoa, and all the various settlements for miles around. Some wore only the blanket, others ragged clothes and battered hats, while some of the younger men, as if anxious to make a show of their smattering of civilization, were got up quite in a dandified way. When the *hongi*[1] had been performed amid tears and lamentations, half a dozen weird-looking hags stood up in a row and went through a *tangi*,[2] which lasted an hour, during which time we stood in front of them, beside the natives who had joined us on the way to the *pa*. When this part of the performance had ended, one of the new arrivals stepped to the front and delivered a long speech in

[1] The *hongi* is to salute by the nose. Two individuals saluting in this way grasp the right hands, and, bending forward, press the end of their noses together, uttering at the same time a whining sound.

[2] A *tangi* (to cry) is a lamentation for the dead. Assemblages of this kind often last over many days, during which time the corpse is laid out ready for interment. It is also a form of salutation, upon the meeting of friends, intended to lament departed kindred. The cry is a most doleful one, and when uttering it the mourners express all sorts of convulsive movements to betoken their anguish.

honour of the deceased chief, for the repose of whose soul the *tangi* was being held, interlarding his remarks now and again with snatches of verse, which he sang in a doleful, melancholy tone, and what with the wailing of the women, the barking of the curs, who seemed to object immensely to our presence, the grunting of the pigs that sniffed familiarly round us, and the noise made by the children, who laughed just as loudly as their elders cried, the discordant sounds became in the long-run indescribably unpleasant; still, as we were in Maoriland, and had determined to do as the Maoris did, we went through the ordeal of the *tangi* with a reverential and solemn air. It is true we shed no tears—probably because we hadn't got them to shed—but there was no doubt about the crying so far as the women were concerned, for I watched them carefully, and I noticed that the big round tears trickled down their noses and then in a miniature cascade over their lips in the most orthodox way, but whether these tears were what we callous Christians call "crocodile tears" it is impossible for me to say.

When the formal greeting was over, we were invited into the *runanga*-house, a spacious building about sixty feet long by thirty broad, in which a number of natives were squatting about in small circles, smoking and playing cards. Te Heuheu of Tokanu, the great *rangatira* of the Ngatituwharetoa was there—a thick-set, broad-shouldered man, with an austere countenance. He was dressed in European costume, and wore a wide collaret of *kiwi* feathers round his neck, while beside him sat his two wives, who were ikewise habited in what is recognized as the attire of

civilized society. I noticed that their dresses were not after the latest Parisian models, but their round hats, made entirely of *kiwi* feathers, suited their dark countenances admirably. Both had pleasant features, and, like all the women I had seen in the country, were remarkable for their splendid teeth, which were as white and as perfect as Cleopatra's pearls, and seemed to shine in marked contrast to their blue tattooed lips. The chief Mohi, a herculean man, standing about six feet four inches, stood like a statue, wrapped in a blanket, nursing a child, and beside him was Patoro, a chief of the Ngatiraukawa, and, besides these, there were many representative men of the Ngatituwharetoa, Ngatikohera, Ngatiarekawa, Ngatitakaiahi, and Ngatihikera. Besides the natives located in the *runanga*-house there were many camped outside, both in *whares* and tents, the principal occupation of all being smoking and playing cards, and performing the *tangi* whenever a new arrival appeared.

There was one tall, gaunt old man among the throng, with a fierce-looking, tattooed countenance, and a pointed grey beard, who never moved about without a greenstone *mere* in his hand, and when afterwards we got into conversation with him, to ascertain the history of this implement, he told us it was the last relic of his tribe, and that the notch at the end of it had been made by cracking an enemy's skull. Judging from the impression made upon the hard stone by the skull, it occurred to me that its owner must have ranked during lifetime as a kind of champion thick-headed savage.

Many of the women at this gathering were the finest, both as regards appearance and stature, we had seen during our journey, some of them being perfect giantesses in build. Among the finest and most attractive was Tapare Huia Tauaiti, the daughter of Heure Harawira, a native chief.

NATIVE GIRL.

When the natives learned that we had travelled alone, as they termed it, "from the big mountains in the south," they invited us to remain over night, but not before they had asked us many questions as to the object of our journey, and how it was we had chosen

so roundabout a way when the Maoris always made it a rule to take the shortest cut between two points. We several times felt pushed to find a reasonable reply to their queries in this respect, but Turner, with his usual diplomatic tact, invariably got out of the difficulty by remarking that when a *pakeha* got on to a horse, like the proverbial tailor, there was no telling where he would ride to.

After a very acceptable meal of pork, potatoes, and thistles,[1] which was served out to the assembled crowd in small plaited flax baskets, we were allotted quarters in the *runanga*-house, where fifty men, women, and children lay huddled together in the most promiscuous way. Never during the whole of our journey did we spend so unpleasant a night. At sundown the *runanga*-house was firmly closed, four big charcoal fires were lit, and men, women, and children smoked until the atmosphere became so stifling that it was almost impossible to breathe. The great subject of conversation was the question of native boundaries, the projected government survey through the country, and the iniquities of the Native Land Court. More than a dozen speeches were delivered on these topics, and it was amusing to see one gaunt figure after another get up in the dim light, swathed in a blanket, after the fashion of a *toga*, and deliver a long and fiery oration, to which every one would listen in rapt attention, without questioning a single statement of the speaker until he had delivered himself of all he had to say. These expressions of opinion were carried on

[1] The sowthistle is much esteemed by the Maoris as a vegetable.

from either side of the house far into the night, until one by one the dark forms fell off to sleep, when the snoring, coughing, and wheezing, coupled with the stifling heat, transformed the place into a veritable pandemonium.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE NORTHERN TABLE-LAND.

The Whanganui stream—Oruapuraho Valley—Waihaha River—Kahakaharoa—The sweetbriar—The kiwi—The moa—A gigantic lizard—Waikomiko and Waihora Rivers—Te Tihoi Plains—Scenery—Mount Titiraupenga—Mangakowiriwiri River—Manga kino River—Swimming horses—Our camp—The Maoris as travellers—A Maori joke—Good horsemen—Their knowledge of the country—Their endurance—The Waipapa—Te Toto Ranges—The Waipari—Te Tauranga—The Upper Puniu—A fine specimen of tattooing—A night at Hengia.

We left Pouotepiki early on the following morning, and, as the *tangi* was at an end, about a dozen mounted natives, who were going in the same direction as ourselves, invited us to join them. Leaving the *pa* in a long cavalcade, we descended into a valley, and crossed the Whanganui stream flowing into Lake Taupo.

Further to the north, we crossed the Waikino stream, and after passing over steep, fern-clad hills we reached the Oruapuraho Valley, formed by a wild ravine sunk like an enormous pit in the table-land. This curious place, which was about two miles long, was exactly 200 feet in depth, and was walled in on every side with perpendicular masses of trachytic and white pumice rock, which were broken here and there into

the form of enormous bluffs, which jutted out in the most fantastic shapes. Winding, precipitous ravines opened out now and again in the direction of the lake and towards the mountainous country on the west, but beyond these wild gorges nothing could be seen beyond the towering walls of the deep valley, the sides of which appeared to attain, all along the course, to a general height of 200 feet, the altitude of the table-land being, both at the entrance and exit of the valley, exactly 2000 feet above the level of the sea. A small stream wound through the centre of this rock-bound ravine, about the sides of which the tussock grass and fern grew in great luxuriance, together with the *koromiko*, of which our horses ate greedily.

The table-land fell to 1700 feet as we gained the Waihaha River, the name of which literally means "still waters." There was a very deep descent to it, and looking from the top of this down upon the stream, there was not a ripple upon its surface. It was, however, some hundred feet wide at the fording-place, and as the water was deep, we had to swim our horses. On the opposite side of this river, towards the east, a castellated bluff rose up to a height of nearly 200 feet, in appearance not unlike a fortified stronghold, while beyond this point the river fell in the form of a small waterfall, as it wound on its way to Lake Taupo.

At about a mile distant from the Waihaha River, after passing through a wild, rocky gorge, where fantastic masses of rock stood up above the conical hills like monuments, we arrived at Kahakaharoa, a small *pa* situated on a winding mountain stream called

Te Pikopiko. At one time there had been a considerable native settlement here, but now the whole place was nearly abandoned. We were detained here all the following day by an incessant rain that came down in a perfect deluge, the streams rising all round

MOA AND APTERYX.

us with marvellous rapidity. This was a very wild, dreary-looking place, situated in a rock-bound, inaccessible spot, right at the base of the Hurakia Mountains, and the appearance of the inhabitants seemed quite in keeping with the locality.

Our horses fared badly at this camping-place, and were compelled to subsist upon the ripe berries of the sweetbriar, which here grew in wonderful luxuriance, so much so that our animals, following out the laws of natural selection, would often have to stand on their hind legs to reach the bright red fruit.

Here, besides the usual diet of pork and potatoes, we were treated to roast *kiwi*. This bird (*Apteryx Australis*) is the only remaining representative of the great family of New Zealand *Struthionidæ*. It is a dwarf form of the moa, not larger than a fair-sized hen, with short, rudimentary wings, totally unfit for flying, and without a tail; it has four toes on each foot, a long bill resembling that of a snipe, while its body is covered with pendulous feathers resembling hair. Its habits are nocturnal; it lives in recesses under the roots of trees, and feeds upon insects, grubs, and the seeds of various plants; the hen lays but one egg, which for the size of the bird is extraordinarily large. These birds, which live in pairs, are still very plentiful in the dense, unfrequented ranges of the King Country.[1]

Throughout the journey we always made it a practice to inquire of the natives as to whether they had ever discovered any remains of the moa,[2] but, beyond

[1] For wingless birds, see Appendix.

[2] There were no less than six species of this extinct wingless bird—

The	*Dinornis Giganteus*,	height	11 feet.
„	*Robustus*,	„	8 feet 6 in.
„	*Elephantopus*	„	6 feet 8 in.
„	*Casuarinus*	„	5 feet 6 in.
„	*Crassus*	„	5 feet.
„	*Didiformus*	„	4 feet 8 in.

a reference to it in their traditions, little appeared to be known of it. The natives, however, at Kahakaharoa informed us that in former times the bones of this bird had been found in the swamps around Lake Rotoaira.

It is also worthy of remark that we ascertained that there was a tradition among all the tribes of the existence at one time of a gigantic lizard, which is said to have inhabited the caves and rocky places of the North Island, but whether this was in fact a real or fabulous reptile, it would seem impossible to determine.

We left Kahakaharoa as soon as the swollen state of the rivers would allow us, and, after crossing the Waikomiko River, continued our course in a northerly direction along the table-land which here opened out into a broad expanse of rolling plains, stretching away to the north as far as the eye could reach. We passed by the head-waters of the Waihora River, which was the last stream of any importance, forming the western watershed of Lake Taupo.

Journeying still further on, we crossed the Te Tihoi Plains, a fine tract of open country extending around the mountains of Titiraupenga as far north as the banks of the Waikato River, and thence north-westerly to the Te Toto Ranges. This large area, comprising nearly 1000 square miles, was the country described upon the maps as covered with dense bush; and where we had expected to travel through primeval forests we found magnificent open plains, clothed with a rich vegetation of native grasses, and composed of some of the best soil we had met with during our journey.

As we rode over these plains, the scenery was magnificent, as much by reason of the vast scope of country that stretched before us as by the variety of mountain scenery that surrounded the plains in every direction. To the north-east high, forest-clad mountains rose up one above the other in the direction of Ouranui and the valley of the Waikato, while to the west were rugged, forest-clad ranges, crowned by the towering form of Titiraupenga.

This magnificent mountain, which is one of the highest peaks in the northern portion of the King Country, rises to an altitude of some 4000 feet above the level of the sea. It assumes in general outline the formation of an extensive cone, with a broad base and long sweeping sides, while its summit is surmounted by a gigantic pinnacle of rock, of a pointed form, and which serves with the great mountain as a conspicuous landmark all over the surrounding country. It is covered from base to summit with dense forests, and its enormous gorges and deep ravines give rise to many streams and rivers.

For a considerable distance along our course the altitude of the table-land varied from 2000 to 2450 feet, until we struck the Mangakowiriwiri, a curious underground river flowing from Titiraupenga. This river burst through a tremendous gorge of the mountain, flanked on either side by tall precipices of rock, and then cut its way through a narrow, rocky chasm. Looking down into the deep fissure, we could just see the silver streak of water foaming nearly a hundred feet below, but in many places it passed entirely out of sight when the channel ran underground. This

stream, which was 2200 feet above the sea, we were enabled to cross by means of a very narrow and very primitive footway, which the 'natives told us was known as the " bridge of God."

From the Mangakowiriwiri, our course lay through an open, undulating country covered with a luxuriant growth of tussock and other native grasses. Here the table-land began to fall perceptibly towards the north-west, and for a long distance it averaged in altitude from 1000 to 1150 feet, and when we reached the valley of the Mangakino River it had fallen to 1000 feet. This was one of our longest journeys, the distance travelled during the day being over forty miles, so that it was moonlight when we arrived at the banks of the river. The Mangakino ran through a deep mountain gorge, and formed one of the many streams issuing from the Titiraupenga Ranges, and flowing into the Waikato.

We soon found that the river was much swollen by the recent rains, and that it would be necessary to swim our horses. Four of the natives who had accompanied us from Pouotepiki were still with us, so that altogether we had to get six horses across, but the animals behaved splendidly, and swam through the icy cold water like ducks, the Maori horses showing their bush knowledge by taking the lead. Altogether it was a very dangerous crossing-place to take, especially at night-time, as the river just below the ford fell over a deep precipice with noise like thunder.

Once on the opposite bank, we pitched camp for the night, and made a meal out of what we could muster between us. All we could boast of was a little flour,

some of which the natives worked up into a dough in a "pannikin," and then rolling it up into long pieces between the palms of their hands, wound the pieces round sticks in a spiral fashion, and baked them in front of the fire. A few potatoes the Maoris had with them were likewise spitted and roasted in this way. The place where we camped was an exceedingly wild-looking spot, and during the night we experienced a severe frost, the thermometer descending to 28°.

We struck our camp at the Mangakino before daylight, and set out on our journey at once, but, unpleasant to relate, without any breakfast, as our commissariat was now reduced to a few potatoes, which we had determined to cook when we should get further on the road. We rose from the valley of the river on to the level plains just as the first rays of the sun swept over the country in a flood of glowing light, and the air was so pure and buoyant that we soon forgot that we were journeying on an empty stomach, until we came to a stream, where we found an abundant growth of watercress, of which we ate heartily, one of the Maoris remarking with a broad grin that we had at last come "to feed like the cows." When travelling with the Maoris I could not but admire the easy, good-natured way in which they took everything—nothing disconcerted them. When impediments to travel presented themselves, the bigger the difficulties to overcome, the more ardent they appeared to surmount them. When crossing the swollen rivers, if one got a bigger ducking than the rest, they would laugh and joke at the ill-luck of their comrade, while he in his turn would enjoy the amusement as much as they did.

On one occasion, when we were ascending a steep, slippery hill, the saddle-girth of one of the horses broke, and the saddle slipping aside, the rider fell heavily and rolled down a muddy bank. This brought down roars of laughter from the others, who told him not to mind himself, but that it was a pity to spoil a good horse by letting him know how easily a man could fall off his back.

I always found the natives to be expert and fearless horsemen, and I believe that a cavalry regiment of well-trained and well-mounted Maoris, both for courage, endurance, and *élan*, would form one of the finest body of troops ever marshalled upon a parade-ground or a battle-field.

When travelling with them, another interesting fact was that they seemed to take a pride in being able to define thoroughly all the natural features of their country. Each mountain and hill had its special name, and every valley and plain and river, down to the smallest stream, each being called after some characteristic feature or legendary tale connected with it; while every tree, plant, bird, and insect was known by a designation which betokened either its appearance or habits.

A remarkable feature indicative of the endurance of the natives, was that one night they would be sleeping in a *wharepuni* with the thermometer over 100°, and the next night they would not hesitate to lie down upon the damp ground with only a blanket over them, and with the thermometer at several degrees below freezing-point. It is true we often went through the same ordeal ourselves during the

journey, but it appeared to me to be more remarkable on the part of the Maoris, as they seemed to enjoy the stifling heat of their *wharepunis* as a positive luxury, while we looked upon it as being very much akin to a sojourn in Hades.

We reached the Waipapa River near its junction with the Mangatete, and descended from the table-land, over 100 feet, to the crossing-place. This river, which was one of the largest we had met with, rushed with a rapid current through a deep rock-bound gorge from the mountains of Titiraupenga to join the Waikato, of which it formed one of the principal tributaries. We gained the crossing-place by a steep, winding descent, the mountains with their rocky bluffs on the opposite side of the river being clothed with a dense vegetation of giant trees, while to the right of the track by which we had to descend was a small mountain forming a complete cone, and which was clothed from base to summit with a luxuriant growth of fern and tall *manuka*. The whole gorge through which the river wound had a very wild and beautiful appearance, while the water, like that of the Waikato, into which it fell after crossing the plains, was as clear as crystal. Beyond the Waipapa we passed through more open country until we neared the Te Toto ranges, when mountain, hill, and valley mingled together in a most picturesque way.

It took us several hours to traverse the Te Toto ranges, the track winding about in every direction, with deep ravines on either side. Here the vegetation was of the most luxuriant and varied order, but the

enormous roots of the great trees made riding very difficult.

We crossed the Waipari River, a large stream flowing from the Rangitoto ranges into the Waikato. The descent to the crossing-place of this river was no less than 500 feet, and we had to mount a slippery incline on the opposite side of equal altitude. Our course now lay over high fern-clad ridges, and now, for the first time, the broad valley of the Waipa was before us, with Maungatautari to the north, and Pirongia to the north-west.

Towards sundown we passed along a ridge, with a tremendous rock-bound gorge beneath us, and where the enormous rocks were dispersed about in a way which resembled the ruins of a feudal stronghold. This place was formerly occupied as a *pa*, and on one occasion a great battle was fought there by the Ngatiraukawa, who were defeated by the Ngatituwharetoa and Ngatimatakore, who, it is said, feasted for days on the bodies of their enemies.

A few miles beyond Tetauranga we arrived at a low hill, upon the summit of which a number of Maoris were camped in tents. As luck would have it, feeding was just going on, and we were invited to partake of a welcome meal. Although it was now evening, we determined to push on our way, and when the moon rose we started, and gained the head-waters of the Puniu River, which we crossed with the intention of camping on the opposite side; we, however, got wet in the operation, and as the place was swampy, and the night fearfully cold, we determined to ride several

miles further, to Hengia *pa*, which we reached at ten o'clock, after a journey of over sixty miles, and which had kept us in the saddle for about seventeen hours. Before arrival at the settlement, the whole country was covered with a white frost, and the damp, chilly cold of the low valley of the Waipa seemed to go right into the marrow of one's bones.

The natives appeared much surprised at our nocturnal raid upon them, but we were soon invited into a *whare*, where a big fire was burning, and where four men and an old woman were located with three or four mongrel dogs. One of the men, although apparently very old, was yet wiry and active, while his pinched, sharp features were tattooed in the most elaborate way up to the very roots of his hair, the thin blue lines forming a complete network over his countenance. This was the most artistically tattooed savage we had met on the journey, and Turner remarked to me that he would much like to have the old man's head to preserve as a *mokaikai*,[1] but he was cautious enough not to express this desire to the antiquated Hauhau.

After we had talked over matters for some time, and the surprise occasioned by our visit had somewhat abated, our tattooed friend produced a newly-slaughtered pig from a dark corner of the *whare*, and when this was dismembered and some potatoes had been peeled by the old woman, there was soon a good

[1] *Mokaikai*, a process of embalming heads, by saturating them with the pyroligneous acid of wood. This custom was at one time very common with the Maoris, who thus preserved the heads of their ancestors, the skin and tattoo marks of the face remaining perfect for many years.

meal cooking for our benefit. After we had partaken of our repast, we were invited by our entertainers to remain the night, and being only too glad to take advantage of their proffered hospitality, we took up our quarters in a corner of the primitive *whare*, which, unpleasant to relate, was literally alive with fleas.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE AUKATI LINE.

Manga-o-rongo—Mangatutu River—The encampment—A sumptuous repast—The *kainga*—Surrounding scenery—Old warriors—The tribes—The *Korero*—Arrival of Te Kooti—His wife—His followers—A tête-à tête—A song of welcome—*A haka*—Departure from Manga-o-rongo—Waipa River—Valley of the Waipa—Our last difficulty.

THE nearest way for us to have reached civilization from Hengia would have been to travel straight to Kihikihi; but there was great talk of a native meeting to be held at Manga-o-rongo, a settlement situated at some distance further south from where we were, and as it was stated that Te Kooti and a large number of natives from all parts would be there, I determined to attend the *korèro*, as much as anything to see the ex-rebel chief of whom I had heard so much, and afterwards pass to Alexandra by way of the valley of the Waipa.

We left Hengia at daybreak with a party of natives, who were going in the same direction as ourselves, and took a southerly course through a district known as Wharepapa, and which led us in the direction of the Rangitoto Mountains. As we approached the valley of the Mangatutu River, the country became more

undulating, until we gained the bed of the stream, which wound in a remarkably serpentine course from the Rangitoto Mountains. In the bed of the river the natives pointed out several curious kinds of stone, in form not unlike the blade of an axe, and which were formerly sharpened and used as tomahawks by the tribes of the district. The country hereabouts fell rapidly from 500 to 300 feet, and gradually became of a lesser altitude as we went on. Crossing the river, we continued our course through the open, fern-clad plains known to the natives as Manutarere, passing on our right a rock which rose like a rude monument from the centre of a circular basin of low hills.

Beyond this point we passed through a native *kainga*, known as Patokatoka, and soon afterwards reached Manga-o-rongo. A large encampment of natives was already formed, and great preparations were being made for the gathering; pigs were being slaughtered by the dozen, bevies of women and girls were busy at work with delicacies intended for the feast, while mounted natives were riding to and fro in every direction.

We rode into the *kainga* with the natives who had accompanied us from Hengia, and were received with loud shouts of *haeremai* from the women, who danced about and circled their arms in the air in the wildest way.

When the *hongi* had been performed, and a *tangi* had been held—for they wept here as they had done at Pouotepiki—we were invited to sit down in a circle with the natives who had accompanied us, and soon afterwards a number of women and girls, who came

tripping along in Indian file, singing a wild refrain, brought us pork and potatoes and bread and *kumaras*, in plaited flax baskets, each *hapu* present contributing according to custom, a certain quantity, so that in a short time we had food enough around us to last us

NATIVE GIRL.

for a month. We ate heartily of the good things placed before us, but we had great fights over our banquet with the half-starved dogs assembled from all parts of the country, and which became so audacious in their efforts to obtain our luxuries, that we had to keep our whips going right and left all the time.

We remained at Manga-o-rongo for three days, during which time we had a good opportunity of examining the settlement and the general features of the surrounding country. The *kainga*, composed for the most part of a number of scattered *whares* separated by broad patches of cultivation, was situated in a deep, basin-like depression in the upper valley of the Waipa, and upon the banks of a small river called the Manga-o-rongo, one of the principal tributaries of the Waipa. The scenery of the adjacent country was very attractive, the Rangitoto Mountains forming a beautiful and conspicuous feature to the south.

The Rangitoto Mountains, the highest points of which attained to an altitude of about 2500 feet, were clothed to their summits with a dense vegetation, and flanked with lower hills covered with a luxuriant growth of fern, while winding valleys and deep ravines stretched far into the rugged fastnesses beyond. To the westward of the Rangitoto ranges were the mountains of the Kuiti, where the deep green forests were interspersed with wide stretches of open fern, which swept down to the undulating hills at their base. On all other sides the country around Manga-o-rongo was open, and presented a series of broad, rolling plains, covered with low fern, and where the dark alluvial soil was of the richest description.

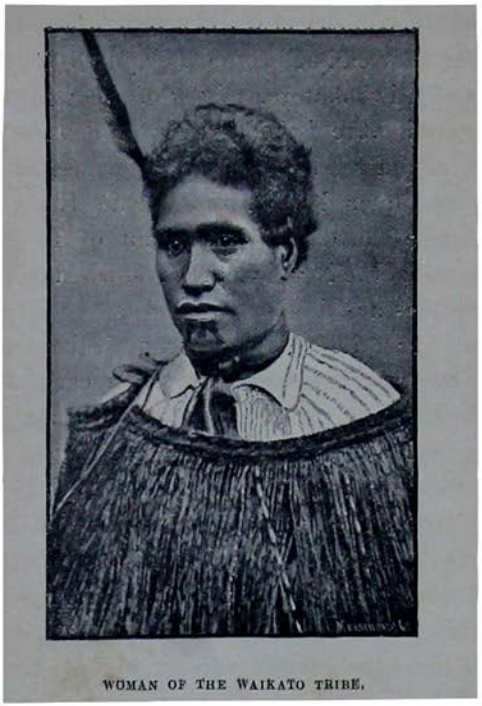
We were given quarters in one of the principal *wharepunis* in the centre of the *kainga*, which was dotted around with *whares*, tents, and other contrivances for the accommodation of the various hapus attending the *korero*. In a large *whare* close to our location were about a dozen or so of old men, who had

formed a kind of headquarters of their own. They were all true-bred Maoris of the old school, of Herculean build, and they appeared to be from eighty to ninety years of age, and it occurred to me that one or two among them could have counted their moons[1] even further back than that; and as they sat squatting about in the sun, with their blankets wrapped round them, their weazened, tattooed features looked remarkably grim, surmounted, as they were in every case, by a thick growth of snow-white hair. Each one of them wore a piece of greenstone in his left ear, and all had wooden pipes, which they puffed at incessantly. It was remarkable to observe the difference in physique between these old warriors—for they had all been great fighting men during the war—and the younger natives. Although there were many stalwart and powerful fellows among the latter, in general they had not the same square build and muscular frames of the old men, who appeared to be perfect and well-conserved types of the primitive Maori race.

There were many representatives of the principal tribes of the surrounding country in camp, and especially of the Waikatos and Ngatimaniapotos; but, besides these, there were sections of the Ngatiwhakatere, Ngatiraukawa, Ngatituwharetoa, Ngatihaua, and Ngatiawa. All these various tribal divisions were represented by the principal chiefs and notables, both men and women, and, when assembled together, it was

[1] The Maoris count time by nights, moons, and stars. There appears to have been a kind of division of the nights into decades, as ten nights to the full moon, ten to its disappearing. The Maori year begins with the first new moon after the star *Puanga* is seen in the morning, which is in May

easy to trace their different physical characteristics. There were many tall and powerfully-built men among the Waikatos and Ngatimaniapotos, but the women of the two latter tribes were not as sturdy in frame, nor as robust in appearance as those of the Ngatituwhare-



WOMAN OF THE WAIKATO TRIBE.

toa tribe of Taupo. In fact, the natives of the latter district were, all things considered, the finest tribes we had come across during our journey, the chiefs, especially of this division of the Arawas, being remarkable for their tall stature.

The principal business of the meeting, which had

brought the tribes together, was to consider a petition of the Ngatimaniapoto to Government, respecting the lands, and in which the chief Taonui, with Wahanui, had taken a leading part. Another important question was the settlement of certain tribal boundaries, and the consideration of the claim of the Ngatihaua, to a large tract of country near to the Rangitoto Mountains, and which they claimed to have acquired by conquest over the Ngatiwhakatere, a *hapu* of the Ngatiraukawa. At this meeting the *kaingatautohe*, or debateable land, was formally surrendered to the Ngatiwhakateres, the originally conquered tribe, by the chief Hauauru, who claimed to be the direct descendant of the warriors who conquered the Ngatiwhakateres, when the territory in dispute was acquired.

On the second day after our arrival at Manga-o-rongo, there was great excitement in camp as a body of about fifty horsemen, headed by a woman, were seen galloping as hard as they could come across the plain leading to the settlement. There were loud cries of *haeremai* from the women, and shouts of Te Kooti from the men as the ex-rebel chief and his wife rode into camp at the head of a band of well-mounted though wild-looking horsemen.

When the new arrivals had pitched the tents they had brought with them, and were squatting in a circle round the hero of Poverty Bay, I went into the camp, when Te Kooti saluted me with "*Tena koe, pakeha,*" and invited me to be seated. I took in his outward appearance at a glance. He was a man apparently of about fifty years of age, over medium height, of athletic form, broad shouldered and keenly knit, and with a

remarkably stern expression of countenance, which imparted to his whole visage a hard and even a cruel look. His features, cast in the true native mould, were strongly defined. His head was well formed, with a high arched forehead, and his lips were well cut and

TE KOOTI.
(*From a Sketch by the Author.*)

firm, while his quick, dark, piercing eyes had a restless glance about them as if their owner had been kept all his life in a chronic state of nervous excitement. He wore a moustache and long pointed beard, which, for the apparent age of the man, appeared to be prematurely grey. There were no tattoo marks about his

face, but when he smiled in his sinister way every line of his expressive features seemed to be brought into play. Taken altogether, Te Kooti had a decidedly intelligent cast of countenance, in which the traits of firmness and determination appeared to be strongly marked.

TE KOOTI'S WIFE.

His wife, who was apparently a few years younger than himself, was a strongly built, gaunt woman, with a remarkably bold expression of countenance, and I could well imagine that during the troubled times of the war she must have proved a daring and willing helpmate to her desperate lord.

The followers of Te Kooti, who sat around, were mostly men of over six feet in height, powerful in build, and stern and savage-looking in countenance, and with the same air of watchfulness about them as was observable in the manner of Te Kooti, as if they, like their chief, had been ever on the *qui-vive* for their lives during their long sojourn of outlawry in the fastnesses of the King Country.

The first question put to me by Te Kooti was to inquire where I had come from, and when Turner explained to him the course of our journey he replied, "They told me as soon as I arrived that a *pakeha* was in camp, and that he had travelled through the country; and I said, now that he has been through and seen all, let him remain. I did many a long journey," he continued, "during the war, but I never did a ride like that on one horse. I was always careful to have plenty of horses." I told him that I had seen the remains of his *pa* at Te Perore, near Tongariro, where one of his great battles was fought; and taking his left arm out of a sling, he said, "This is what the *pakehas* gave me there," and he showed me how a rifle-ball had struck him between the knuckle joints of the two first fingers, crippling them both. Ever since he was wounded in this way, he has always made it a rule to hide this hand as much as possible, and for that purpose he carries it constantly in a sling. He asked me whether I came from England, and when answered in the affirmative, he put many questions to me about the country, and was especially anxious to know whether the Queen was still alive, as he stated that he had often heard of her when at war with the

Europeans. He then said that the Maoris did not want that war, but the *pakehas* would fight, and the Maoris fought them. I remarked that it was now time for the two races to be as one, and that all the troubles of the past should be forgotten, and that the King Country should be opened by roads and railways. "I do not object," said Te Kooti, "to roads and railways; but," he continued, "we must hold the lands; it will not do for the natives to lose everything." I pointed out that in India a handful of *pakehas* ruled over 200,000,000 of people, and that roads and railways had been made in that country, and the natives had benefitted. Te Kooti, without a moment's hesitation, replied, "In India the *pakeha* rules justly; here the governments have not treated the Maoris fairly: one government has promised one thing and one another, and they have all broken faith."

When I stated to him that since the formation of the colony one law and one sovereign reigned from one end of New Zealand to the other, and that that applied to the King Country as well as to any other part of the island, he replied, "That may be so. But," he continued, "you have your queen, and Tawhiao is our king. Whatever Tawhiao says, we must do."

At this stage Te Kooti burst forth with a wild chant —a kind of song of welcome, which was intended as a compliment to our visit. As Te Kooti sang, his voice was singularly clear and mournful, and his intonation very distinct, while every word, as it fell from his lips, appeared to be uttered with the wild impulse of a fanatic. During this time his followers, as they had

in fact done all along, sat listening in mute attention, as if anxious to hear the words of one whom they appeared to look upon as a kind of deified man, or as one endowed with a charmed life that had made him the hero of brave and extraordinary exploits, which recalled to mind some of the most daring and bloody deeds of Maori warfare, and as I listened to his wild refrain, and marked the earnest yet animated expression of his features as he sang, I could well realize the influence which such a man would exercise over the superstitious minds of the Maoris, and yet when I recalled to mind his remarkable career, his marvellous escape from the Chatham Islands with his devoted band, his desperate and bloody raid upon the settlers of Poverty Bay, and the series of daring achievements which rendered the name of Te Kooti a terror and a menace during the war that followed, I could not but help thinking that many of the Cæsars and Napoleons of history must have been made of much the same stuff as this fanatical Hauhau leader.

Our last night in the King Country was celebrated by a *haka* in Te Kooti's camp. Never had I seen anything so wild or so exciting. When the moon was up we went to a secluded spot surrounded by forest, where huge fires had been lit to assist the doubtful light of the Queen of night. The spectators squatted about in a semicircle, the ex-rebel chief taking up his position in the midst of his swarthy followers. At a signal given about fifty men entered the arena and nearly as many women. All were lightly clad; so lightly indeed that the costume of our first parents had not been greatly encroached upon. At a signal

given from the leader the dancers formed themselves into ranks, and the first step was made by striking the feet heavily upon the ground, and, as the excitement produced by this movement gradually increased, the limbs trembled from the feet upwards, until every muscle in the body appeared to shake and twist, as if from the thrilling effects of a galvanic current. Then they turned their bodies to the right with a swinging jump, keeping the elbows close to the ribs and stretching out the fore-part of the arm until the hands and fingers shook and trembled as if strung together by wires. Then, they swung the body to the left in the same attitude, and then, facing to the front, threw back their heads, thrust out their tongues to the fullest extent in a menacing way, and turned up their eyes until nothing but the whites could be seen, and which, gleaming beneath the bright glow of the fires, imparted to their distorted countenances a singularly ghastly look. Next a wiry, tattooed savage jumped to the front with a loud yell, thrusting out his tongue, and distorting his features until the blue lines formed a quivering network over his face. He challenged the best dancer in the throng, at which a woman appeared upon the scene, when the pair performed a dance which no pen or pencil could describe. Then they returned into the ranks, and another couple followed, and then a third, and a fourth, until the whole crowd mingling together danced and yelled in a marvellous yet diabolical way. The dark, streaming hair of the women fell over their well-turned shoulders or swept round their heads in a circle, as the dark syrens went through the most extraordinary gyrations, with the rapidity of electrified

humming-tops, while the men, twirling their weapons furiously in the air, yelled in a loud chorus which terminated in a long, deep, expressive sigh. Again and again these movements were enacted with protruding tongues, distorted faces, and fixed, staring eyes, time being marked by striking the thigh with the open left hand, so as to produce a sound which, mingling with the loud shouting of the furious dancers, added a curious effect to the wild and boisterous scene.

It was a bright morning when we left Manga-o-rongo to do the last stage of our eventful journey. Although our horses had rested for two days, it was clear that they were utterly exhausted from their past fatigues, while their legs were so swollen that we could hardly get them to move along. Leaving the settlement, the whole broad valley of the Waipa lay stretched before us in the form of a wide expanse of open plain, through which the winding river, from which it derives its name, meandered in the direction of the north.

The Waipa has its source on the southern side of Mount Pukeokahu, which is situated a little to the eastward of Mount Rangitoto. It winds round the western end of the Rangitoto ranges, and finally pursues its way along the Waipa Valley. Besides receiving, however, a large portion of the watershed of the Rangitoto Mountains, most of the streams from the ranges of the Kuiti flow into it, while to the west it is fed by numerous watercourses from the high coast ranges. Its principal tributaries are the Mangapu, Manga-o-Rewa, and Mangawhero, with the Puniu as the chief. Beyond the head of the river

the watershed falls towards the Mokau, south of which the country is open for a considerable distance in the direction of the Tetaraka Plains, until the great central belt of forest country is reached.

The whole wide valley of the Waipa lies very low, its altitude near the margin of the stream being scarcely 100 feet above the level of the sea; but the country rises gradually towards the west into undulating fern-clad hills, which mount in a kind of terrace formation, one above the other, until they reach the high wooded ranges which border the West Coast. The plains of this valley are composed for the most part of rich alluvial soil, which is everywhere covered with a dense growth of low fern. Many native cultivations and settlements are dotted about along the whole course of the river, and, taken altogether, this valley is one of the most densely populated portions of the King Country. From every point of view the scenery is most attractive, especially when looking in the direction of the north, where the tall forms of Pirongia, Maungatautari, and Kakepuku tower high above the surrounding plains.

It was already night when we had nearly reached the end of our journey, and just as we drew rein at a native *whare* to inquire the best point at which to cross the Waipa, my horse sank under me from sheer exhaustion as I sat on his back. A little coaxing got "Charlie" on to his legs again, and we hastened down to the banks of the Waipa to find that the river was almost at high flood. There was a canoe at the ford, but, as ill-luck would have it, it happened to be on the

opposite side of the stream. We shouted lustily, in the hope that some one would hear us, and come and ferry us across, but there was no response but the echo of our voices, and it seemed that we would have to pass another night in the open, or swim our horses at the risk of our lives. The night was bitterly cold, and we were naturally anxious to reach our long looked-for goal, and, just as we were making preparations to swim the river, voices were heard on the other side, and in a few moments more the canoe shot across the water under the skilful guidance of three young Maori girls. It did not take us long to unsaddle, and, putting everything into the canoe with ourselves, we swam our exhausted animals across, but not before "Tommy," by being swept under the frail craft, by the force of the current, had nearly succeeded in upsetting it in the centre of the rapid stream. Once on the opposite side, we pressed upon our dark deliverers all the money we could muster, and, entering the King's settlement at Whatiwhatihoe, we crossed the *aukati* line forming the northern boundary of the King Country, when the moon was high, on the night of the 18th of May, after a journey, which, taking all distances traversed into account, was not short of 600 miles.

APPENDIX.

POTATAU II.

THE ancestry and tribal connections of Matutaera Te Pukepuke Te Paue Tu Karato Te-a-Potatau Te Wherowhero Tawhiao, or Potatau II., render him the most illustrious and influential chief in New Zealand. No Maori chief is truly great unless he can trace his descent to some of those who came in the first canoes from Hawaiki. Tawhiao can do this, his ancestor being Hotonui, who came in the canoe Tainui, which made the land at Kawhia. The ancestor, however, who makes the greatest figure in the history of the family is Tapaue, who had a number of children who did well in the world, and founded quite a number of tribes who exist to this day. These children were—Te Rorokitua, who was the ancestor of the Ngatipaoa, Te Putu, Tahau, Te Apa, Huiarangi, Ratua, Hikaurua. The son of Te Putu was Tawhia, whose son was Tuata, whose son was Te Rauanganga, whose son was Te Wherowhero, whose son was the present Tawhiao. The name of Tawhiao's mother was Whakaawi, a woman of high birth of the Ngatimahutu tribe.

Tawhiao's autobiographical narrative is as follows:—

"I was born at a place called Orongokoekoea, at Mokau. The whole of the Waikatos had been driven from Waikato by the invasion of Hongi, with his muskets, and the tribes had suffered greatly when the *pa* was taken at Matakitaki. The whole of the Waikatos were living at Mokau when I was born, from fear of Pomare. [The fall of Matakitaki took place in 1823, and Tawhiao would probably be born a year or two later.] We did not remain long at Mokau after the death of Pomare. We came back to Haurua, Kopua, and other places. I lived at Honipaka, in the Waipa. The Ngatitipa were at Haurau. Te Rauparaha had gone south long before that time, in prosecution of his conquests at Cook's Straits. Some of Rauparaha's people, however, the Ngatitoa and

Ngatikoata, came to Matakitaki, and were slain there. Te Waharoa was then living at Horotiu, and did not move. The Ngapuhi did not attack him. Pomare made peace with Takurua. Waikato heard that peace had been made. At this time Te Wherowhero had gone to Taupo. Rauroha said to Pomare, 'Go back to your own country,' but Pomare would not consent. Rauroha said, 'You have made peace with me; look at Matire.' [Matire Toha was subsequently married to Kati, Te Wherowhero's brother, on the peace-making between Waikato and Ngapuhi.] Te Wherowhero wished to go to Pomare, but Te Kanawa resisted his desire, thinking there would be treachery. Pomare insisted upon going up to Waikato. He was met in battle by the Ngatitipa, the Ngatitamaoho. Te Aho, a son of Kukutai shot Pomare's fingers off, and when his people discovered that Pomare was wounded, they fled. The fight took place at Te Rore, on the Waipa, and the Ngapuhi fled to Whaingaroa. The chase continued to Te Akau, and as far as Awhitu. I remember when Matire Toha was brought to Waikato to be married to Kati. I remember the great crowds that were assembled at the time. Te Kihirini brought Matire to Waikato. She was very young then. The first Europeans we saw were at Kawhia. The first I remember was Captain Kent. The first missionaries in Waikato were Stack, Hamlin, Williams, and Morgan. The missionaries told us that we should be burned up unless we believed. I myself was baptized by the name Matutaera, at Mangere, by Mr. Burrows.

"I remember a European coming to ask Te Wherowhero to sign the treaty of Waitangi. That European was the missionary, Mr. Maunsell. [The Ven. Archdeacon Maunsell.] The Maori he had with him was Tipene Tahatika. Te Wherowhero said he would not sign. Mr. Maunsell remarked to Tipene, 'This ignorant old man, if he had signed, I would have given him a blanket.' Te Wherowhero was then at Awhitu. Te Wherowhero's name was afterwards put to the treaty, but it was written by Te Kahawai, not by himself. I was at the great meeting at Remuera. That was when Fitzroy was Governor. The principal speakers were Wetere te Kauae and Te Katipa. Governor Fitzroy visited Kawhia. The Rev. Mr. Whiteley and the missionaries had been there long before that time. When Sir George Grey came, he visited Rangiawhia, Te Awamutu, and other settlements in Waikato. He had thirty Maoris as his following. Sir George Grey pointed out Mangere as a place for Te Wherowhero. He said to my father, 'Come to Mangere, the land is for you.' I never attended any of the Mission schools."

In reference to the beginning of the New Zealand war, after Te Wherowhero's death, and when Tawhiao had succeeded his father as king, he narrates:—

"I was at Rawhitu, a few miles above Rangiriri, when I heard that the soldiers had crossed the Mangatawhiri. Heta Tarawhiti and a few others were with me. The Waikatos were then at Rangiriri and other places. I warned them to avoid the soldiers. When I heard that the soldiers had crossed the Mangatawhiri, I warned the Maoris to avoid the soldiers. I told them they should not meet the soldiers on the line of the Waikato river, but should go inland by Whangamarino to Paparata, and then to the Kirikiri. [Apparently this was Tawhiao's military plan, instead of constructing *pas* on the river, like Meremere and Rangiriri. If his advice had been taken, the line of our advance would have been threatened, and the settlements around Auckland placed in great danger.] The next thing I heard was that a battle had been fought at the Koheroa, and that the people I had sent to evade the soldiers had also gone and fought at the Koheroa. Tapihana was the chief man whom I had charged. I sent a message also to Mohi and Ihaaka (occupying the settlement at Pukekohe, the Kirikiri and adjacent places), telling them to come out from their villages. The engineer of the *pa* at Rangiriri, who directed its formation, was Te Wharepu. I told the people that they should retire to the depth of the forest to evade the troops. The others would not consent. Te Wharepu was the leader of the others. They said, 'We will not agree; if our blood must be shed, let it be shed on our own land at Waikato.' I was at the fight at Rangiriri. Wiremu Tamehana and myself went to Rangiriri, and requested the people to move away from that place. That was the object of both Thompson [1] and myself in going. A dozen times I tried to persuade them to break up from Rangiriri, but finding that our efforts were unsuccessful, we left. The balls were then flying in all directions. I took refuge behind a flax bush. A bullet passed close to me, and struck the bush. I was not injured. I had a gun and cartridge-box. I saw some of my people escaping. I told them to be swift, and move on. They said, 'You must look after yourself; are you not in danger?' I said, 'No, I will rest a while here.' I took off my coat and vest, and, after a while, I succeeded in getting on board a canoe belonging to the Ngatitamaoho, and in making my escape. Previously ten guns were levelled at me, and a big gun also. Messengers had gone before, and told the people that I was safe."

[1] A native known as The King Maker.

THE CHIEFS.

WIREMU TE WHEORO Te Morehu Maipapa comes from a distinguished line of ancestors. From a woman of celebrity, named Hourua, after whom the tribe was called, and whose worthy chief was that famous man Wiremu Te Awatora, of Raglan. Then from the renowned ancestor Tapoue, Te Wheoro becomes a near relative of Tawhiao, the present Maori King, which circumstance accounts for the fact of his taking possession of the Tiwai canoe, which conveyed the late Maori King, Potatau Te Wherowhero, from Manukau to Ngaruawahia.

The father and mother of Te Wheoro resided in the earlier times at their settlement, Kaniwhaniwha, on the Waipa River, but, as was the custom, they would remove to other places, being interested in other lands, thus verifying the old Maori proverb, "*Ka mete kainga tahi; ka ora kaingarua*" (he that has but one home will be subject to failure; he that has two homes will prosper). The name of Te Wheoro's father was Te Kaingamata, and his mother's name was Ngapaoa of the Ngatihinetu tribe of Rangiaowhia. Te Wheoro's grandfather was Te Whakaete, who was acknowledged to have been of great power among the Waikatos. Te Whakaete was killed at Maungatautari by the Ngatipukenga, a war party on its way to Te Wairoa, east coast, and headed by the chief Naunau. Te Wheoro's own settlement was at Te Kohekohe, Lower Waikato, and he was always a faithful adherent of the Europeans. His valuable services were brought into requisition by General Cameron when war was declared against the Waikatos. The calamities which befell his people arising out of the war must have greatly afflicted him, for he tried very hard to divert war during the Civil Commissionership of Mr. Gorst, M.P., in the Waikato, when Sir George Grey's *Runanga* system was introduced, and when the two Maori newspapers—the Government organ, *Te Pihoihoi*, and the Maori King organ, *Te Hokioi*—were waging a hostile war, which unhappily culminated in a breach of the peace, Manga Maniapoto having instructed his partisans to seize the press and type, which was duly carried out. Te Wheoro is called by the Maoris "*he tangate rangatira*" (a man of noble extraction), and although he is a Ngatihourua of Whaingaroa, a Ngatimahuta of Waikato-nui, and a Ngatihinetu of Rangiaowhia, his particular tribe is the Ngatinaho, the members of

which acknowledge his chieftainship and *mana*, and these people acted under him during the Waikato war. Of his fidelity, friendship, and singular loyalty to Europeans before the war, during the war, and subsequently up to the present time, abundant evidence may be adduced both by Maoris and Europeans, while Government despatches and military records simply corroborate facts well known to reliable settlers. Te Wheoro is in great favour with the King party, and besides being decorated with the New Zealand war-medal, and holding a commission as Major in the Colonial forces, he is a member of the House of Representatives for the Southern Maori Electoral district of the North Island.

WAHANUI, the most influential chief of the Ngatimaniapoto tribe, is a man of giant proportions, considerably over six feet in height. His name in the Maori language signifies "broad," and was given to him in reference to his enormous stature. He was educated at the "Three Kings," and was originally intended for the Church, but returning to the King Country, he took up his home at Te Kopua in the centre of his tribe, where he has remained, watching over the interests of his race. For many years he was the king's principal minister and staunchest supporter. With a singularly dignified and courteous manner, he displays a remarkable intelligence, which is heightened in no small degree by a wonderful power of oratory which he usually employs with remarkable effect at the councils of the native tribes. He is one of the largest native land-owners, the territory of his tribe extending over the most fertile portion of the King Country.

MANGA REWI, a chief of the Maniapoto tribe, descended from a long line of ancestors, is a man of great intelligence, and, although now aged, is one of the most influential and respected representatives of his race. He has been throughout a strong supporter of the King Movement, and during the war was one of the most valorous and daring of Maori leaders.

PATARA TE TUHI belongs to the same tribe as Tawhiao, namely, the Ngatimahuta, and is, besides, his brother-in-law. He is a clever man, and being ready with his pen, he was selected by the Kingites to edit the *Hokioi*, the newspaper which they established to advocate the Kingite cause. This paper was printed by types and a press obtained by the Maoris who went to Europe with Dr. Hochstetter, and which was given to them by the Archduke Maximilian, who afterwards had such an unfortunate career in Mexico. This powerful organ came to an untimely end, the printing-office having

been smashed up by an armed party under Rewi, and the plant thrown into the Waipa river.

WHITIORA WIRIMU TE KOMETE, a chief of the Waikato tribe, is renowned for his bold defence of the Rangiriri *pa* against the imperial troops. He narrates his capture with ninety of his men as follows:—

"A white flag was hoisted on board the steamer, at the Waikato river, in consequence of which he ordered the flag of truce to be hoisted in the Rangiriri *pa*, which act he supposed would have led to a parley; but, to his great astonishment, General Cameron and fifty of his men came into the *pa*, and commanded the Maoris to deliver up their arms. We could easily have shot the fifty soldiers, including the General, if we had known that their coming into the *pa* was to deal treacherously with us. We could have maintained our post in the *pa*, and we had made up our minds to fight to the death. After admitting the soldiers into the fortress we discovered for the first time we were prisoners."

PAORA TU HAERE is a chief of the Ngatiwhatua tribe.

HATI WIRA TAKAHI, chief of the Ngapuhi tribe.

PARATENE TE MANU, chief of the Ngatiwai tribe.

TUKUKINO, head chief of the Ngatitematera, was one of the principal Hauhau leaders during the war, and one of the most active obstructionists to European Settlement. He is at present one of the most aged natives in New Zealand.

TE RAIA NGAKUTU TE TUMUHUIA, chief of the Ngatitematera tribe, was the last of the New Zealand cannibals. He attacked a *pa* at Katikati, in 1842, belonging to the Ngatiterangi, defeated the powerful chief Te Whanake, and feasted his own followers upon the slain.

TE KOOTI is well known as the great Hauhau leader during the war. He is a man of singular intelligence, and still exercises a widespread influence over the tribes. He was sent as a prisoner of war, with other natives, to the Chatham Islands, and his escape from that inhospitable region with his followers, together with his massacre of the settlers at Poverty Bay, form one of the most remarkable and stirring events connected with the campaign.

LIST OF THE NEW ZEALAND TRIBES, WITH THEIR LOCALITIES.

THESE tribes, which constitute the principal divisions of the Maori race, are all subdivided into *hapus*, or tribal families, bearing often a different appellation to that of the parent tribe, to which, however, each *hapu* claims a direct relationship.

Name of Tribe.	Locality.
Aopouri and Rarawa	North Cape to Hokianga.
Ngapuhi	Bay of Islands.
Ngatiwhatua and Uriohau	Manukau Kaipara and Waitemata.
Ngatitai	Firth of Thames and Auckland.
Ngatipaoa	Thames from Cape Colville to Katikati.
Ngatierangi	Katikati to Maketu and inland.
Ngatiwhaka-auc	Maketu and Lake Country.
Ngatiraukawa	Otaki Arowhenua.
Waikato	Valley of Waikato to Manukau.
Ngatimaniapoto	Valley of Waipa to Mokau.
Ngatiawa	West Coast from Mount Egmont to Mount Taupiri, Waikanae, Wellington, &c.
Te Whakatohea	Bay of Plenty and inland.
Ngatipouri	Cape Runaway and inland.
Ngatituwharetoa	Lake Taupo and centre of North Island.
Ngatitama	From Mokau inland.
Taranaki	West Coast near Mount Egmont.
Ngatiruanui	Waitotara and inland
Ngarauru	Waitotara to Whanganui and inland.
Ngatihau	Whanganui and inland.
Ngatiapa	Rangitaue, Whanganui River, and inland.
Ngatitoa	Near Wellington.
Ngatikahungunu	Table Cape to Palliser Bay, and inland.
Te Urewera	Taupo to Poverty Bay.
Whanauapanui	Cape Runaway to Bay of Plenty and inland.
Rangitane	Admiralty Bay and vicinity.
Ngahitao	South and Middle Island.

THE FLORA.

SYNOPSIS of the principal *flora* met with during the journey, arranged alphabetically in accordance with native names.

TREES.

Hinau.—*Elæocarpus dentatus.* A graceful tree, 20 to 30 feet high; blossoms with a white flower; produces an edible berry ½ inch long, pulp astringent, stone deeply furrowed; bark furnishes a black dye, common throughout the interior of the island; finest specimens met with in the Teranga forest, west of Ruapehu, at an altitude of about 2000 feet.

Horoeka.—*Aralia Crassifolia.* A small tree with a narrow leaf; frequent in the forests of the Lake Country and other parts of the interior.

Kahikatea.—*Podocarpus dacrydioides.* The white pine, growth 50 to 120 feet; found on the swampy lands and river-banks; berry edible, wood soft; largest trees seen in Valley of Whanganui.

Karaka.—*Corynocarpus lævigatus.* A beautiful tree, 30 to 40 feet high, with glossy ovate leaves and oblong berries, which, when ripe, are of a bright red colour. The natives affirm that this tree was brought by their ancestors from Hawaiki. Seen near Tauranga and in Lake Country.

Karamu.—*Coprosma lucida.* A handsome tree with dark, shining ovate leaves; growth 20 to 30 feet; berries small, bright red, and edible; foliage eaten readily by cattle and horses; widely distributed all over the central portion of North Island, especially in forests of Kamianawa Mountains and Western Taupo; grows up to altitude of 3000 feet.

Mahoe.—*Melicytus ramiflorus.* A bushy tree; growth 15 to 30 feet; frequent in forests of the interior; foliage eaten by cattle.

Makomako.—*Aristotelia racemosa.* A small tree, 10 to 20 feet high; bark black; bears a small berry; bark used by natives to produce a black dye; plentiful in forests of Whanganui.

Manoa.—*Dacrydium Colensoi.* Growth 10 to 50 feet; leaves an inch in length, those of the upper branches overlapping each other; wood very hard, formerly much prized by natives for the manufacture of spears and clubs; frequent in valley of Manganui a-te-Ao.

Matai.—*Podocarpus spicata.* Growth 80 to 100 feet; berries edible;

common in all the forests of the interior; finest trees found in Valley of Whanganui.

Miro.—*Podocarpus ferruginea.* Growth 60 to 120 feet; produces a red berry, the favourite food of the wood-pigeon; frequent throughout the interior; finest specimens met with in forests west of Ruapehu, at altitude of about 2000 feet.

Nikau.—*Areca Sapida.* A beautiful and graceful palm, with ringed trunk, and bright green pinnate leaves 4 to 6 feet long, the sole representative of its genus in New Zealand; the pulp of the top portion of the stem is edible, and when young is a favourite article of food with the natives; very frequent in the forests of the interior, but appeared to attain its greatest growth and development in the damp marly soil of the Valley of the Whanganui.

Pohutukawa.—*Metrosideros tormentosa.* A grand, wide-spreading tree, with gnarled trunk and twisting branches, growth 30 to 50 feet; bears in the month of December a large crimson flower; inner bark used by the natives for diarrhœa; wood hard and red; grows usually near the sea, but also inland at Lake Tarawera at altitude of over 1000 feet.

Pukatea.—*Atherosperma Novæ Zelandiæ.* A straight-growing tree, with a buttressed trunk, growth 50 to 150 feet; grows to a large size in the forests west of Ruapehu, at an altitude of about 2000 feet.

Rata.—*Metrosideros robusta.* A gigantic tree from 60 to 160 feet in height, base of trunk often exceeds 40 feet in circumference; blooms with a crimson flower; the trunk gives life to innumerable parasitical plants; wood hard, but not durable; inner bark powerful astringent, used by natives for diarrhœa; frequent in all the forests of the interior, the largest trees found being on the eastern side of Mount Perongia and in the dense low-lying forests of the Valley of Whanganui.

Rewarewa.—*Knightia excelsa.* A handsome tree, growth 80 to 100 feet; bears large clusters of red flowers; frequent in the Lake Country.

Rimu.—*Dacrydium cupressinum,* the red pine. A noble tree, growth from 80 to 150 feet; branches pendulous; wood red, heavy, and handsome. This tree attains to its largest size in the Terangakaika Forest, west of Mount Ruapehu, where it flourishes in great abundance at an altitude varying from 2000 to 2500 feet.

Tanekaha.—*Phyllocladus trichomanoides.* A celery-leaved pine, pro-

ducing a tough timber-growth, from 20 to 30 feet; the bark affords a red dye which is fast becoming a valuable article of export for the purpose of colouring kid gloves; frequent in forests of Western Taupo and Te Toto ranges.[1]

Tawa—*Nesodaphne Tawa.* A fine tree, growth 60 to 80 feet; leaves lance-shaped; produces an edible berry; common throughout the interior.

Ti.—*Cordyline Australis.* Growth 10 to 30 feet; leaves uniform, from 2 to 3 feet long; flowers white and drooping; root edible; frequent throughout the interior, grows at an altitude of 3000 feet; frequent on Rangipo table-land.

Towai.—*Fagus fusca.* One of the most beautiful of New Zealand trees, growth 80 to 140 feet; leaves 1 to 1¼ long, deeply serrate; forms dense forests on the Kaimanawa Mountains and other parts of interior; attains to its greatest growth on the western slopes of Mount Ruapehu, where it grows at an altitude of over 4000 feet.

Totara.—*Podocarpus totara.* A fine forest tree; growth from 60 to 100 feet; met with in all parts of the interior.

Shrubs, Flowers, and Plants.

Anata.—A buttercup.

Hanea.—A cress.

Harakeke.—*Phormium tenax.* A New Zealand flax; flowers dark red; leaves long, drooping and narrow; the seeds may be used as a substitute for coffee; the root is employed by the natives as a purgative and worm medicine; the gum is applied to wounds and sores; the fibre of the leaf is used for rope-making and the manufacture of paper. Common throughout the interior in swampy places; growth from 4 to 8 feet.

Heruna.—*Polygonum adpressum.*

Kaikaiatua.—*Rubdothamnus solandri.* A plant.

Kokota.—*Epilobium minuta.* A small willow-herb.

Korikori.—A species of ranunculus.

Koromiko.—*Veronica salcifolia.* A common shrub, with lilac or white flowers, lanceolate leaves; frequent all over interior; grows luxuriantly around southern and western region of Lake Taupo.

[1] Mr. G. W. Griffin, United States' Consul at Auckland, whose valuable reports upon the various commercial products of New Zealand have been recently printed by authority of the New Zealand Government, is the author of a very interesting paper upon the economic uses of this tree.

A decoction of the leaves is valuable in dysentery. The foliage is eaten readily by cattle.

Koropuku.—A plant with a red berry, common in the vicinity of Tongariro.

Koru.—A blue and white flower.

Kotukutuku.—*Fuchsia excorticata.* A spreading tree-like shrub, leaves ovate lanceolate; bears a purple berry, yields a dye of the same colour; met with in all parts of interior.

Kowhitiwhiti.—Watercress.

Kalakuta.—A white flower.

Manuka.—*Leptospermum ericoides.* A tree-like shrub, widely distributed all over interior; finest specimens met with in the Geyser Valley, Wairakei.

Mataroa.—A flax-plant.

Matuakumara.—A plant.

Nahui.—*Alternanthera denticulata.*

Nene.—*Dracophyllum latifolium.*

Outatoranga.—*Pimelia arenaria.*

Panahi.—*Convolvulus.*

Panara.—Taupo primrose.

Papataniwhaniwha.—*Lagenophora Forsteri.* A plant like a daisy.

Pototara.—*Cyothodes oxydrus.*—A plant with a small white fragrant flower, found growing on Rangipo table-land.

Piripiri whata.—*Carpodetus serratus.*

Poipapa.—*Chenopodium triandrum.*

Poroporo.—An edible nightshade with a white flower.

Puatea.—A yellow daisy.

Puwha.—*Sonchus oleraceus.* Sowthistle, much used by the natives as a vegetable.

Rengarenga.—*Anthropodium cirrhatum.* A lily.

Rongotainui.—A flax used for cordage and fishing-lines.

Taihinu.—A white flower found at Taupo.

Taretu.—A plant with blue berries.

Tataramoa.—*Rubus australis.* A climbing bramble, armed with prickles, branches pendulous, leaves coriaceous; berry, red or amber-coloured; known to the colonists as the "bush lawyer;" found in all the forests of the interior; most frequent in Valley of Whanganui.

Tikupenga.—*Cordyline stricta.*

Titirangi.—*Veronica speciosa.*

Totaratara.—A small shrub with a white flower.

Tupapa.—*Lagenophora Forsteri.* Native daisy.

Tutu.—*Coriaria ruscifolia.* A frequent shrub with glossy leaves and pendulous clusters of purple fruit, the seeds of which are poisonous as well as the foliage; produces a black dye.

Waewaekaka.—*Gleichenia hecystophylla.*

Wharangi.—*Melicope ternata.* A broad-leaved, poisonous shrub, very common in the forests of the Whanganui and Western Taupo.

Creeping, Climbing, and Parasitic Plants.

(*Common throughout the interior.*)

Aka.—*Metrosideros buxifolia.*

Kareao.—*Rhipogonum scandens.* A climbing wiry vine, the "supple Jack" of the colonists; leaves three to five inches long, linear, ovate; often grows in entangled masses, abundant in all the forests; largest specimens found in the swampy forests of the Whanganui. A decoction of the root forms a good substitute for sarsaparilla.

Kiekie.—*Freycientia Banksii.* A plant producing an edible flower and fruit.

Kohia.—*Parsiflora tetrandra.* A climbing plant.

Kowharawhara.—*Astelia Banksii.* A parasitical broad-leaved grass, growing in tufts on trees, bearing an edible berry.

Kowhaia.—*Edwardsia microphilla.* A passion-flower; colour, green and orange, with fragrant fruit.

Mawhai.—*Sicyos Australis.* A creeping plant.

Patangatanga.—*Freycientia Banksii.*

Pikiarero.—*Clematis,* bearing a beautiful white flower.

Puawananga.—*Clematis indivisa,* bearing a white flower.

Ferns.

Hiaue.—Creeping *lycopodium.*

Huruhuruwhenua.—*Asplenium lucilum.*

Kiokio.—*Polypodium.*

Kopakopa.—*Trichomanes.* A round-leaved fern.

Korokio.—The smallest tree-fern.

Kotote.—A small-leaved fern.

Kurakura.—A small kind of *lycopodium.*

Maerere.—A small-leaved fern.

Makaka.—*Adianthum.*

Mangapowhatu.—*Polytrichum cyphoma.*

Mangemange.—*Lycopodium articulatum.* A creeping fern.

Mokimoki.—Long-leaved fern.

Mouku.—An edible fern.

Ngutu-Karkariki.—Parrot's bill fern, so called from the form of its foot-stalk; the fronds are plume-shaped.

Panaka.—*Asplenium.* A very graceful fern.

Para Marattia.—*Salicina.* A large fern.

Paretau.—*Asplenium obliquum.* A large-leaved fern.

Puaka rimu.—The tree *lycopodium.*

Raorao.—*Pteris esculenta.* A common edible fern, the root of which formed at one time the principal food of the Maori.

Raumanga.—*Polypodium.* A broad-leaved fern.

Tapui kotuku.—Creeping *lycopodium.*

Tarakupenga.—Creeping *lycopodium.*

Waewaekoukou.—*Lycopodium volubile.* A running fern.

Ti Taranaki.—A fern growing on the plains, having its fructification on a separate stalk.

TREE FERNS.

Cyathea.

Tote.—*C. dealbata.* The "silver-tree fern;" growth, 10 to 20 feet; trunk slender and black; fronds lanceolate, 8 to 12 feet long, dark green above, silvery white below. Abundant in the interior; finest specimens seen in forests of the Lake Country.

Ponga.—*C. medullaris.* The "black fern;" trunk very stout, 12 to 40 feet high, and covered with matted fibres; fronds very numerous, from 10 to 15 feet long; deep green above, pale below; abundant throughout the interior.

C. Cunninghamii. Trunk, 12 to 15 feet high; fibrous at base; fronds, 20 to 30 in a crown, 6 to 9 feet long; bright green; frequent in the Lake Country.

Flora of Tongariro and Ruapehu.

The *flora* of Tongariro and the surrounding region partakes of an alpine character, and is both varied and beautiful. Indeed, not only are many of the mountains forming the group clothed with a dense and attractive vegetation, but where the forests spread down to the

plains, the trees and shrubs are often so disposed by Nature as to form perfect gardens, which appear to have been artificially planted. During the exploration of both Tongariro and Ruapehu, I had an opportunity of examining the varied growth of trees, shrubs, and plants; and although I was unable, under the circumstances, to make a very extensive botanical collection, I secured some of the choicest specimens of mountain plants, and afterwards obtained their native names from the Maoris.

Houhou.—*Panax Colensoi* is an abundant plant in hilly districts.

Huripo.—A tall shrub, common around Tongariro, and remarkable for its fœtid smell.

Manao.—*Pittosporum fasciculatum* is found in both islands.

Monao.—*Cyathodes acerosa* is plentiful throughout the whole country.

Papauma.—*Griselima littoralis* is a plentiful tree, especially in the high interior districts.

Patotara.—*Leucopogon Colensoi* is a common mountain plant found in both islands.

Peki Peki.—*Clemisia spectabilis* is an alpine plant, abundant on the open mountains of the South Island, but is seldom found in the north.

Purea.—*Cassinia fluvida* is a plentiful mountain plant on both islands.

Rimu.—*Dacrydium laxifolium* is abundant on the high mountains. It is the smallest known pine in the world.

Taubinu.—*Olearia nummularifolia* is plentiful on the mountains of the South Island, but is found less frequently in the north.

Toatoa.—*Phyllocladus Alpinus* is a sub-alpine tree, frequently met with in both islands.

Towai.—*Fagus fusca.* This is the largest and by far the most attractive tree growing in the vicinity of the high mountains of this portion of the island. It is somewhat stunted around Tongariro, but attains to colossal size on the western slopes of Mount Ruapehu.

Tumigi.—*Leucopogon fasciculatus* is a shrub having small, thick leaves, with white underneath. It is very plentiful at Tongariro.

Tutu.—*Coriaria mystifolia* is common in mountains and dry places.

Waewaekohu.—*Gleichenia dicarpa* is a widely distributed mountain plant.

The *Gnaphalium bellidioides* is a mountain plant met with in both islands. This plant was the last sign of vegetable life on Tongariro, where it grew up to an altitude of 6000 feet. I also found it growing on Ruapehu, with the *Ligusticum aromaticum*, at an alti-

tude of 7000 feet, where both these plants likewise formed the last sign of vegetation. It is worthy of remark that the natives could give no names for these latter species.

Grasses.

Kakaho.—*Arundo Australis.* A tall grass or reed, very common around Lake Taupo.

Karetu.—*Torresia redolens.* A sweet-smelling grass.

Kopoupou.—*Scirpus lacustrina.* A rush, frequent in the Lake Country.

Kurikuri.—A grass with a prickly flower-head, Western Taupo.

Mata.—A reed-like grass.

Matarauriki.—A tussock grass, Rangipo table-land.

Mouka.—A wide-leaved grass.

Ngawha.—Native bulrush, frequent in Lake Country.

Oioi.—*Leptocarpus fasciculus.* A common rush.

Otaota.—A thin grass.

Parakerake.—A fine grass, frequent at Taupo and Rangipo table-land.

Pouaka.—A fine grass, emitting, when bruised, a fœtid smell; found at Western Taupo.

Pureirei.—A swamp-grass.

Raupo.—*Typha latifolia.* A flag-rush, common everywhere in swamps and banks of rivers; used by natives for building.

Tarareke.—A flax-grass.

Tarapuarere.—A flowering grass.

Toetoekiwi.—A low, rush-like grass, frequent in swamps.

Toetoe.—*Epicacris paurifiora.* A handsome cutting grass, common in swampy places.

Tupari.—A broad-leaved grass.

Tutaikuri.—A swamp-grass, the native couch.

Wi.—A fine grass, frequent around Lake Taupo.

Wiwi.—A small swamp-rush.

Mosses, Fungi, and Lichens.

Hakekakeka.—A brown, edible fungus.

Harori.—A white, edible fungus.

Haroritui.—A tree-fungus.

Hawai.—A tree-fungus.

Karerarera.—A slimy plant.

Karengo.—A slimy plant, growing on stones in the water.

Koukou.—A tree-moss.
Kokirikiri wetu.—A globular fungus.
Kopura.—A scented moss, frequent in forests of Whanganui.
Maru.—Stag's-horn moss.
Pukurau.—*Lycopodon fontainesii.* A fungus.
Tikitiwhenua.—A toad-stool.

THE FAUNA.

The almost total absence of land mammalia forms one of the most remarkable features in the *fauna* of New Zealand. Of this class New Zealand can boast of only two genera: the bat—*pekapeka* of the natives, two species—and a small indigenous rat, the *kiore*, now almost extinct. The author met with one or two specimens of the latter animal at Ruakaka, in the King Country, but there, as in other parts of the island, it has been mostly exterminated by the Norwegian or grey rat. The *kurarehe*, a native dog, the origin of which is uncertain, has entirely passed away. Its remains, however, have been found with those of the *moa* in the limestone caves of the South Island. The natives claim to have brought the *kiore* with them on their migration from Hawaiki, and it is likely that they may have imported the dog at the same time, as a reference to it is made in connection with their earliest traditions. Of the maritime mammalia both whales and seals were formerly very numerous on the coast of the islands. There are known to be eight kinds of whales, and three of seals. The total absence of serpents and tortoises is again another notable feature.

Birds.

By far the most attractive part of the New Zealand *fauna* is the birds, which include some of the most beautiful species of the feathered tribe. Of these the following are among the most remarkable:—

Hihipopokero.—*Turdus albifrons.* A small brown bird with a white head.

Hioi.—*Ptilocinctatis.* A ground-lark, very common on the plains of the interior of North Island.

Huia.—Genus *Melliphagus.* A black bird, about the size of a jay; it has two little fleshy lappets under the beak: its tail feathers, tipped with white, are much prized by the Maories as ornaments for the hair.

Hurukiwi.—A wild duck.

Kahu.—*Falcon harpe.* A large hawk.

Kaiaia.—A sparrow-hawk.

Kaka.—*Nestor meridionalis.* A large greenish-brown parrot. The author found this bird to be very common in the forests of the Whanganui, where its harsh note was the first sound to break the morning stillness. This family of parrots is characterized by an aquiline or overlapping beak.

Kakapo.—*Strigaps habroptilus.* A ground-parrot; colour, green and yellow; it does not fly, although it has wings, but hops from branch to branch; it is nocturnal in its habits.

Kakariki.—*Platycerus Novæ Zealandiæ.* A pretty, green parrot.

Karewarewa.—*Falco brunnea.* A quail-hawk.

Katatai.—*Rallus assimilus.* A kind of rail.

Kauau.—*Graculus carunculatus.* A shag or cormorant.

Kea.—A large parrot, common in the South Island. It was formerly a vegetarian, but in recent times it has developed a strong taste for flesh, and has wrought great destruction among sheep flocks. The fat surrounding the kidney appears to be its chief delight. Planting its strong claws into the woolly loins of the live sheep, it, by the aid of its powerful beak, pierces through those parts of the flesh and fat around the kidney, which it greedily devours, while the animal is powerless to resist its attacks.

Kereru.—*Columbus spadicea.* A wood-pigeon.

Kiwi.—Fam. *Struthionidæ.* (See Wingless Birds.)

Kohihi.—*Endynamys taitensis.* A bird.

Kohaperoa.—A bird of passage, the New Zealand cuckoo; it is a handsome bird, spotted like the sparrow-hawk.

Kokako.—The New Zealand crow.

Kororeke.—The New Zealand quail.

Koriniako.—Genus *Melliphagus.* The bell-bird, one of the sweetest songsters.

Kotare.—*Halcyon vagrans.* The king-fisher.

Kotuku.—*Ardea flavirostris.* A large white crane.

Koukou.—A small nocturnal owl, the "morepork" of the colonists.

Kuruengo.—The shoveller, a duck of Lake Taupo.

Mata.—A swamp-sparrow, a small brown bird with long tail feathers.

Matuku.—*Botaurus melanotus.* A bittern.

Mirmiro.—*Miro albifrons.* A small, graceful bird.

Moa.—Fam. *Struthionidæ.* (See Wingless Birds.)

Moakeroa.—A black bird with red bill and feet.

Ngirungiru.—*Petroica macrocephala.* A tomtit.
Parera.—*Anas superciliosa.* A wild duck.
Pihana.—A little black and white bird.
Pihoihoi.—The New Zealand ground-lark.
Piwakawaka.—*Rhipidura flabellifera.* The fantail fly-catcher, a small graceful bird with a spreading tail.
Poaka.—*Himantopis.* Pied stilt.
Popokatea.—*Orthornyx heterovalytus.* The New Zealand canary bird.
Poporoihewa.—A snipe-like bird.
Puetoeto.—A bird living in swamps.
Pukeko.—*Porophyrino melanotus.* The swamp-hen; red bill and feet, back black, breast bright blue.
Putaugitange.—*Casarca variegata.* The paradise-duck.
Riroriro.—Fam. *Luscindæ.* A small wren.
Ruru.—*Strigidæ Athene.* An owl.
Takupu.—A white gull.
Tarapunga.—A small gull, frequenting Lake Taupo.
Tatarihuka.—A small bird, held sacred by the Maories.
Tatariki.—Fam. *Luscindæ.* A small bird.
Tewakawaka.—Fam. *Rhipidura fuliginosa.* The black fantail.
Titi.—*Palecanoides urinatrix.* The mutton-bird
Toetoe.—*Certhiparus Novæ Zealandiæ.* A small bird.
Totoara.—The robin.
Tui.—*Prosthemadera Novæ Zealandiæ.* The parson-bird. A beautiful black bird, the size of a thrush; plumage a lustrous blue-black, irradiated with green hues, pencilled with silver-grey, and white delicate hair-feathers under the throat, suggestive of a parson's tie. It has a melodious, clear note, and mocks other birds. It is easily domesticated, and may be taught to talk.
Weka.—*Ralus Australis.* A large rail, the wood-hen, frequently met with on the high land of the interior.
Wio.—The blue mountain duck.
Wiorau.—A small grey duck, frequenting the forest streams.

Sea Birds.

The sea birds inhabiting the coasts of New Zealand are fairly numerous, and among them are two small kinds of penguin.
Hawe.—A large gull, the tail-feathers of which are highly prized by the natives.
Hoiho.—*Eudyptes antipodes.* A small penguin, inhabiting the coasts of the South Island.

Kao —A gull frequenting the shores at night.
Karoro.—A gull.
Kawan.—*Graculus carruculatus.* A shag or cormorant.
Kuaka.—A small sea bird.
Pekeha.—A gull.
Pitoitoi.—A small sea bird.
Taiko.—A gull.
Takahikahi.—A sea-shore bird.
Takupu.—A white gull.
Tara.—*Lula Australis.* A sea swallow.
Tarapunga.—A small, graceful gull, inhabiting Lake Taupo; very numerous in the vicinity of Tokanu.
Titipu.—A gull.
Torea.—*Hæmatopus picatus.* The oyster-catcher; has red legs and beak.
Toroa.—*Diomedia exulans.* The albatross.

Wingless Birds.

The almost extinct family of the *Struthionidæ*, or wingless birds, of New Zealand, forms one of the most interesting features in the *fauna* of the country. All the members of this genus are wholly different from the common types of birds. They are remarkable for short rudimentary wings, entirely unfit for flight, and for bones nearly devoid of air cells; the leg muscles are of unusual strength and thickness; the feet are powerful and long, with three toes, while the plumage is composed of light, shaggy feathers, almost resembling hair. Before its period of extinction, the largest member of this family, known by tradition to the natives as the *moa*, was the giant of the feathered tribe, the height of the several species of this bird, as computed from its remains, being as follows :—

	Feet.	Inches.
Dinornis Giganteus	11	0
„ Robustus	8	6
„ Elephantopus . . .	6	8
„ Casuarinus	5	6
„ Crassus	5	0
„ Didiformus	4	8

Although the remains of all these birds are of extraordinary proportions, the *Dinornis elephantopus*, or elephant-footed *moa*, is

distinguished by the singularly massive construction of its leg bones. The sole remaining representative of these colossal birds is the *apteryx* or *kiwi* of the natives. Of this genus there are several species. The *Apteryx Australis* was the first made known to science, in 1812. The *Apteryx Mantelli* differs from the former kind in its smaller size, shorter toes, and longer bill and less developed wings, while its plumage is of a somewhat darker colour. The *Apteryx Owenii* is slightly smaller than the former species, with a greyish plumage. During his journey through the interior the author found the *kiwi* to be yet common in the Kaimanawa Mountains, the forests of the Whanganui, in the mountainous districts of Western Taupo, and at Mount Perongia.

Reptiles.

In New Zealand the lizards are represented by eleven species, five of which belong to the neat genus *Naultinus*.

Kakariki.—*Naultinus elegans.* A beautiful green lizard, now rarely found.

Kakawariki.—*Naultinus punctatus.* A green lizard with yellow spots on the back.

Mokonui.—A large lizard, said by the natives to be common on the Upper Whanganui.

Tuatara.—*Hatteria punctata.* A great fringed lizard, about eighteen inches long. It is now only found on the small island of Karewha, in the Bay of Plenty.

Around Lake Taupo the author found small brown lizards, about two inches long; and at Pangarara, near Tongariro, lizards eight inches long, of a dark-brown colour.

Insects.

The insect life of New Zealand is represented by many curious forms.

Anule.—A large caterpillar.

Aweto.—A caterpillar which feeds on the *kumara*.

Hara.—A large centipede, nearly six inches long.

Hataretare.—Slug-snail.

Hawate.—Caterpillar.

Heire.—Maggot.

Hotete.—*Sphæria Robertsi.* The vegetating caterpillar.

Howaka.—A cerambyx.
Huhu.—A boring grub.
Huhu.—A moth.
Hurangi.—A fly.
Kukaraiti.—A grasshopper.
Kapapa.—A large cerambyx.
Kapokapowai.—A dragon-fly.
Katipo.—A venomous spider, one kind red and one black, with a red spot on the back.
Keha.—A flea.
Kekeriru.—*Cimex nemoralis.* A large black wood-bug.
Kekerewai.—A small green beetle.
Kihikihi.—A grasshopper.
Kiriwhenua.—A garden bug.
Kopi.—Chrysalis.
Kowhitiwhiti.—A small grasshopper.
Kurikuri.—A grub which turns into a green, bronzed beetle.
Kutu.—Louse.
Mokoroa.—A large caterpillar.
Mumatana.—A large brown beetle.
Naenae.—Mosquito.
Namu.—Sand-fly.
Ngata.—Leech.
Ngaungau.—Midge.
Papapapa.—Small brown beetle.
Pepeaweto.—The grub which begets the *hotete*, or vegetating caterpillar.
Pepeatua.—Butterfly.
Pepeturia.—Large green moth.
Puawere.—Spider.
Purehurehu.—Large butterfly.
Puwerewere.—Spider.
Rango.—Large meat-fly.
Tarakihi.—Locust.
Titiwai.—Small luminous earthworm.
Toke.—A very long worm.
Kokoriro.—Large red *weta.*
Weta.—*Deinacrida heteracantha* A beetle two and a half inches in length.

A BRIEF REFERENCE TO THE MAORI LANGUAGE.

THE Maori alphabet is composed of fourteen letters, namely :—

Consonants.

H, K, M, N, P, R, T, W, NG.

Vowels.

A, E, I, O, U.

Diphthongs.

aa, ae, ai, ao, au, ee, ei, ii, oo, ou, uu.

Vowels.		*Sound.*[1]
a	as *a* in	father
e	as *a* in	fare.
i	as *ee* in	sleep.
o	as *o* in	mole.
u	as *oo* in	shoot.

Consonants.	*How named.*
h	*ha.*
k	*ka.*
m	*ma.*
n	*na.*
p	*pa.*
r	*ra.*
t	*ta.*
w	*wa.*
ng	*nga.*

THE PARTS OF SPEECH.

The Article.

Te is the definite article, *nga* is its plural; as, *te whare,* the house; *nga whare,* the houses.

The indefinite articles are *he* and *tetahi,* a, an, or some; the plural

[1] It may be set down as a general rule, to which there are, however, some few exceptions, that Maori words are always accented on the *first* syllable, but compound words, or words which have the dissyllabic root doubled, have a secondary accent on the second portion of the word.

of *tetahi* is *etahi*, as *he kuri*, a dog; *tetahi hoe*, a paddle; *etahi waka*, canoes or some canoes.

The Noun.

The noun has two numbers, the singular and the plural, the plural being formed by the article *nga* prefixed to the singular; as, *Te tamaiti*, the child; *nga tamaiti*, the children.

Adjectives.

The adjective does not precede the noun, as in English, but is placed immediately after it; as, *he rakau roa*, a tree long.

Pronouns.

The personal pronouns are:—

Singular { 1st person, *ahau* or *au*, I.
2nd „ *koe*, thou.
3rd „ *ia*, he, she, or it.

Plural { 1st person, *tatau* or *matou*, we.
2nd „ *koutou*, ye.
3rd „ *ratou*, they.

Possessive Pronouns.

Taku, mine or my.
Tu taua, ta maua, ta tatou, or *ta matou*, ours.
Tau, thine or thy.
Ta korua, or *ta koutou*, yours.
Tana, his.
Ta raua, or *ta ratau*, theirs.

Relative Pronouns.

In the Maori there is no distinct form.

Demonstrative Pronouns.

Singular.	*Plural.*
Tenei, this.	*Enei* or *anei*.
Tena, that (next).	*Ena*.
Tera, that (farther off).	*Era*.
Taua, that (before mentioned).	*Ana*.

Ia, that.

Interrogative Pronouns.

There are three, viz.:—
Wai, who; *Aha*, what; *tehea* or *ehea*, which.

Verbs.

These are of three kinds, active, neuter, and causative, each of which admits of the passive voice.

The passive is formed by adding to the active one of the following terminations:—*a, ia, tia, hia, kia, ria, na, ina, ngia.*

The causative verb is formed by the prefix *whaka.*

Tenses.

The present tense is formed by *ka* before the verb, or by *e* before and *ana* after it.

The past tense is formed by the prefix *i.*

The future tense is formed by the prefix *ka, e,* and *tera.*

Adverbs.

Ae,	yes, affirmation.
Kahore,	no, not, on the contrary.
Ekore,	not.
Au or *aua;*	I do not know.
Inakaura,	a little while ago.
Inapo,	last night.
Inanahi,	yesterday.
Inaoake,	day before yesterday.
Aianei,	to-day, now, presently.
Pea,	perhaps, indeed, of course.
Ko,	then, thither.
Konei,	here, this place, this time.
Ake.	upwards, onwards.
Atu,	onwards, away.
Iho,	downwards, up above, from above.
Mai,	hither.
Tua,	behind, rather.
Mua,	before.
Roto,	within, the inside place, inland.
Waho,	without, the outside.
Puku,	secretly, without speaking.
Niamata,	in former times.
Meake,	soon, presently.
Ahea,	when, at what time.
Pehea,	how, in what way.
Oti,	else, in question, then.
Ata,	gently, deliberately.

Marie,	quietly.
Hanuga,	besides, not.
Kau,	only, alone.
Ki,	very.
Ara,	namely.

Prepositions.

E,	by.
O,	of, belonging to.
Whaka,	towards, in the direction of.
To,	up to, as far as.
U,	according to.
Kei,	at, on, in, with.
Hei,	for, at; of time or place, to.
No,	from, belonging to.
Mo,	for, because of, on account of.
Roto,	inside, within.
Waho,	outside, without.
Tua,	other side.
Tata,	near.

Conjunctions.

A,	and, as far as, there.
Koia,	therefore.
Oti, or *Otira,*	but, at the same time.
Ahakoa,	although, nevertheless.
Hoki,	also, for, because.
Notema,	because.

Interjections.

Na, or *nana,*	behold! see!
E, or *O!*	oh!
Aue,	alas!
Taukiri,	exclamation of surprise.

Numerals.

Tahi,	one.
Rua,	two.
Toru,	three.
Wha,	four.
Rima,	five.

Ono,	six.
Whitu,	seven.
Waru,	eight.
Iwa,	nine.
Tekau, or *nga huru,*	ten.
Tekau ma tahi,	eleven.
Tekau ma rua,	twelve.
Tekau ma toru,	thirteen.
Tekau ma wha,	fourteen.
Tekau ma rima,	fifteen.
Tekau ma ono,	sixteen.
Tekau ma whitu,	seventeen.
Tekau ma waru,	eighteen.
Tekau ma iwa,	nineteen.
Rua tekau,	twenty.
Rua tekau ma tahi,	twenty-one.
Toru tekau,	thirty.
Toru tekau ma tahi,	thirty-one.
Wha tekau,	forty.
Wha tekau ma tahi,	forty-one.
Rima tekau,	fifty.
Rima tekau matahi,	fifty-one.
Ono tekau,	sixty.
Whitu tekau,	seventy.
Waru tekau,	eighty.
Iwa tekau,	ninety.
Ko tahi rau,	one hundred.
Ko tahi rau ma tahi,	one hundred and one.
Rua rau,	two hundred.
Toru rau,	three hundred.
Wha rau,	four hundred.
Rima rau,	five hundred.
Ono rau,	six hundred.
Whitu rau,	seven hundred.
Waru rau,	eight hundred.
Iwa rau,	nine hundred.
Ko tahi mano,	one thousand.
Ko tahi mano ma tahi,	one thousand and one.
Rua mano,	two thousand.

Ordinal Numbers.

Te tahi, or *tuatahi*,	the first.
Te rua, or *tuarua*,	the second.
Te tekau,	the tenth.
Te tekau ma tahi,	the eleventh.
Te rua tekau,	the twentieth.
Te toru tekau,	the thirtieth.
Te rau,	the hundredth.
Te rua o nga rau,	the two hundredth.

Useful Verbs.

To be able,	*ahei.*	To gather,	*kohikohi.*
To add,	*hono.*	To go,	*haere.*
To assemble,	*huihui.*	To be healed,	*mahu.*
To ask,	*inoi.*	To hear,	*rongo.*
To believe,	*whakapono.*	To hide,	*huma.*
To boil,	*koropupu.*	To imitate,	*whakatau.*
To burn,	*tahu.*	To jest.	*hangarau.*
To call,	*karanga.*	To kill,	*patu.*
To carry,	*kawe.*	To lead,	*arahi.*
To be calm,	*aio.*	To light,	*whakamarama.*
To clean,	*horoi.*	To light up,	*hopai.*
To clear,	*para.*	To listen,	*whakarongo.*
To count,	*tatau.*	To look,	*rimi.*
To curse,	*kanga.*	To make,	*hanga.*
To cut off,	*tope.*	To measure,	*wharite.*
To cut (in two),	*pounto.*	To murder,	*kohuru.*
To desire,	*hiahia.*	To pay,	*utu.*
To dig,	*ko.*	To plant,	*whakato.*
To dive,	*ruku.*	To play,	*takaro.*
To divide,	*wehewehe.*	To plunder,	*muru.*
To drive,	*whiu.*	To pray,	*muru.*
To drink,	*inu.*	To run,	*oma.*
To eat,	*kai.*	To rest,	*okioki.*
To enter,	*tomo.*	To see,	*kite.*
To entrap,	*reti.*	To sell,	*hoko.*
To exchange,	*hokohoko.*	To sew,	*tui.*
To fetch,	*tiki.*	To shine,	*tiaho.*
To fell (timber),	*tua.*	To sing,	*waiata.*
To fish,	*hi.*	To speak,	*ki.*
To float,	*taupua.*	To stop,	*whakamutu.*

To sow,	*rui.*	To undo,	*wewete.*
To swim,	*kaukoe.*	To watch,	*mataara.*
To take,	*tango.*	To wash,	*horoi.*
To teach,	*ako.*	To work,	*mahi.*
To understand,	*mohio.*		

Useful Nouns.

Abyss,	*torere.*	Mind,	*hinengaro.*
Anger,	*riri.*	Plain,	*raoroo.*
Boundary,	*rohe.*	Precipice,	*pari.*
Bridge,	*arawhata.*	Proverb,	*whakatauki.*
Canoe,	*waka.*	Priest,	*ariki.*
Carving,	*whakairo.*	Rope,	*whakaheke.*
Child,	*tamahiti.*	Row,	*rarangi.*
Council,	*runanga.*	Seaside,	*tatahi.*
Dance,	*haka.*	Ship,	*kaipuke.*
Daylight,	*awatea.*	Shoal,	*tahuna.*
Dog,	*kuri.*	Skin,	*hiako.*
Door,	*tatau.*	Sky,	*rangi.*
Dust,	*nehu.*	Smoke,	*auahi.*
Egg,	*hua.*	Song,	*waiata.*
Eel,	*koiro.*	Spear,	*tao.*
Feather,	*how.*	Speech,	*reo.*
Fence,	*taiepa.*	Sport,	*takaro.*
Firewood,	*ahi.*	Spring of water,	*puna.*
Floor-mat,	*takapau.*	Steam,	*korohu.*
Ford,	*kauranga.*	Summit,	*teitei.*
Girdle,	*tatua.*	Tree,	*rakau.*
Hand,	*ringaringa.*	Valley,	*wharua.*
Heat,	*pukaka.*	Verandah,	*whakamahau.*
Hatchet,	*patiti.*	Water,	*wai.*
Jealousy,	*hae.*	Waterfall,	*wairere.*
Lake,	*roto.*	Woman,	*wahine.*
Landing-place,	*tauranga.*	Year,	*tau.*
Man,	*tangata.*		

Useful Adjectives.

Abundant,	*ranea.*	Bald,	*pakira.*
Afraid,	*weki.*	Black,	*pango.*
Aged,	*kaumatua.*	Blind,	*matapo.*
Ashamed,	*whakama.*	Brave,	*maia.*
Bad,	*kino.*	Bright,	*kanapa.*

Broad,	*whanui.*	Quick,	*kakama.*
Calm,	*marino.*	Quiet,	*marie.*
Carved,	*whakairo.*	Red,	*whero.*
Concealed,	*huna.*	Ripe,	*pakari.*
Conceited,	*whakahihi.*	Round,	*porotaka.*
Confused,	*porauraha.*	Salt,	*mataitai.*
Damp,	*maku.*	Shallow,	*pakupaku.*
Dark,	*pouri.*	Sharp,	*koi.*
Deep,	*hohonu.*	Short,	*poto.*
Deceitful,	*hangarau.*	Slippery,	*pahekeheke.*
Dry,	*maroke.*	Slow,	*ngoikore.*
Fat,	*momona.*	Small,	*iti.*
False,	*horihori.*	Soft,	*ngawari.*
Good,	*pai.*	Sour,	*kawa.*
Great,	*Nui.*	Strong,	*kaha.*
Hard,	*pakeke.*	Tall,	*roa.*
Heavy,	*toimaha.*	Tame,	*rarata.*
High,	*teiti.*	Thick,	*matotoru.*
Hot,	*wera.*	Thin,	*heroki.*
Idle,	*mangere.*	Timid,	*wehi.*
Light,	*mama.*	True,	*pono.*
Loose,	*korokoro.*	Uncooked,	*kaimata.*
Narrow,	*whaiti.*	Wasteful,	*maumau.*
Near,	*tutata.*	Weak.	*iwikore.*
New,	*hou.*	Wet,	*maku.*
Noisy,	*turituri.*	White,	*ma.*
Open,	*tuwhera.*	Winding,	*awhiowhio,*
Playful,	*takaro.*	Wild,	*maka.*
Quarrelsome,	*pakani.*	Wearisome,	*hoha.*

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